3 1761 06838178 9

PROSE

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

SOME PIECES IN VERSE.

PROSE

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

SOME PIECES IN VERSE.

By *GEORGE COLMAN.*

GIFT OF TORONTO

VOL. III.

31491
20/12/93

——— *Seu me tranquilla senectus*
Expectat, seu Mors atris circumvolat alis,
Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.——— HOR.

IMITATED.

Whether Old Age a tranquil evening brings,
Or Death sails round me with his Raven Wings;
Rich, poor; at Rome, or London; well, or ill;
Whate'er my fortunes, write I must and will.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADEL, IN THE STRAND.
M DCC LXXXVII.

NOT WANTED IN RBSC Oct 2/85

PR
3358
P7
v.3

SUMMARY OF THE CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

The Articles distinguished by an Asterisk * *were never before Printed.*

DEDICATION to the Translation of HORACE's EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. The Author's Idea of that Epistle, submitted to his learned Friends and to the Publick.

Page 1. QUINTI HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLA AD PISONES.——TRANSLATION.

P. 34. NOTES ON THE ART OF POETRY. Particular Comments tending to confirm the Translator's *Hypothesis*. Remarks on the Antient Drama, the Theatrical Musick, the Chorus, the Satyrick Drama, with general observations necessary to illustrate and explain the Epistle.

P. 155. The POETS, *A Town Eclogue.*

P. 158. An Extempore on setting out for Bath, Dec. 31, 1785.

A French Maxim in Prose—Imitated in English Verse.

P. 159. Epigram from MARTIAL—Translation.

P. 160. The LAUREAT, *An Ode.*

CONTENTS.

Page 162. Epigram.

P. 163. A Poſthumous Work of S. JOHNSON; *An Ode.*

P. 167. * Pſalm xxxix: Imitated in Blank Verſe. 1786.

P. 171. Prologue to PHILASTER.

P. 173. Epilogue to The FAIRY TALE, *May* 23, 1764.

P. 174. Epilogue ſpoken by Miſs Hopkins, at the Benefit of Mr. Hopkins, *Prompter*, and Mrs. Hopkins, *April* 30, 1765.

P. 176. Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Shuter, at the opening of the Old Theatre at Richmond, on Saturday, *June* 6, 1767.

P. 178. Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Powell, at the cloſing of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, on Saturday, *June* 4, 1768, being the Anniverſary of His Majeſty's Birth-Day.

P. 180. Occaſional Prologue on the Appearance of Miſs Morris in the Character of Juliet, at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, 1768.

P. 182. Prologue to the Comedy of The SISTER.

P. 184. Prologue to the ROMAN FATHER, acted at the Theatre at Briſtol, on Friday, *July*, 14, 1769, for the Family of the late Mr. Powell.

P. 186. Epilogue to TIMANTHES.

P. 188. Prologue to the Tragedy of CLEMENTINA.

P. 190. Epilogue to CLEMENTINA.

Page 193.

† *Printed in the Title line* MCCLXXXVI *for* MCCLXXXVI.

Page 193. Prologue to the Comedy of A WIFE IN THE RIGHT.

P. 196. Prologue on opening the New Theatre Royal in Liverpool, on Friday, *June* 5, 1772.

P. 198. Occaſional Epilogue on the Departure of the Manager of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, *May* 26, 1774.

P. 200. Prologue to the Comedy of BON TON.

P. 203. Prologue on opening the Theatre Royal at Liverpool, for the Winter Seaſon, *October* 1774.

P. 205. Prologue to the revived Comedy called EASTWARD HOE, *November* 9, 1775.

P. 207. Prologue on opening the New Theatre Royal at Mancheſter, *October*, 1775.

P. 209. Prologue to The CAPUCHIN, a Comedy, written by Mr. Foote.

P. 212. Prologue to the revived Comedy of EPICÆNE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN.

P. 214. Epilogue to the Comedy of the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

P. 217. Prologue on the opening of the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, *May* 15, 1777.

P. 220. Prologue to the SPANISH BARBER.

CONTENTS.

Page 222. Prologue to the Farce of TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

P. 224. Prologue to The SUICIDE, A COMEDY!

Page 227. Prologue to the Comedy of The CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

P. 229. Prologue on Opening of the Theatre Royal Haymarket, *June* 1781.

P. 231. Prologue to the Farce of The POSITIVE MAN.

P. 233. Prologue to Lillo's Tragedy of FATAL CURIOSITY, on its revival at the Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market, *June* 29, 1782.

P. 235. Prologue to the Comedy of The EAST INDIAN.

P. 237. Epilogue to the Comedy of The CAPRICIOUS LADY.

P. 239. Occasional Prologue on Opening the Theatre Royal Hay-Market, *May*, 31, 1783.

P. 241. Epilogue to the Comedy of a FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

P. 244. Prologue to the Comedy of The YOUNG QUAKER.

P. 246. Epilogue to The YOUNG QUAKER.

P. 248. Prologue to the Comedy of The BIRTH-DAY, *August* 12, 1783.

P. 250. Prologue to the ELECTION OF THE MANAGERS, *June* 1784.

Page 252.

CONTENTS.

Page 252. Prologue to TWO TO ONE.

P. 254. Occasional Prologue to the Tragedy of TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA, and the Comedy of The GUARDIAN, revived at the Theatre Royal Hay-Market, *July* 12, 1784.

Page 256. Prologue to Mr. Hayley's Tragedy of LORD RUSSEL.

P. 258. Prologue to Mr. Hayley's *Comedy in Rhyme*, called The TWO CONNOISSEURS.

P. 260. An ADDRESS, Spoken at the Hay-Market Theatre by Mr. LACY, *September* 13, 1784.

P. 261. Epilogue to Massinger's Tragedy of The MAID OF HONOUR.

P. 264. Prologue to the Comedy of I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.

P. 266. Epilogue to I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.

P. 269. Prologue at the Opening of the Theatre Royal Hay-Market, *June*, 1786.

P. 271. Prologue to the Comedy of The DISBANDED OFFICER; OR, THE BARONESS OF BRUCHSAL.

P. 274. Prologue to the Comedy of TIT FOR TAT.

P. 276. Prologue to the Farce of The MAN MILLINER.

P. 278. *Epilogue to the Tragedy of JULIA; OR THE ITALIAN LOVER.

CONTENTS.

P. 281. * Prologue to the Comedy of The Beggar's Bush, ſpoken at Wynnstay, *Chriſtmas*, 1778.

P. 283. * Farewell Epilogue, ſpoken at Wynnstay, after the repreſentation of Cymbeline and The Spanish Barber, *January* 22, 1779.

P. 285. * Prologue, ſpoken at Wynnstay, *Chriſtmas*, 1780.

P. 287. * Prologue, ſpoken at Wynnstay, *January*, 1781.

Q. Horatii Flacci Epiſtola ad Pisones,
DE ARTE POETICA.

THE ART of POETRY: AN EPISTLE TO THE PISOS.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

WITH NOTES.

Revised and Corrected.

First Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXXXIII.

T O

The Rev. JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

MASTER of WINCHESTER SCHOOL;

AND TO

The Rev. THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

FELLOW of TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS!

IN a converſation, ſome months ago, I happened to mention to you the idea I had long entertained of that celebrated Epiſtle of Horace, commonly diſtinguiſhed by the title of THE ART OF POETRY. I will not ſay that you acceded to my opinion; but I flatter myſelf that I, in ſome degree intereſted your curioſity, and engaged your attention: our diſcourſe at leaſt revived an intention I had once formed, of communicating my thoughts on the ſubject to the Publick; an intention I had only dropt for want of leiſure and inclination to attempt a tranſlation of the Epiſtle, which I thought neceſſary to accompany the original, and my remarks on it.

In the original, Horace aſſumes the air and ſtyle of an affectionate teacher, admoniſhing and inſtructing his young friends and pupils: but the following tranſlation, together with the obſervations annexed, I addreſs to You as my Maſters, from whom I look for ſound information, a well-grounded confirmation of my hypotheſis, or a ſolution of my doubts, and a correction of my errors.

It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, that the Epiſtle in queſtion has very particularly exerciſed the critical ſagacity of the literary world; yet it is remarkable that, amidſt the great variety of comments and deciſions on the work, it has been almoſt univerſally conſidered, except by one acute and learned writer of this country, as a looſe, vague, and deſultory compoſition; a maſs of ſhining materials; like pearls unſtrung, valuable indeed, but not diſplayed to advantage.

Some have contended, with Scaliger at their head, that this pretended *Art of Poetry* is totally void of art; and that the very work, in which the beauty and excellence of *Order* (ORDINIS VIRTUS ET VENUS!) is ſtrongly recommended, is in itſelf unconnected, confuſed, and immethodical. The ad-

vocates for the writer have in great meaſure confeſſed the charge, but pleaded, in excuſe and vindication, the familiarity of an Epiſtle, and even the genius of Poetry, in which the formal diviſions of a proſaick treatiſe on the art would have been inſupportable. They have alſo denied that Horace ever intended ſuch a treatiſe, or that he ever gave to this Epiſtle the title of *the Art of Poetry*; on which *title* the attacks of Scaliger, and his followers, are chiefly grounded. The title, however, is confeſſedly as old as the age of Quintilian; and that the work itſelf has a perpetual reference *to Poets and Poetry*, is as evident, as that it is, from beginning to end, in its manner, ſtyle, addreſs, and form, perfectly *Epiſtolary*.

The learned and ingenious Critick diſtinguiſhed above, an early ornament to letters, and now a worthy dignitary of the church, leaving vain comments, and idle diſputes on the *title* of the work, ſagaciouſly directed his reſearches to ſcrutinize the work itſelf; properly endeavouring to trace and inveſtigate from the compoſition, the end and deſign of the writer, and remembering the axiom of the Poet, to whom his friend had been appointed the commentator.

In every work regard THE AUTHOR'S END!
For none can compaſs more than they intend.— POPE.

With this view of illuſtrating and explaining Horace's Art of Poetry, this ſhrewd and able writer, about thirty years ago, republiſhed the original Epiſtle, giving the text chiefly after Dr. Bentley, ſubjoining an Engliſh Commentary and Notes, and prefixing an Introduction, from which I beg leave to tranſcribe moſt part of the three firſt paragraphs.

" It is agreed on all hands, that the antients are " our maſters in the *art* of compoſition. Such of " their writings, therefore, as deliver inſtructions " for the exerciſe of this *art*, muſt be of the higheſt " value. And, if any of them hath acquired a " credit, in this reſpect, ſuperior to the reſt, it is, " perhaps, the *following work:* which the learned " have long ſince conſidered as a kind of *ſummary* " of the rules of good writing; to be gotten by heart " by every young ſtudent; and to whoſe deciſive " authority the greateſt maſters in taſte and compo- " ſition muſt finally ſubmit.

" But the more unqueſtioned the credit of this " poem is, the more it will concern the publick, " that it be juſtly and accurately underſtood. The " writer of theſe ſheets then believed it might be of " uſe,

" uſe, if he took ſome pains to clear the ſenſe, con-
" nect the method, and aſcertain the ſcope and pur-
" poſe, of this admired Epiſtle. Others, he knew
" indeed, and ſome of the firſt fame for critical
" learning, had been before him in his attempt.
" Yet he did not find himſelf prevented by their
" labours; in which, beſides innumerable leſſer
" faults, he, more eſpecially, obſerved two invete-
" rate errors, of ſuch a ſort, as muſt needs perplex
" the genius, and diſtreſs the learning, of *any* com-
" mentator. The *one* of theſe reſpects the SUBJECT;
" the other, the METHOD of the *Art of Poetry*. It
" will be neceſſary to ſay ſomething upon each.

" 1. That the *Art of Poetry*, at large, is not the
" *proper* ſubject of this piece, is ſo apparent, that
" it hath not eſcaped the dulleſt and leaſt attentive
" of its Criticks. For, however all the different
" *kinds* of poetry might appear to enter into it, yet
" every one ſaw, that *ſome* at leaſt were very ſlightly
" conſidered: whence the frequent attempts, the
" *artes et inſtitutiones poeticæ*, of writers, both at
" home and abroad, to ſupply its deficiencies. But,
" though this truth was ſeen and confeſſed, it un-
" luckily happened, that the ſagacity of his nume-
" rous Commentators went no further. They ſtill

" conſidered this famous Epiſtle as a *collection*,
" though not a *ſyſtem*, of criticiſms on poetry in ge-
" neral; with this conceſſion, however, that the
" ſtage had evidently the largeſt ſhare in it *. Under
" the influence of this prejudice, ſeveral writers of
" name took upon them to comment and explain
" it: and with the ſucceſs, which was to be ex-
" pected from ſo fatal a miſtake on ſetting out, as
" the not ſeeing, ' that the proper and ſole pur-
' poſe of the Author, was, not to abridge the Greek
' Criticks, whom he probably never thought of;
' nor to amuſe himſelf with compoſing a ſhort criti-
' cal ſyſtem, for the general uſe of poets, which
' every line of it abſolutely confutes; but, ſimply
' to criticize the ROMAN DRAMA.' For to this
" end, not the tenor of the work only, but as will
" appear, every ſingle precept in it, ultimately re-
" fers. The miſchiefs of this original error have
" been long felt. It hath occaſioned a conſtant
" perplexity in defining the *general* method, and in
" fixing the import of *particular* rules. Nay, its
" effects have reached ſtill further. For conceiving,
" as they did, that the whole had been compoſed out
" of the Greek Criticks, the labour and ingenuity
" of

* Satyra hæc eſt in ſui ſæculi poetas, PRAECIPUE vero in Roma-
num Drama. Baxter.

" of its interpreters have been miſemployed in " picking out authorities, which were not wanted, " and in producing, or, more properly, by their " ſtudied refinements in *creating*, conformities, " which were never deſigned. Whence it hath " come to paſs, that, inſtead of inveſtigating the " order of the Poet's own reflexions, and ſcru- " tinizing the peculiar ſtate of the Roman Stage (the " methods, which common ſenſe, and common " criticiſm would preſcribe) the world hath been " nauſeated with inſipid lectures on *Ariſtotle* and " *Phalereus*; whoſe ſolid ſenſe hath been ſo attenu- " ated and ſubtilized by the delicate operation of " French criticiſm, as hath even gone ſome way to- " wards bringing the *art* itſelf into diſrepute.

" 2. But the wrong explications of this poem " have ariſen, not from the miſconception of the " *ſubject* only, but from an inattention to the " METHOD of it. The *latter* was, in part, the ge- " nuine conſequence of the *former*. For, not ſuſ- " pecting an unity of deſign in the ſubject, its in- " terpreters never looked for, or could never find, a " conſiſtency of diſpoſition in the method. And " this was indeed the very block upon which " HEINSIUS, and, before him, JULIUS SCALIGER,

" himſelf

" himſelf ſtumbled. Theſe illuſtrious Criticks, with " all the force of genius, which is required to diſ- " embarraſs an involved ſubject, and all the aids of " learning, that can lend a ray to enlighten a dark " one, have, notwithſtanding, found themſelves " utterly unable to unfold the order of this Epiſtle; " inſomuch, that SCALIGER * hath boldly pro- " nounced the conduct of it to be *vicious*; and HEIN- " SIUS had no other way to evade the charge, than " by recurring to the forced and uncritical expedient " of a licentious tranſpoſition. The truth is, they " were both in one common error, that the Poet's " purpoſe had been to write a criticiſm of the Art " of Poetry at large, and not, as is here ſhewn, of " the Roman Drama in particular."

The remainder of this Introduction, as well as the Commentary and Notes, afford ample proofs of the erudition and ingenuity of the Critick; yet I much doubt, whether he has been able to convince the learned world of the truth of his main propoſition, " that it was the proper and ſole purpoſe of the Au- thor, ſimply *to criticiſe the* ROMAN DRAMA." His Commentary is, it muſt be owned, extremely ſeduc- ing; yet the attentive reader of Horace will perhaps often

* Præf. in LIB. POET. et l. vi. p. 338.

often fancy, that he perceives a violence and constraint offered to the compoſition, in order to accommodate it to the ſyſtem of the Commentator; who, to ſuch a reader, may perhaps ſeem to mark tranſitions, and point out connections, as well as to maintain *a method* in the Commentary, which cannot clearly be deduced from the text, to which it refers.

This very ingenious *Commentary* opens as follows:

" The ſubject of this piece being, as I ſuppoſe, " *one*, viz. *the ſtate of the Roman Drama*, and com- " mon ſenſe requiring, even in the freeſt forms of " compoſition, ſome kind of *method*, the intelligent " reader will not be ſurprized to find the poet proſe- " cuting his ſubject in a regular, well-ordered *plan*; " which, for the more exact deſcription of it, I " diſtinguiſh into three parts:

" I. The firſt of them [from l. 1 to 89] is prepa- " ratory to the main ſubject of the Epiſtle, con- " taining ſome general rules and reflections on " poetry, but principally with an eye to the follow- " ing parts: by which means it ſerves as an uſeful " introduction to the poet's deſign, and opens with " that air of eaſe and elegance, eſſential to the epi- " ſtolary form.

" II. The

" II. The main body of the Epiſtle [from l. 89 " to 295] is laid out in regulating the *Roman* " ſtage; but chiefly in giving rules for Tragedy; " not only as that was the ſublimer ſpecies of the " *Drama*, but, as it ſhould ſeem, leſs cultivated " and underſtood.

" III. The laſt part [from l. 295 to the end] ex- " horts to correctneſs in writing; yet ſtill with an " eye, principally, to the *dramatick ſpecies:* and is " taken up partly in removing the cauſes, that pre- " vented it; and partly in directing to the uſe of " ſuch means, as might ſerve to promote it. Such " is the general plan of the Epiſtle."

In this general ſummary, with which the Critick introduces his particular Commentary, a very material circumſtance is acknowledged, which perhaps tends to render the ſyſtem on which it proceeds, extremely doubtful, if not wholly untenable. The original Epiſtle conſiſts of four hundred and ſeventy-ſix lines; and it appears, from the above numerical analyſis, that not half of thoſe lines, only two hundred and ſix verſes [from v. 89 to 295] are employed on the ſubject of *the Roman Stage*. The firſt of the three parts above delineated [from v. 1 to 89] certainly

tainly *contains general rules and reſtrictions on poetry*, but ſurely with no particular reference to the Drama. As to the ſecond part, the Critick, I think, might fairly have extended the Poet's conſideration of the Drama to the 365th line, ſeventy lines further than he has carried it: but the laſt hundred and eleven lines of the Epiſtle ſo little allude to the Drama, that the only paſſage in which a mention of the Stage has been ſuppoſed to be implied, [*luduſque repertus, &c.*] is, by the learned and ingenious Critick himſelf, particularly diſtinguiſhed with a very different interpretation. Nor can this portion of the Epiſtle be conſidered, by the impartial and intelligent reader, as a mere exhortation "to correctneſs in writing; taken up partly in removing the cauſes that prevented it; and partly in directing to the uſe of ſuch means, as might ſerve to promote it." *Correctneſs* is indeed here, as in many other parts of Horace's Satires and Epiſtles, occaſionally inculcated; but ſurely the main ſcope of this animated concluſion is to deter thoſe, who are not bleſt with genius, from attempting the walks of Poetry.

I much approve what this writer has urged on the *unity of ſubject, and beauty of epiſtolary method* obſerved in this Work; but cannot agree that "the main

ſubject

ſubject and intention was *the regulation of the Roman Stage.*" How far I may differ concerning particular paſſages, will appear from the notes at the end of this tranſlation. In controverſial criticiſm difference of opinion cannot but be expreſſed, *(veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim,)* but I hope I ſhall not be thought to have delivered my ſentiments with petulance, or be accuſed of want of reſpect for a character, that I moſt ſincerely reverence and admire.

I now proceed to ſet down in writing, the ſubſtance of what I ſuggeſted to you in converſation, concerning my own conceptions of the end and deſign of Horace in this Epiſtle. In this explanation I ſhall call upon Horace as my chief witneſs, and the Epiſtle itſelf, as my principal voucher. Should their teſtimonies prove adverſe, my ſyſtem muſt be abandoned, like many that have preceded it, as vain and chimerical: and if it ſhould even, by their ſupport, be acknowledged and received, it will, I think, like the egg of Columbus, appear ſo plain, eaſy, and obvious, that it will ſeem almoſt wonderful, that the Epiſtle has never been conſidered in the ſame light, till now. I do not wiſh to dazzle with the luſtre of a new hypotheſis, which requires, I think,

neither

neither the ſtrong opticks, nor powerful glaſſes, of a critical Herſchel, to aſcertain the truth of it; but is a ſyſtem, that lies level to common apprehenſion, and a luminary, diſcoverable by the naked eye.

My notion is ſimply this. I conceive that one of the ſons of Piſo, undoubtedly the Elder, had either written, or meditated, a poetical work, moſt probably a Tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece, or intention, to Horace: but Horace, either diſapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the Elder Piſo, or both, wiſhed to diſſuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the deſign of writing this Epiſtle, addreſſing it, with a courtlineſs and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two ſons. *Epiſtola ad Piſones, de Arte Poeticâ.*

He begins with general reflections, generally addreſſed to his *three* friends. *Credite*, PISONES!—PATER, & JUVENES *patre digni!*—In theſe preliminary rules, equally neceſſary to be obſerved by Poets of every denomination, he dwells on the neceſſity of unity of deſign, the danger of being dazzled by the

ſplendor

ſplendor of partial beauties, the choice of ſubjects, the beauty of order, the elegance and propriety of diction, and the uſe of a thorough knowledge of the nature of the ſeveral different ſpecies of Poetry: ſumming up this introductory portion of his Epiſtle, in a manner perfectly agreeable to the concluſion of it.

Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego ſi nequeo ignoroque, poeta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens pravè, quam diſcere malo?

From this general view of poetry, on the canvas of Ariſtotle, but entirely after his own manner, the writer proceeds to give the rules and hiſtory of the Drama; adverting principally to Tragedy, with all its conſtituents and appendages of diction, fable, character, incidents, chorus, meaſure, muſick, and decoration. In this part of the work, according to the interpretation of the beſt Criticks, and indeed (I think) according to the manifeſt tenor of the Epiſtle, he addreſſes himſelf entirely to *the two young gentlemen*, pointing out to them the difficulty, as well as excellence, of the Dramatick Art; inſiſting on the avowed ſuperiority of the Græcian Writers, and aſcribing the comparative failure of the Romans to negligence and avarice. The Poet, having exhauſted

exhauſted this part of his ſubject, ſuddenly drops a *ſecond*, diſmiſſing at once no leſs than *two* of the *three* Perſons, to whom he originally addreſſed his Epiſtle, and turning ſhort on *the* ELDER PISO, moſt earneſtly conjures him to ponder on the danger of precipitate publications, and the ridicule to which the author of wretched poetry expoſes himſelf. From the commencement of this partial addreſs, O MAJOR JUVENUM, *&c.* [v. 366] to the end of the poem, *almoſt a fourth part of the whole*, the ſecond perſon plural, *Piſones!—Vos!—Vos, O Pompilius Sanguis!* &c. is diſcarded, and the ſecond perſon ſingular, *Tu, Te, Tibi,* &c. invariably takes its place. The arguments too are equally relative and perſonal; not only ſhewing the neceſſity of ſtudy, combined with natural genius, to conſtitute a Poet; but dwelling on the peculiar danger and deluſion of flattery, to a writer of rank and fortune; as well as the ineſtimable value of an honeſt friend, to reſcue him from deriſion and contempt. The Poet, however, in reverence to the Muſe, qualifies his exaggerated deſcription of an infatuated ſcribbler, with a moſt noble encomium on the uſes of Good Poetry, vindicating the dignity of the Art, and proudly aſſerting, that the moſt exalted characters would not be diſgraced by the cultivation of it.

Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi *Musa, lyræ solers, & Cantor Apollo.*

It is worthy obſervation, that in the ſatyrical picture of a frantick bard, with which Horace concludes his Epiſtle, he not only runs counter to what might be expected as a Corollary of an Eſſay on *the Art of Poetry*, but contradicts his own uſual practice and ſentiments. In his Epiſtle to Auguſtus, inſtead of ſtigmatizing the love of verſe as an abominable phrenſy, he calls it *(levis hæc inſania) a ſlight madneſs*, and deſcants on its good effects—*quantas* VIRTUTES *habeat, ſic collige!*

In another Epiſtle, ſpeaking of himſelf, and his addiction to poetry, he ſays,

——— *ubi quid datur oti,*
Illudo chartis; hoc eſt, MEDIOCRIBUS ILLIS
Ex vitiis unum, &c.

All which, and ſeveral other paſſages in his works, almoſt demonſtrate that it was not, without a particular purpoſe in view, that he dwelt ſo forcibly on the deſcription of a man reſolved

——— ——— *in ſpite*
Of nature and his ſtars to write.

To

To conclude, if I have not contemplated my ſyſtem, till I am become blind to its imperfections, this view of the Epiſtle not only preſerves to it all that *unity of ſubject, and elegance of method*, ſo much inſiſted on by the excellent Critick, to whom I have ſo often referred; but by adding to his judicious general abſtract the familiarities of perſonal addreſs, ſo ſtrongly marked by the writer, ſcarce a line appears idle or miſplaced: while the order and diſpoſition of the Epiſtle to the Piſos appears as evident and unembarraſſed, as that of the Epiſtle to Auguſtus; in which laſt, the actual ſtate of the Roman Drama ſeems to have been more manifeſtly the object of Horace's attention, than in the Work now under conſideration.

Before I leave you to the further examination of the original of Horace, and ſubmit to you the Tranſlation, with the Notes that accompany it, I cannot help obſerving, that the ſyſtem, which I have here laid down, is not ſo entirely new, as it may perhaps at firſt appear to the reader, or as I myſelf originally ſuppoſed it. No Critick indeed has, to my knowledge, directly conſidered *the whole Epiſtle* in the ſame light that I have now taken it; but yet *particular paſſages* ſeem ſo ſtrongly to enforce ſuch an

interpretation, that the Editors, Tranſlators, and Commentators, have been occaſionally driven to explanations of a ſimilar tendency; of which the Notes annexed will exhibit ſeveral ſtriking inſtances.

Of the following verſion I ſhall only ſay, that I have not, knowingly, adopted a ſingle expreſſion, tending to warp the judgement of the learned or unlearned reader, in favour of my own hypotheſis. I attempted this tranſlation, chiefly becauſe I could find no other equally cloſe and literal. Even the Verſion of Roſcommon, though in blank verſe, is in ſome parts a paraphraſe, and in others, but an abſtract. I have myſelf, indeed, endeavoured to ſupport my right to that force and freedom of tranſlation which Horace himſelf recommends; yet I have faithfully exhibited in our language ſeveral paſſages, which his profeſſed tranſlators have abandoned, as impoſſible to be given in Engliſh.

All I think neceſſary to be further ſaid on the Epiſtle, will appear in the Notes.

I am, my dear friends,
With the trueſt reſpect and regard,
Your moſt ſincere admirer,
And very affectionate, humble ſervant,
GEORGE COLMAN.

LONDON, *March* 8, 1783.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPISTOLA

AD

PISONES.

HUmano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſupernè ;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis, amici ?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ

Fingentur

HORACE's

EPISTLE

TO THE

PISOS.

WHAT if a Painter, in his art to ſhine,
A human head and horſe's neck ſhould join;
From various creatures put the limbs together,
Cover'd with plumes, from ev'ry bird a feather;
And in a filthy tail the figure drop,
A fiſh at bottom, a fair maid at top:
Viewing a picture of this ſtrange condition,
Would you not laugh at ſuch an exhibition?
Truſt me, my Piſos, wild as this may ſeem,
The volume ſuch, where, like a ſick-man's dream,

Fingentur ſpecies: ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque Poëtis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas,
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim:
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

Incœptis gravibus plerumque et magna profeſſis
Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus et alter
Aſſuitur pannus; cùm lucus et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortaſſe cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare: quid hoc, ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Inſtitui: currente rotâ cur urceus exit?
Denique ſit quidvis ſimplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima

Extravagant conceits throughout prevail,
Groſs and fantaſtick, neither head nor tail.
" Poets and Painters ever were allow'd
" Some daring flight above the vulgar croud."
True: we indulge them in that daring flight,
And challenge in our turn an equal right:
But not the ſoft and ſavage to combine,
Serpents to doves, to tigers lambkins join.

Oft works of promiſe large, and high attempt,
Are piec'd and guarded, to eſcape contempt,
With here and there a remnant highly dreſt,
That glitters thro' the gloom of all the reſt.
Then Dian's grove and altar are the theme,
Then thro' rich meadows winds the ſilver ſtream;
The River Rhine, perhaps, adorns the lines,
Or the gay Rainbow in deſcription ſhines.

Theſe we allow have each their ſeveral grace;
But each and ſeveral now are out of place.

A cypreſs you can draw; what then? you're hir'd,
And from your art a ſea-piece is requir'd;
A ſhipwreck'd mariner, deſpairing, faint,
(The price paid down) you are ordain'd to paint.
On with your art! proceed as you begun!
Why dwindle to a cruet from a tun?
Simple be all you execute, and one!

Lov'd

Maxima pars vatum, (pater, et juvenes patre digni)
Decipimur ſpecie recti. Brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio: ſectantem lævia, nervi
Deficiunt animique: profeſſus grandia turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimium timiduſque procellæ.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
Delphinum ſilvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos,
Infelix operis ſummâ, quia ponere totum
Neſciet: hunc ego me, ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quàm pravo vivere naſo,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam
Viribus: et verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent
Quid valeant humeri.

Cui

Lov'd fire! lov'd ſons, well worthy ſuch a fire!
Moſt bards are dupes to beauties they admire.
Proud to be brief, for brevity muſt pleaſe,
I grow obſcure; the follower of eaſe
Wants nerve and ſoul; the lover of ſublime
Swells to bombaſt; while he who dreads that crime,
Too fearful of the whirlwind riſing round,
A wretched reptile, creeps along the ground.
The bard, ambitious fancies who diſplays,
And tortures one poor thought a thouſand ways,
Heaps prodigies on prodigies; in woods
Pictures the dolphin, and the boar in floods!
Thus ev'n the fear of faults to faults betrays,
Unleſs a maſter-hand conduct the lays.

An under workman of th' Æmilian claſs,
Shall mould the nails, and trace the hair in braſs,
Bungling at laſt; becauſe his narrow ſoul
Wants room to comprehend *a perfect whole*.
To be this man, would I a work compoſe,
No more I'd wiſh, than for a horrid noſe,
With hair as black as jet, and eyes as black as ſloes.

Select, all ye who write, a ſubject fit,
A ſubject, not too mighty for your wit!
And ere you lay your ſhoulders to the wheel,
Weigh well their ſtrength, and all their weakneſs feel!

And

- - - - - - Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc Virtus erit et Venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,
Dixeris egregié, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum: si forté necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.
Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcé detorta. Quid autem?
Cæcilio, Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio, Varioque?

He, who his ſubject happily can chuſe,
Wins to his favour the benignant Muſe;
For him ſhall Eloquence her ſtores diſplay,
And beauteous Order trace and clear his way.

Order, I truſt, may boaſt, nor boaſt in vain,
Theſe Virtues and theſe Graces in her train.
What on the inſtant ſhould be ſaid, to ſay;
Things, beſt reſerv'd at preſent, to delay;
Guiding the bard, thro' his continu'd verſe,
What to reject, and when; and what rehearſe.

To words eſtabliſh'd by long uſage, true,
With innovations, or adoptions, few,
Happy your art, if by a cunning phraſe
To a new meaning a known word you raiſe:
If calling from the dark abyſs of time,
" Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime,"
Oft ſtern neceſſity exacts ſome word,
By the ſtrait-lac'd Cethegi never heard;
Take without blame, yet take with coyneſs too,
The licence to your arduous ſubject due.
New, or but recent, words ſhall have their courſe,
If drawn diſcreetly from the Grecian ſource.
What Plautus and Cecilius ſafely claim,
Shall Rome in Virgil, and in Varius, blame?

Or

- - - - - - - ego cur acquirere pauca.
Si poſſum, invideor ; cùm lingua Catonis et Ennî
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit ? Licuit, ſemperque licebit
Signatum præſente notâ procudere nomen.
Ut ſilvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos ;
Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque ; ſive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, claſſes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus ; ſteriliſve diu palus, aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave ſentit aratrum :
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius : mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidêre ; cadentque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula,

- - - - ſi vo-

Or if myſelf ſhould ſome few words explore,
Shall I be envied for my little ſtore?
Cato, and Ennius, while our ſtyle was young,
With many a ſterling phraſe enrich'd our tongue;
And We, our Sires, and Sons, without a crime;
May ſtamp on words the coinage of the time.
As branching woods let fall, and change their leaves,
Our language too a change of words receives:
Year after year drop off the ancient race,
While young ones bud and flouriſh in their place.
Nor we, nor all we do, can death withſtand;
Whether the Sea, impriſon'd in the land,
A work imperial! takes a harbour's form,
Where navies ride ſecure, and mock the ſtorm;
Whether the Marſh, within whoſe horrid ſhore
Barrenneſs dwelt, and boatmen plied the oar,
Now furrow'd by the plough, a laughing plain,
Feeds all the cities round with fertile grain;
Or if the River, by a prudent force,
The corn once flooding, learns a better courſe.
The works of mortal man ſhall all decay;
And words are grac'd and honour'd but a day:
Many ſhall wake reviv'd, that now lie dead;
Many ſhall fade, and all their glories ſhed;

Cuſtom

- - - - - - - - - - - - si volet usus,
Quem penés arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primúm,
Pòst etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Hunc socci cepêre pedem, grandesque cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,

Cur

Cuſtom alone their rank and date can teach,
Cuſtom, the ſov'reign, law, and rule of ſpeech.

For deeds of kings and chiefs, and battles fought,
What numbers are moſt fitting, Homer taught:

Couplets unequal were at firſt confin'd
To ſpeak in broken verſe the mourner's mind.
Proſperity at length, and free content,
In the ſame numbers gave their raptures vent;
But who firſt fram'd the Elegy's ſmall ſong,
Grammarians ſquabble, and will ſquabble long.

Archilochus, reſentment's bitter rage
Arm'd with his own Iambicks to engage:
With theſe the humble Sock, and Buſkin proud,
Shap'd dialogue; and ſtill'd the noiſy croud;
Embrac'd the meaſure, prov'd its eaſe and force,
And found it apt for buſineſs or diſcourſe.

Gods, and the ſons of Gods, in Odes to ſing,
The Muſe attunes her Lyre, and ſtrikes the ſtring;
Victorious Boxers, Racers, mark the line,
The cares of youthful love, and joys of wine.

The various outline of each work to fill,
If nature gives no pow'r, and art no ſkill;

- - - - - - - - - - - - si volet uſus,
Quem penés arbitrium eſt, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Res geſtæ regumque ducumque et triſtia bella,
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.

Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primúm,
Pòſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Hunc ſocci cepêre pedem, grandeſque cothurni,
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, et populares
Vincentem ſtrepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Muſa dedit fidibus divos, pueroſque deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.

Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores,

Cur

Cuſtom alone their rank and date can teach,
Cuſtom, the ſov'reign, law, and rule of ſpeech.

For deeds of kings and chiefs, and battles fought,
What numbers are moſt fitting, Homer taught:

Couplets unequal were at firſt confin'd
To ſpeak in broken verſe the mourner's mind.
Proſperity at length, and free content,
In the ſame numbers gave their raptures vent;
But who firſt fram'd the Elegy's ſmall ſong,
Grammarians ſquabble, and will ſquabble long.

Archilochus, reſentment's bitter rage
Arm'd with his own Iambicks to engage:
With theſe the humble Sock, and Buſkin proud,
Shap'd dialogue; and ſtill'd the noiſy croud;
Embrac'd the meaſure, prov'd its eaſe and force,
And found it apt for buſineſs or diſcourſe.

Gods, and the ſons of Gods, in Odes to ſing,
The Muſe attunes her Lyre, and ſtrikes the ſtring;
Victorious Boxers, Racers, mark the line,
The cares of youthful love, and joys of wine.

The various outline of each work to fill,
If nature gives no pow'r, and art no ſkill;

Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, poëta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens pravè, quàm diſcere malo?

Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.
Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit;
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.
Telephus aut Peleus, cum pauper er exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ.

Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poëmata; dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus;

If, marking nicer ſhades, I miſs my aim,
Why am I greeted with a Poet's name?
Or if, thro' ignorance, I can't diſcern,
Why, from falſe modeſty, forbear to learn?

A comick incident loaths tragick ſtrains:
Thy feaſt, Thyeſtes, lowly verſe diſdains;
Familiar diction ſcorns, as baſe and mean,
Touching too nearly on the comick ſcene.
Each ſtyle allotted to its proper place,
Let each appear with its peculiar grace!
Yet Comedy at times exalts her ſtrain,
And angry Chremes ſtorms in ſwelling vein:
The tragick hero, plung'd in deep diſtreſs,
Sinks with his fate, and makes his language leſs.
Peleus and Telephus, poor, baniſh'd! each
Drops his foot-half-foot words, and ſounding ſpeech;
Or elſe, what boſom in his grief takes part,
Which cracks the ear, but cannot touch the heart!

'Tis not enough that Plays are poliſh'd, chaſte,
Or trickt in all the harlotry of taſte,
They muſt have *paſſion* too; beyond controul
Tranſporting where they pleaſe the hearer's ſoul.
With thoſe that ſmile, our face in ſmiles appears;
With thoſe that weep, our cheeks are bath'd in tears:

- - - - - si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi : tunc tua me infortunia lædent.
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo : tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent ; iratum, plena minarum ;
Ludentem, lasciva ; severum, seria dictu.
Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum ; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit :
Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent Equites peditesque chachinnum.

Intererit multum, Divusne loquatur, an heros ;
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ
Fervidus ; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix ;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli ;

Colchus,

To make *me* grieve, be firſt *your* anguiſh ſhown,
And I ſhall feel your ſorrows like my own.
Peleus, and Telephus! unleſs your ſtyle
Suit with your circumſtance, I'll ſleep, or ſmile.
Features of ſorrow mournful words require;
Anger in menace ſpeaks, and words of fire:
The playful prattle in a frolick vein,
And the ſevere affect a ſerious ſtrain:
For Nature firſt, to every varying wind
Of changeful fortune, ſhapes the pliant mind;
Sooths it with pleaſure, or to rage provokes,
Or brings it to the ground by ſorrow's heavy ſtrokes;
Then of the joys that charm'd, or woes that wrung,
Forces expreſſion from the faithful tongue:
But if the actor's words belie his ſtate,
And ſpeak a language foreign to his fate,
Romans ſhall crack their ſides, and all the town
Join, horſe and foot, to laugh th' impoſtor down.

Juſt *Dialogue*, to every ſpeaker fit,
Their ſeveral rank and character ſhould hit;
Hero, or God; the Sire ſedate and grave,
Or the warm Youth to paſſion ſtill a ſlave;
Matron, or Nurſe; the Merchant us'd to roam,
Or Farmer ploughing his rich field at home:

Colchus, an Aſſyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Homæreum ſi forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.

Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, et audes
Perſonam formare novam; ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quàm ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus.

Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres; nec deſilies imitator in arctum,

Unde

If Colchian, or Aſſyrian, fill the ſcene,
Theban, or Argian, note the ſhades between!

Follow the Voice of Fame; or if you feign,
The fabled plan conſiſtently ſuſtain!
If Homer's hero you bring back to view,
Shew your Achilles ſuch as Homer drew;
Active, warm, brave, impetuous, high of ſoul,
Calling to arms! and brooking no controul:
Fierce let Medea ſeem, in horrors clad;
Perfidious be Ixion, Ino ſad;
Io a wand'rer, and Oreſtes mad!

Should you, advent'ring novelty, engage
Some bold Original to tread the Stage,
True to the parent mould in which 'twas caſt,
Suſtain the character from firſt to laſt.

Yet hard the taſk to touch on untried facts:
Safer the Iliad to reduce to acts,
Than be the firſt new regions to explore,
And dwell on themes unknown, untold before.

Quit but the vulgar, broad, and beaten round,
The publick field becomes your private ground:
Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate;
Nor leap at once into a narrow ſtrait,

Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
FORTUNAM PRIAMI CANTABO, ET NOBILE BELLUM.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte!
DIC MIHI, MUSA, VIRUM, CAPTÆ POST MOENIA TROJÆ,
QUI MORES HOMINUM MULTORUM VIDIT ET URBES.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cylope Charibdin.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit:

Atque

A copyiſt ſo cloſe, that rule and line
Curb your free march, and all your ſteps confine!

Be not your opening fierce, in accents bold,
Like the rude ballad-monger's chaunt of old;
" The fall of Priam, the great Trojan King!
" Of the right noble Trojan War, I ſing!"
Where ends this Boaſter, who, with voice of thunder,
Wakes Expectation, all agape with wonder?
The mountains labour! huſh'd are all the ſpheres!
And, oh ridiculous! a mouſe appears.
How much more modeſtly begins HIS ſong,
Who labours, or imagines, nothing wrong!
" Say, Muſe, the Man, who, after Troy's diſgrace,
" In various cities mark'd the human race!"
Not flame to ſmoke he turns, but ſmoke to light,
Kindling from thence a ſtream of glories bright:
Antiphates, the Cyclops, raiſe the theme;
Scylla, Charibdis, fill the pleaſing dream.
He goes not back to Meleager's death,
With Diomed's return to run you out of breath;
Nor from the Double Egg, the tale to mar,
Traces the ſtory of the Trojan War;
Still hurrying to th' event, at once he brings
His hearer to the heart and ſoul of things;
And what won't bear the light, in ſhadow flings.

Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
FORTUNAM PRIAMI CANTABO, ET NOBILE BELLUM.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte!
DIC MIHI, MUSA, VIRUM, CAPTÆ POST MOENIA TROJÆ,
QUI MORES HOMINUM MULTORUM VIDIT ET URBES.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cylope Charibdin.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit:

Atque

A copyiſt ſo cloſe, that rule and line
Curb your free march, and all your ſteps confine!

Be not your opening fierce, in accents bold,
Like the rude ballad-monger's chaunt of old;
" The fall of Priam, the great Trojan King!
" Of the right noble Trojan War, I ſing!"
Where ends this Boaſter, who, with voice of thunder,
Wakes Expectation, all agape with wonder?
The mountains labour! huſh'd are all the ſpheres!
And, oh ridiculous! a mouſe appears.
How much more modeſtly begins HIS ſong,
Who labours, or imagines, nothing wrong!
" Say, Muſe, the Man, who, after Troy's diſgrace,
" In various cities mark'd the human race!"
Not flame to ſmoke he turns, but ſmoke to light,
Kindling from thence a ſtream of glories bright:
Antiphates, the Cyclops, raiſe the theme;
Scylla, Charibdis, fill the pleaſing dream.
He goes not back to Meleager's death,
With Diomed's return to run you out of breath;
Nor from the Double Egg, the tale to mar,
Traces the ſtory of the Trojan War:
Still hurrying to th' event, at once he brings
His hearer to the heart and ſoul of things;
And what won't bear the light, in ſhadow flings.

Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum deſideret, audi;
Si fautoris eges aulea manentis, et uſque
Seſſuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat:

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores,
Mobilibuſque decor naturis dandus et annis.

Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum; geſtit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temerè, et mutatur in horas.

Imberbis juvenis, tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſque et aprici gramine campi;
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupiduſque, et amata relinquere pernix.

Converſis ſtudiis, ætas animuſque virilis

So well he feigns, ſo well contrives to blend
Fiction and Truth, that all his labours tend
True to one point, perſu'd from end to end.

Hear now, what I expect, and all the town,
If you would wiſh applauſe your play to crown,
And patient ſitters, 'till the cloth goes down!

Man's ſeveral ages with attention view,
His flying years, and changing nature too:

The Boy, who now his words can freely ſound,
And with a ſteadier footſtep prints the ground,
Places in playfellows his chief delight,
Quarrels, ſhakes hands, and cares not wrong or right:
Sway'd by each fav'rite bauble's ſhort-liv'd pow'r,
In ſmiles, in tears, all humours ev'ry hour.

The beardleſs Youth, at length from tutor free,
Loves horſes, hounds, the field, and liberty:
Pliant as wax, to vice his eaſy ſoul,
Marble to wholeſome counſel and controul;
Improvident of good, of wealth profuſe;
High; fond, yet fickle; generous, yet looſe.

To graver ſtudies, new purſuits inclin'd,
Manhood, with growing years, brings change of mind:

Seeks

Quærit opes et amicitias, inſervit honori;
Commiſiſſe cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quærit, et inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti;
Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidèque miniſtrat,
Dilator, ſpe lentus, iners, paviduſque futuri;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, cenſor, caſtigatorque minorum.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte ſeniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles.
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur:

Segnius

Seeks riches, friends; with thirſt of honour glows;
And all the meanneſs of ambition knows;
Prudent, and wary, on each deed intent,
Fearful to act, and afterwards repent.

Evil in various ſhapes *Old Age* ſurrounds;
Riches his aim, in riches he abounds;
Yet what he gain'd in fear, he fears to loſe;
And what he ſought as uſeful, dares not uſe.
Timid and cold in all he undertakes,
His hand from doubt, as well as weakneſs, ſhakes;
Hope makes him tedious, fond of dull delay;
Dup'd by to-morrow, tho' he dies to-day;
Ill-humour'd, querulous; yet loud in praiſe
Of all the mighty deeds of former days;
When *he* was young, good heavens, what glorious times!
Unlike the preſent age, that teems with crimes!

Thus years advancing many comforts bring,
And, flying, bear off many on their wing:
Confound not youth with age, nor age with youth,
But mark their ſeveral characters with truth!

Events are on the ſtage in act diſplay'd,
Or by narration, if unſeen, convey'd.

Cold

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens:
Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci vult, et ſpectata reponi.

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.

Actoris partes Chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non propoſito conducat et hæreat apte.

Cold is the tale diſtilling thro' the ear,
Filling the ſoul with leſs diſmay and fear,
Than where ſpectators view, like ſtanders-by,
The deed ſubmitted to the faithful eye.
Yet force not on the ſtage, to wound the ſight,
Acts that ſhould paſs within, and ſhun the light!
Many there are the eye ſhould ne'er behold,
But touching Eloquence in time unfold:
Who on Medea's parricide can look?
View horrid Atreus human garbage cook?
If a bird's feathers I ſee Progne take,
If I ſee Cadmus ſlide into a ſnake,
My faith revolts; and I condemn outright
The fool that ſhews me ſuch a ſilly ſight.

Let not your play have *fewer acts* than *five*,
Nor *more*, if you would wiſh it run and thrive!

Draw down no God, unworthily betray'd,
Unleſs ſome great occaſion aſk his aid!

Let no *fourth perſon*, labouring for a ſpeech,
Make in the dialogue a needleſs breach!

An actor's part the CHORUS ſhould ſuſtain,
Gentle in all its office, and humane;
Chaunting no Odes between the acts, that ſeem
Unapt, or foreign to the general theme.

Let

Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amicis,
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis, ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legeſque, et apertis otia portis:
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſque precetur et oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; ſed tenuis, ſimplexque foramine pauco,
Aſpirare et adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu:
Quo ſanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus
Et frugi caſtuſque verecunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem
Laxior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtis impune diebus,
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet liberque laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus,

- - - turpis

Let it to Virtue prove a guide and friend,
Curb tyrants, and the humble good defend!
Loud let it praiſe the joys that Temperance waits;
Of Juſtice ſing, the real health of States;
The Laws; and Peace, ſecure with open gates!
Faithful and ſecret, let it heav'n invoke
To turn from the unhappy fortune's ſtroke,
And all its vengeance on the proud provoke!

The Pipe of old, as yet with braſs unbound,
Nor rivalling, as now, the Trumpet's ſound,
But ſlender, ſimple, and its ſtops but few,
Breath'd to the Chorus; and was uſeful too:
No crouded ſeats wedg'd cloſe, and cloſer ſtill,
Then aſking pow'rful blaſts their ſpace to fill;
When the thin audience, pious, frugal, chaſte,
With modeſt mirth indulg'd their ſober taſte.
But ſoon as the proud Victor ſpurns all bounds,
And growing Rome a wider wall ſurrounds;
When noontide revels, and the daylight bowl,
Licence on holidays a flow of ſoul;
A richer ſtream of melody is known,
Numbers more copious, and a fuller tone.
—— For what, alas! could the unpractis'd ear
Of ruſticks, revelling o'er country cheer,

Ille bonis faveatque, et concilietur amicis,
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis, ille ſalubrem
Juſtitiam, legeſque, et apertis otia portis:
Ille tegat commiſſa, Deoſque precetur et oret,
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; ſed tenuis, ſimplexque foramine pauco,
Aſpirare et adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu:
Quo ſanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus
Et frugi caſtuſque verecunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem
Laxior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtis impune diebus,
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet liberque laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus,

- - - turpis

Let it to Virtue prove a guide and friend,
Curb tyrants, and the humble good defend!
Loud let it praiſe the joys that Temperance waits;
Of Juſtice ſing, the real health of States;
The Laws; and Peace, ſecure with open gates!
Faithful and ſecret, let it heav'n invoke
To turn from the unhappy fortune's ſtroke,
And all its vengeance on the proud provoke!

The Pipe of old, as yet with braſs unbound,
Nor rivalling, as now, the Trumpet's ſound,
But ſlender, ſimple, and its ſtops but few,
Breath'd to the Chorus; and was uſeful too:
No crouded ſeats wedg'd cloſe, and cloſer ſtill,
Then aſking pow'rful blaſts their ſpace to fill;
When the thin audience, pious, frugal, chaſte,
With modeſt mirth indulg'd their ſober taſte.
But ſoon as the proud Victor ſpurns all bounds,
And growing Rome a wider wall ſurrounds;
When noontide revels, and the daylight bowl,
Licence on holidays a flow of ſoul;
A richer ſtream of melody is known,
Numbers more copious, and a fuller tone.
—— For what, alas! could the unpractis'd ear
Of ruſticks, revelling o'er country cheer,

- - - - - - - - turpis honeſto?
Sic priſcæ motumque et luxuriem addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem:
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps;
Utiliumque ſagax rerum, et divina futuri,
Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agreſtes Satyros nudavit, et aſper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quod
Illecebris erat et gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator functuſque ſacris, et potus, et exlex.
Verum ita riſores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere ſeria ludo;
Ne quicunque Deus, quicunqne adhibebitur heros
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper et oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.

Effutire

A motley groupe! high, low; and froth, and ſcum;
Diſtinguiſh but ſhrill ſqueak, and droniſh hum?—
The Piper, grown luxuriant in his art,
With dance and flowing veſt embelliſhes his part!
Now too, its pow'rs increas'd, *the Lyre ſevere*
With richer numbers ſmites the liſt'ning ear:
Sudden burſts forth a flood of rapid ſong,
Rolling a tide of eloquence along:
Uſeful, prophetic, wiſe, the ſtrain divine
Breathes all the ſpirit of the Delphick ſhrine.

He who the prize, a filthy goat, to gain,
At firſt contended in the tragick ſtrain,
Soon too—tho' rude, the graver mood unbroke,—
Stript the rough SATYRS, and eſſay'd a joke:
For holiday-ſpectators, fluſh'd, and wild,
With new conceits, and mummeries, were beguil'd.
Yet ſhould the Satyrs ſo chaſtiſe their mirth,
Temp'ring the jeſt that gives their ſallies birth;
Changing from grave to gay, ſo keep the mean,
That God or Heroe of the lofty ſcene,
In royal gold and purple ſeen but late,
May ne'er in cots obſcure debaſe his ſtate,
Loſt in low language; nor in too much care
To ſhun the ground, graſp clouds, and empty air.

Effutire leves indigna tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina ſolum
Verbaque, Piſones, Satyrorum ſcriptor amabo:
Nec ſic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interſit Davuſne loquator et audax
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
An cuſtos famuluſque Dei Silenus alumni.

Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar: ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem; ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem: tantum ſeries juncturaque pollet:
Tantum de medio ſumtis accedit honoris.

Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenſes,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus umquam,

Aut

With an indignant pride, and coy diſdain,
Stern Tragedy rejects too light a vein:
Like a grave Matron, deſtin'd to advance
On ſolemn feſtivals to join the dance,
Mixt with the ſhaggy tribe of Satyrs rude,
She'll hold a ſober mien, and act the prude.
Ne'er would I, Piſos, in the Sylvan ſcene,
Uſe abject terms alone, and phraſes mean;
Nor of high Tragick colouring afraid,
Neglect too much the difference of ſhade!
Davus may jeſt, pert Pythias may beguile
Simo of caſh, in a familiar ſtyle;
The ſame low ſtrain Silenus would diſgrace,
Servant and guardian of the Godlike race.

Let me on ſubjects known my verſe ſo frame,
So follow it, that each may hope the ſame;
Daring the ſame, and toiling to prevail,
May vainly toil, and only dare to fail!
Such virtues order and connection bring,
From common arguments ſuch honours ſpring.

The woodland Fauns their origin ſhould heed,
Take no town ſtamp, nor ſeem the city breed:
Nor let them, aping young gallants, repeat
Verſes that run upon too tender feet;

Aut immunda crepent ignominioſaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, et pater, et res;
Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ.

Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta, vocatur Iambus,
Pes citus: unde etiam Trimetris accreſcere juſſit
Nomen Iambeis, cum ſenos redderet ictus
Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi; non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondeos ſtabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus et patiens: non ut de ſede ſecundâ
Cederet, aut quartâ ſocialiter. Hic et in Accî
Nobilibus Trimetris apparet rarus, et Ennî.
In ſcenam miſſus cum magno pondere verſus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.

Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex:
Et data Romanis venia eſt indigna poetis.

Idcircòne

Nor fall into a low, indecent ſtile,
Breaking dull jeſts to make the vulgar ſmile!
For higher ranks ſuch ribaldry deſpiſe,
Condemn the Poet, and withhold the prize.

To a ſhort Syllable a long ſubjoin'd
Forms an Iambick foot; ſo light a kind,
That when ſix pure Iambicks roll'd along,
So nimbly mov'd, ſo trippingly the ſong,
The feet to half their number loſt their claim,
And *Trimeter Iambicks* was their name.
Hence, that the meaſure might more grave appear,
And with a ſlower march approach the ear,
From the fourth foot, and ſecond, not diſplac'd,
The ſteady ſpondee kindly it embrac'd;
Then in firm union ſocially unites,
Admitting the ally to equal rights.
Accius, and Ennius lines, thus duly wrought,
In their bold Trimeters but rarely ſought:
Yet ſcenes o'erloaded with a verſe of lead,
A maſs of heavy numbers on their head,
Speak careleſs haſte, neglect in ev'ry part,
Or ſhameful ignorance of the Poet's art.

"Not ev'ry Critick ſpies a faulty ſtrain,
And pardon Roman Poets ſhould diſdain."

Idcircòne vager, ſcribamque licenter? ut omnes
Viſuros peccata putem mea; tutus et intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui.

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.
At veſtri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere ſales; niminum patienter utrumque
(Ne dicam ſtultè) mirati: ſi modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus et aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, et plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis
Quæ canerent agerentque, peruncti fæcibus ora.
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus et modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,

Et

Shall I then all regard, all labour ſlight,
Break looſe at once, and all at random write?
Or ſhall I fear that all my faults deſcry,
Viewing my errors with an Eagle eye,
And thence correctneſs make my only aim,
Pleas'd to be ſafe, and ſure of 'ſcaping blame?
Thus I from faults indeed may guard my lays;
But neither they, nor I, can merit praiſe.

Piſos! be Græcian models your delight!
Night and day read them, read them day and night!
"Well! but our fathers Plautus lov'd to praiſe,
"Admir'd his humour, and approv'd his lays."
Yes; they ſaw both with a too partial eye,
Fond e'en to folly ſure, if you and I
Know ribaldry from humour, chaſte and terſe,
Or can but ſcan, and have an ear for verſe.

A kind of Tragick Ode unknown before,
THESPIS, 'tis ſaid, invented firſt, and bore
Cart-loads of verſe about; and with him went
A troop begrim'd, to ſing and repreſent.
Next, ÆSCHYLUS, a Maſk to ſhroud the face,
A Robe devis'd, to give the perſon grace;

On

Idcircòne vager, ſcribamque licenter? ut omnes
Viſuros peccata putem mea; tutus et intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui.

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.
At veſtri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere ſales; niminum patienter utrumque
(Ne dicam ſtultè) mirati: ſi modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus et aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, et plauſtris vexiſſe poëmata Theſpis
Quæ canerent agerentque, peruncti fæcibus ora.
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus et modicis inſtavit pulpita tignis,

Shall I then all regard, all labour ſlight,
Break looſe at once, and all at random write?
Or ſhall I fear that all my faults deſcry,
Viewing my errors with an Eagle eye,
And thence correctneſs make my only aim,
Pleas'd to be ſafe, and ſure of 'ſcaping blame?
Thus I from faults indeed may guard my lays;
But neither they, nor I, can merit praiſe.

Piſos! be Græcian models your delight!
Night and day read them, read them day and night!
"Well! but our fathers Plautus lov'd to praiſe,
"Admir'd his humour, and approv'd his lays."
Yes; they ſaw both with a too partial eye,
Fond e'en to folly ſure, if you and I
Know ribaldry from humour, chaſte and terſe,
Or can but ſcan, and have an ear for verſe.

A kind of Tragick Ode unknown before,
THESPIS, 'tis ſaid, invented firſt, and bore
Cart-loads of verſe about; and with him went
A troop begrim'd, to ſing and repreſent.
Next, ÆSCHYLUS, a Maſk to ſhroud the face,
A Robe devis'd, to give the perſon grace;

On

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Succeſſit Vetus his Comœdia, non ſine multâ
Laude : ſed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi : lex eſt accepta ; Choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poëtæ :
Nec nimium meruere decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, et celebrare domeſtica facta,
Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas :
Nec virtute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quam linguâ, Latium ; ſi non offenderet unum—
Quemque poëtarum limæ labor et mora. Vos ô
Pompilius ſanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coërcuit, atque
Præfectum decies non caſtigavit ad unguem.

On humble rafters rais'd a Stage, and taught
The buſkin'd actor, with *his* ſpirit fraught,
To breathe with dignity the lofty thought.
To theſe ſucceeded, with no little praiſe
The good OLD COMEDY of antient days;
'Till Liberty, grown rank and run to ſeed,
Call'd for the hand of Law to pluck the weed:
The Statute paſt; the ſtand'rous Chorus, drown'd
In ſhameful ſilence, loſt the pow'r to wound.

Nothing have Roman Poets left untried,
Nor added little to their Country's pride;
Daring their Græcian Maſters to forſake,
And for their themes Domeſtick Glories take;
Whether *the Gown* preſcrib'd an air more mean,
Or the *Inwoven Purple* rais'd the ſcene:
Nor would the ſplendour of the Latian name
From arms, than Letters, boaſt a brighter fame,
Had they not, ſcorning the laborious file,
Grudg'd time, to mellow and refine their ſtyle.
But you, bright hopes of the Pompilian Blood,
Never the verſe approve and hold as good,
'Till many a day, and many a blot has wrought
The poliſh'd work, and chaſten'd ev'ry thought,
By tenfold labour to perfection brought!

Becauſe

Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poëtas
Democritus; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat;
Nancisçetur enim pretium nomenque poëtæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile numquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poëmata: verum
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poëtam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.

Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons:
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ;
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

Qui

Becauſe Democritus thinks wretched Art
Too mean with Genius to ſuſtain a part,
To Helicon allowing no pretence,
'Till the mad bard has loſt all common ſenſe;
Many there are, their nails who will not pare,
Or trim their beards, or bathe, or take the air:
For *he*, no doubt, muſt be a bard renown'd,
That head with deathleſs laurel muſt be crown'd,
Tho' paſt the pow'r of Hellebore inſane,
Which no vile Cutberd's razor'd hands profane.
Ah luckleſs I, each ſpring that purge the bile!
Or who'd write better? but 'tis ſcarce worth while:
So as mere hone, my ſervices I pledge;
Edgeleſs itſelf, it gives the ſteel an edge:
No writer I, to thoſe that write impart
The nature and the duty of their art:
Whence ſprings the fund; what forms the bard, to know;
What nouriſhes his pow'rs, and makes them grow;
What's fit or unfit; whither genius tends;
And where fond ignorance and dulneſs ends.

In Wiſdom, Moral Wiſdom, to excell,
Is the chief cauſe and ſpring of writing well.
Draw elements from the Socratick ſource,
And, full of matter, words will riſe of courſe:

He

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hoſpes;
Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium; quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis; ille profectò
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius veneris, ſine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere. Dicas
Filius Albini, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſurperet? poteras dixiſſe, triens. Eu!
Rem poteris ſervare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?

Semis:

He who hath learnt a patriot's glorious flame;
What friendſhip aſks; what filial duties claim;
The ties of blood; and ſecret links that bind
The heart to ſtrangers, and to all mankind;
The Senator's, the Judge's peaceful care,
And ſterner duties of the Chief in war!
Theſe who hath ſtudied well, will all engage
In functions ſuited to their rank and age.
On Nature's pattern too I'll bid him look,
And copy manners from her living book.
Sometimes 'twill chance, a poor and barren tale,
Where neither excellence nor art prevail,
With now and then a paſſage of ſome merit,
And Characters ſuſtain'd, and drawn with ſpirit,
Pleaſes the people more, and more obtains,
Than tuneful nothings, mere poetick ſtrains.

The Sons of Greece the fav'ring Muſe inſpir'd,
Inflam'd their ſouls, and with true genius fir'd:
Taught by the Muſe, they ſung the loftieſt lays,
And knew no avarice but that of praiſe.
The Lads of Rome, to ſtudy fractions bound,
Into an hundred parts can ſplit a pound.
"Say, Albin's Hopeful! from five twelfths an ounce,
"And what remains?"—"a Third."—"Well ſaid,
"young Pounce!
"You're

Semis. An hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ:
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris:
Ne, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi;
Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

"You're a made man!—but add an ounce,—what then?"
"A Half." "Indeed! ſurpriſing! good again!"
From minds debas'd with ſuch a ſordid luſt,
Canker'd and eaten up with this vile ruſt,
Can we a verſe, that gives the Genius ſcope,
Worthy the Cedar, and the Cypreſs, hope?

Inſtruction to convey or give delight,
Or both at once to compaſs, Poets write.

Short be your precepts, and th' impreſſion ſtrong,
That minds may catch them quick, and hold them long!
The boſom full, and ſatisfied the taſte,
All that runs over will but run to waſte.

Fictions, to pleaſe, like truths muſt meet the eye,
Nor muſt the Fable tax our faith too high.
Shall Lamia in our ſight her ſons devour,
And give them back alive the ſelf-ſame hour?

The Old, if *Moral's* wanting, damn the Play;
And *Sentiment* diſguſts the Young and Gay.

He who inſtruction and delight can blend,
Pleaſe with his fancy, with his moral mend,

Semis. An hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
Cum ſemel imbuerit ſperamus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro, et levi ſervanda cupreſſo?

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poëtæ:
Aut ſimul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta voluptatis causâ ſint proxima veris:
Ne, quodcumque volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi;
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Rhamnes.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

" You're a made man!—but add an ounce,—what
then?"
" A Half." " Indeed! ſurpriſing! good again!"
From minds debas'd with ſuch a ſordid luſt,
Canker'd and eaten up with this vile ruſt,
Can we a verſe, that gives the Genius ſcope,
Worthy the Cedar, and the Cypreſs, hope?

Inſtruction to convey or give delight,
Or both at once to compaſs, Poets write.

Short be your precepts, and th' impreſſion ſtrong,
That minds may catch them quick, and hold them
long!
The boſom full, and ſatisfied the taſte,
All that runs over will but run to waſte.

Fictions, to pleaſe, like truths muſt meet the eye,
Nor muſt the Fable tax our faith too high.
Shall Lamia in our ſight her ſons devour,
And give them back alive the ſelf-ſame hour?

The Old, if *Moral's* wanting, damn the Play;
And *Sentiment* diſguſts the Young and Gay.

He who inſtruction and delight can blend,
Pleaſe with his fancy, with his moral mend,

Hic meret æra liber Soſiis, hic et mare tranſit,
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus.
Nam neque chorda ſonum reddit, quem vult manus et mens;
Poſcentique gravem perſæpe remittit acutum:
Nec ſemper feriet, quodcumque minabitur, arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo eſt?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque,
Quamvis eſt monitus, veniâ caret; ut citharœdus
Ridetur, chordâ qui ſemper oberrat eâdem;
Sic mihi qui multum ceſſat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum riſu miror; et idem

Indignor,

Hits the nice point, and every vote obtains:
His work a fortune to the Sosii gains;
Flies over seas, and on the wings of Fame
Carries from age to age the writer's deathless name.

Yet there are faults that we may pardon too:
For ah! the string won't always answer true;
But, spite of hand and mind, the treach'rous harp
Will sound a flat, when we intend a sharp;
The bow, not always constant and the same,
Will sometimes carry wide, and lose its aim.
But in the verse where many beauties shine,
I blame not here and there a feeble line;
Nor take offence at ev'ry idle trip,
Where haste prevails, or nature makes a slip.
What's the result then? Why thus stands the case.
As *the Transcriber*, in the self-same place
Who still mistakes, tho' warned of his neglect,
No pardon for his blunders can expect;
Or as *the Minstrel* his disgrace must bring,
Who harps for ever on the same false string;
From faults scarce ever free, *the Poet* thus
Appears to me a very CHÆRIBUS,
Who twice or thrice, by some adventure rare,
Stumbling on beauties, makes me smile and stare;

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.

Ut pictura, poëſis: erit quæ, ſi propius ſtes,
Te capiat magis; et quædam, ſi longius abſtes:
Hæc amat obſcurum; volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit ſemel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te ſapis; hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Rectè concedi: conſultus juris, et actor
Cauſarum mediocris, abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſallæ, nec ſcit quantum Caſcellius Aulus;
Sed tamen in pretio eſt: mediocribus eſſe poëtis
Non homines, non Dî, non conceſſere columnæ.

Me, who am griev'd and vex'd to the extreme,
If Homer ſeem to nod, or chance to dream:
Tho' in a work of length o'erlabour'd ſleep
At intervals may, not unpardon'd, creep.

Poems and Pictures are adjudg'd alike;
Some charm us near, and ſome at diſtance ſtrike;
This loves the ſhade; *this* challenges the light,
Daring the keeneſt Critick's Eagle ſight;
This once has pleas'd; *this* ever will delight.

O THOU, MY PISO'S ELDER HOPE AND PRIDE!
THO' WELL A FATHER'S VOICE THY STEPS CAN GUIDE;
THO' INBRED SENSE WHAT'S WISE AND RIGHT CAN TELL,
REMEMBER THIS FROM ME, AND WEIGH IT WELL!
In certain things, things neither high nor proud,
Middling and *paſſable* may be allow'd.
A *moderate* proficient in the laws,
A *moderate* defender of a cauſe,
Boaſts not Meſſala's pleadings, nor is deem'd
Aulus in Juriſprudence; yet eſteem'd:
But *middling Poets*, or *degrees in Wit*,
Nor men, nor Gods, nor rubrick-poſts admit.

Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,
Et craſſum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna ſine iſtis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paulum ſummo deceſſit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis;
Indoctuſque pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit;
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ:
Qui neſcit verſus, tamen audet fingere. Quid nî?
Liber et ingenuus; præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.

Tu nihil invitâ dices facieſve Minervâ:
Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens: ſi quid tamen olim
Scripſeris, in Metii deſcendat judicis aures,
E[illegible]is, et noſtras; nonumque prematur in annum.

Membranis

At feſtivals, as muſick out of tune,
Ointment, or honey, rank, diſguſt us ſoon,
Becauſe they're not eſſential to the gueſt,
And might be ſpar'd, unleſs the very beſt;
Thus Poetry, ſo exquiſite of kind,
Of Pleaſure born, to charm the ſoul deſign'd,
If it fall ſhort but little of the firſt,
Is counted laſt, and rank'd among the worſt.

The Man, unapt for ſports of fields and plains,
From implements of exerciſe abſtains;
For ball, or quoit, or hoop, without the ſkill,
Dreading the croud's deriſion, he ſits ſtill;
For Poetry he boaſts no ſpark of fire,
And yet to Poetry he dares aſpire:
And why not? he's a Gentleman, with clear
Good forty thouſand ſeſterces a year;
A freeman too; and all the world allows,
"As honeſt as the ſkin between his brows!"

Nothing, in ſpite of Genius, YOU'LL commence;
Such is your judgment, ſuch your ſolid ſenſe!
But if hereafter you ſhould write, the verſe
To *Metius*, to your *Sire*, to *me*, rehearſe.
Let it ſink deep in their judicious ears!
Weigh the work well; *and keep it back nine years!*

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris : nescit vox missa reverti.

Silvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus ;
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ
Ducere quo vellet.

Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis ;
Concubitu prohibere vago ; dare jura maritis ;
Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.

Papers unpubliſh'd you may blot or burn:
A word, once utter'd, never can return.

The barb'rous natives of the ſhaggy wood
From horrible repaſts, and acts of blood,
ORPHEUS, a prieſt, and heav'nly teacher, brought,
And all the charities of nature taught:
Whence he was ſaid fierce tigers to allay,
And ſing the Savage Lion from his prey.
Within the hollow of AMPHION'S ſhell
Such pow'rs of ſound were lodg'd, ſo ſweet a ſpell!
That ſtones were ſaid to move, and at his call,
Charm'd to his purpoſe, form'd the Theban Wall.

The love of Moral Wiſdom to infuſe
Theſe were the Labours of THE ANCIENT MUSE.
" To mark the limits, where the barriers ſtood
" 'Twixt Private Int'reſt, and the Publick Good;
" To raiſe a pale, and firmly to maintain
" The bound, that ſever'd Sacred from Profane;
" To ſhew the ills Promiſcuous Love ſhould dread,
" And teach the laws of the Connubial Bed;
" Mankind diſpers'd, to Social Towns to draw;
" And on the Sacred Tablet grave the Law."
Thus fame and honour crown'd the Poet's line;
His work immortal, and himſelf divine!

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non ederis: nescit vox missa reverti.

Silvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus;
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ
Ducere quo vellet.

Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.

Papers unpubliſh'd you may blot or burn:
A word, once utter'd, never can return.

The barb'rous natives of the ſhaggy wood
From horrible repaſts, and acts of blood,
ORPHEUS, a prieſt, and heav'nly teacher, brought,
And all the charities of nature taught:
Whence he was ſaid fierce tigers to allay,
And ſing the Savage Lion from his prey.
Within the hollow of AMPHION's ſhell
Such pow'rs of ſound were lodg'd, ſo ſweet a ſpell!
That ſtones were ſaid to move, and at his call,
Charm'd to his purpoſe, form'd the Theban Wall.

The love of Moral Wiſdom to infuſe
Theſe were the Labours of THE ANCIENT MUSE.
" To mark the limits, where the barriers ſtood
" 'Twixt Private Int'reſt, and the Publick Good;
" To raiſe a pale, and firmly to maintain
" The bound, that ſever'd Sacred from Profane;
" To ſhew the ills Promiſcuous Love ſhould dread,
" And teach the laws of the Connubial Bed;
" Mankind diſpers'd, to Social Towns to draw;
" And on the Sacred Tablet grave the Law."
Thus fame and honour crown'd the Poet's line;
His work immortal, and himſelf divine!

- - - - - - Poſt hos inſignis Homerus
Tyrtæuſque mares animos in Martia bella
Verſibus exacuit.

Dictæ per carmina ſortes,
Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt; et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis, luduſque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis; *ne forte pudori*
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt. Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rudè quid poſſit video ingenium: alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, et conjurat amicè.
Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,

Multa

Next lofty HOMER, and TYRTÆUS ſtrung
Their Epick Harps, and Songs of Glory ſung;
Sounding a charge, and calling to the war
The Souls that bravely feel, and nobly dare.

In *Verſe* the Oracles their ſenſe make known,
In *Verſe* the road and rule of life is ſhewn;
Verſe to the Poet royal favour brings,
And leads the Muſes to the throne of Kings;
Verſe too, the varied Scene and ſports prepares,
Brings reſt to toil, and balm to all our cares.
DEEM THEN WITH REV'RENCE OF THE HALLOW'D FIRE,
BREATH'D BY THE MUSE, THE MISTRESS OF THE LYRE!
BLUSH NOT TO OWN HER POW'R, HER GLORIOUS FLAME;
NOR THINK APOLLO, LORD OF SONG, THY SHAME!

Whether good verſe of Nature is the fruit,
Or form'd by Art, has long been in diſpute.
But what can Labour in a barren ſoil,
Or what rude Genius profit without toil?
The wants of one the other muſt ſupply;
Each finds in each a friend and firm ally.
Much has the Youth, who preſſing in the race
Pants for the promis'd goal and foremoſt place,

Suffer'd

Multa tulit fecitque puer; ſudavit et alſit;
Abſtinuit venere et vino. Qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magiſtrum.
Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, Ego mira poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum ſcabies: mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et, quod non didici, ſane neſcire fateri.

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas;
Aſſentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poëta
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis.
Si vero eſt, unctum qui rectè ponere poſſit,
Et ſpondere levi pro paupere, eripere atris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor, ſi ſciet inter-
Noſcere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
Tu ſeu donaris ſeu quid donare voles cui;
Nolito ad verſus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ; clamabit enim, Pulchrè, bene, rectè!
Palleſcet; ſuper his etiam ſtillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem;

Suffer'd and done; borne heat, and cold's extremes,
And Wine and Women ſcorn'd as empty dreams.
The Piper, who the Pythian Meaſure plays,
In fear of a hard maſter learnt the lays:
But if to deſp'rate *verſe* I would apply,
What needs inſtruction? 'tis enough to cry,
"I can write Poems, to ſtrike wonder blind!
"Plague take the hindmoſt! Why leave *me* behind!
"Or why extort a truth, ſo mean and low,
"That what I have not learnt, I cannot know?"

As the fly Hawker, who a ſale prepares,
Collects a crowd of bidders for his wares,
The Poet, warm in land, and rich in caſh,
Aſſembles flatterers, brib'd to praiſe his traſh.
But if he keeps a table, drinks good wine,
And gives his hearers handſomely to dine;
If he'll ſtand bail, from ſuits poor debtors draw
Entangled in the cobwebs of the law;
Much ſhall I praiſe his luck, his ſenſe commend,
If he diſcern the flatterer from the friend.
Is there a man to whom you've given aught?
Or mean to give? let no ſuch man be brought
To hear your verſes! for at every line,
Burſting with joy, he'll cry, "Good! rare? divine!"
The blood will leave his cheek; his eyes will fill
With tears, and ſoon the friendly dew diſtill:

He'll

- - - - - saliet; tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Ea torquere mero quem perspexisse laborant
An sit amicitiâ dignus. si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Quintilio si quid recitares: Corrige sodes
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc. melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra? delere jubebat,
Et male ter natos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles;
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.

Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes;
Culpabit duros;

- - - incomptis.

He'll leap with extacy, with rapture bound;
Clap with both hands; with both feet beat the ground.
As mummers, at a funeral hir'd to weep,
More coil of woe than real mourners keep,
More mov'd appears the laughter in his sleeve,
Than those who truly praise, or smile, or grieve.
Kings have been said to ply repeated bowls,
Urge deep carousals, to unlock the souls
Of those, whose loyalty they wish'd to prove,
And know, if false, or worthy of their love:
You then, to writing verse if you're inclin'd,
Beware the Spaniel with the Fox's mind!

Quintilius, when he heard you ought recite,
Cried, "prithee, alter *this!* and make *that* right!"
But if your pow'r to mend it you denied,
Swearing that twice and thrice in vain you tried;
"Then blot it out! (he cried) it must be terse:
"Back to the anvil with your ill-turn'd verse!"
Still if you chose the error to defend,
Rather than own, or take the pains to mend,
He said no more; no more vain trouble took;
But left you to admire yourself and book.

The Man, in whom Good Sense and Honour join,
Will blame the harsh, reprove the idle line;

The

- - - - - - - incomptis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;
Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus; non dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistrè.

Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana;
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poëtam,
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic, dum sublimis versus ructatur, et errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus dedicit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, io cives: non sit qui tollere curet.

Si

The rude, all grace neglected or forgot,
Eras'd at once, will vaniſh at his blot:
Ambitious ornaments he'll lop away;
On things obſcure he'll make you let in day;
Looſe and ambiguous terms he'll not admit,
And take due note of ev'ry change that's fit.
A very ARISTARCHUS he'll commence;
Not coolly ſay—"Why give my friend offence?
Theſe are but trifles!"—No; theſe trifles lead
To ſerious miſchiefs, if he don't ſucceed;
While the poor friend in dark diſgrace ſits down,
The butt and laughing-ſtock of all the town.

As one, eat up by Leproſy and Itch,
Moonſtruck, Poſſeſs'd, or hag-rid by a Witch,
A Frantick Bard puts men of ſenſe to flight;
His ſlaver they deteſt, and dread his bite:
All ſhun his touch; except the giddy boys,
Cloſe at his heels, who hunt him down with noiſe.
While with his head erect he threats the ſkies,
Spouts verſe, and walks without the help of eyes;
Loſt as a blackbird-catcher, ſhould he pitch
Into ſome open well, or gaping ditch;
Tho' he call luſtily "help, neighbours, help!"
No ſoul regards him, or attends his yelp.

Si curet quis opem ferre, et demittere funem;
Quî scis, an prudens huc se projecerit, atque
Servari nolet? dicam: Siculique poëtæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam,
Insiluit. Sit fas, liceatque perire poëtis.
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit jam,
Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet; utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus:

Should one, too kind, to give him ſuccour hope,
Wiſh to relieve him, and let down a rope;
Forbear! (I'll cry) for aught that you can tell,
By ſheer deſign he jump'd into the well.
He wiſhes not you ſhould preſerve him, Friend!
Know you the old Sicilian Poet's end?
Empedocles, ambitious to be thought
A God, his name with Godlike honours ſought,
Holding a worldly life of no account,
Leap'd coldly into Ætna's burning mount.—
Let Poets then with leave reſign their breath,
Licens'd and privileg'd to ruſh on death!
Who forces life on man againſt his will,
Murders the man, as much as thoſe who kill.
'Tis not *once* only he hath done this deed;
Nay, drag him forth! your kindneſs wo'n't ſucceed:
Nor will he take again a mortal's ſhame,
And loſe the glory of a death of fame.
Nor is't apparent, *why* with verſe he's wild:
Whether his father's aſhes he defil'd:
Whether, the victim of inceſtuous love,
The Blaſted Monument he ſtriv'd to move:

- - - - - - certe furit, ac velut urſus
Objectos caveæ valuit qui frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruroris, hirudo. 476

Whate'er the cauſe, he raves; and like a Bear,
Burſt from his cage, and looſe in open air,
Learn'd and unlearn'd the Madman puts to flight,
They quick to fly, he bitter to recite!
What hapleſs ſoul he ſiezes, he holds faſt;
Rants, and repeats, and reads him dead at laſt: 719
Hangs on him, ne'er to quit, with ceaſeleſs ſpeech,
Till gorg'd and full of blood, a very Leech!

NOTES

ON THE

EPISTLE TO THE PISOS.

NOTES.

I HAVE reſerved the Notes to this place, that the reader might be left to his genuine feelings, and the natural impreſſion on reading the Epiſtle, whether adverſe or favourable to the idea I ventured to premiſe, concerning its Subject and Deſign. In the addreſs to my learned and worthy friends I ſaid little more than was neceſſary to open my plan, and to offer an excuſe for my undertaking. The Notes deſcend to particulars, tending to illuſtrate and confirm my hypotheſis; and adding occaſional explanations of the original, chiefly intended for the uſe of the Engliſh Reader. I have endeavoured, according to the beſt of my ability, to follow the advice of ROSCOMMON in the lines, which I have ventured to prefix to theſe Notes. How far I may be entitled to *the poetical bleſſing* promiſed by the Poet, the Publick muſt determine: but were I, avoiding arrogance, to renounce all claim to it, ſuch an appearance of *Modeſty* would include a charge of *Impertinence* for having hazarded this publication.

Take

Take pains the GENUINE MEANING *to explore!*
There ſweat, there ſtrain, tug the laborious oar:
Search ev'ry comment, that your care can find;
Some here, ſome there, may hit the POET'S MIND:
Yet be not blindly guided by the *Throng*;
The Multitude is always in the *Wrong*.
When things appear *unnatural* or *hard*,
Conſult your AUTHOR, *with* HIMSELF *compar'd!*
Who knows what Bleſſing Phœbus may beſtow,
And future Ages to your labour owe?
Such *Secrets* are not eaſily found out,
But once *diſcover'd*, leave no room for doubt.
TRUTH ſtamps *conviction* in your raviſh'd breaſt,
And *Peace* and *Joy* attend *the* GLORIOUS GUEST.

Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

THE

THE

ART of POETRY, an EPISTLE, &c.

Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLA AD PISONES.

THE work of Horace, now under conſideration, has been ſo long known, and ſo generally received, by the name of *The Art of Poetry*, that I have, on account of that notoriety, ſubmitted this tranſlation to the Publick, under that title, rather than what I hold to be the true one, *viz. Horace's* EPISTLE TO THE PISOS. The Author of the Engliſh Commentary has adopted the ſame title, though directly repugnant to his own ſyſtem; and, I ſuppoſe, for the very ſame reaſon.

The title, in general a matter of indifference, is, in the preſent inſtance, of much conſequence. On the title Julius Scaliger founded his invidious, and injudicious, attack. *De arte quæres quid ſentiam. Quid? equidem quod* DE ARTE, SINE ARTE *traditâ.* To *the Title* all the editors, and commentators, have

particularly adverted; commonly preferring the Epistolary Denomination, but, in contradiction to that preference, almost universally inscribing the Epistle, *the Art of Poetry*. The conduct, however, of JASON DE NORES, a native of Cyprus, a learned and ingenious writer of the 16th century, is very remarkable. In the year 1553 he published at Venice this work of Horace, accompanied with a commentary and notes, written in elegant Latin, inscribing it, after Quintilian, *Q. Horatii Flacci* LIBER DE ARTE POETICA*. The very next year, however, he printed at Paris a second edition, enriching his notes with many observations on Dante and Petrarch, and changing the title, after mature consideration, to *Q. Horatii Flacci* EPISTOLA AD PISONES, *de Arte Poeticâ*. His motives for this change he assigns in the following terms.

Quare adductum me primum sciant AD INSCRIPTIONEM OPERIS IMMUTANDAM *non levioribus de causis, & quod formam* EPISTOLÆ, *non autem* LIBRI, *in quo præcepta tradantur, vel ex ipso principio præ se ferat, & quod in vetustis exemplaribus Epistolarum libros sub-*

* I think it right to mention that I have never seen the first edition, published at Venice. With a copy of the second edition, printed at Paris, I was favoured by Dr. Warton of Winchester.

sequatur,

ſequatur, & quod etiam ſummi et præſtantiſſimi homines ita ſentiant, & quod minimè nobis obſtet Quintiliani teſtimonium, ut nonnullis videtur. Nam ſi LIBRUM *appellat Quintilianus, non eſt cur non poſſit inter* EPISTOLAS *enumerari, cum et illæ ab Horatio in libros digeſtæ fuerint. Quod vero* DE ARTE POETICA *idem Quintilianus adjungat, nihil commoveor, cùm et in* EPISTOLIS *præcepta de aliquâ re tradi poſſint, ab eodemque in omnibus penè, et in iis ad Scævam & Lollium præcipuè jam factum videatur, in quibus breviter eos inſtituit, quâ ratione apud majores facile verſarentur*.*

Deſprez, the Dauphin Editor, retains both titles, but ſays, inclining to the Epiſtolary, *Attamen* ARTEM POETICAM *vix appellem cum Quintiliano et aliis: malim vero* EPISTOLAM *nuncupare cum nonnullis eruditis.* Monſieur Dacier inſcribes it, properly enough, agreeable to the idea of Porphyry, *Q. Horatii Flacci* DE ARTE POETICA LIBER; *ſeu*, EPISTOLA AD PISONES, PATREM, ET FILIOS.

Julius Scaliger certainly ſtands convicted of critical malice by his poor cavil at *the* SUPPOSED *title*;

* Since writing and firſt publiſhing the above, I have ſeen the *firſt* Edition of DE NORES, and find the title of the Epiſtle to be the ſame as in his *ſecond*; ſo that he here refers to his departure from the uſage of others, not to any variation from himſelf.

and

and has betrayed his ignorance of the eaſe and beauty of Epiſtolary method, as well as the moſt groſs miſapprehenſion, by his ridiculous analyſis of the work, reſolving it into thirty-ſix parts. He ſeems, however, to have not ill conceived the genius of the poem, in ſaying that *it reliſhed of* SATIRE. This he has urged in many parts of his Poeticks, particularly in the Dedicatory Epiſtle to his ſon, not omitting, however, his conſtant charge of *Art without Art*. *Horatius* ARTEM *cum inſcripſit*, ADEO SINE ULLA DOCET ARTE, UT SATYRÆ PROPIUS TOTUM OPUS ILLUD ESSE VIDEATUR. This comes almoſt home to the opinion of the Author of the elegant commentaries on the two Epiſtles of Horace to the Piſos and to Auguſtus, as expreſſed in the Dedication to the latter: With the recital of that opinion I ſhall conclude this long note. "The genius of "Rome was bold and elevated: but Criticiſm of "any kind, was little cultivated, never profeſſed as "an *art*, by this people. The ſpecimens we have "of their ability in this way (of which the moſt "elegant, beyond all diſpute, are the two epiſtles "to *Auguſtus* and the *Piſos*) *are ſlight occaſional attempts*; made in the negligence of common ſenſe, "*and adapted to the peculiar exigencies of their own* "*taſte and learning*; and not by any means the re-

"gular

" gular productions of *art*, profeſſedly bending itſelf " to this work, and ambitious to give the laſt finiſh- " ing to the critical ſyſtem."

Tranſlated from Horace.] In that very entertaining and inſtructive publication, entitled *An Eſſay on the Learning and Genius of Pope*, the Critick recommends, as the propereſt poetical meaſure to render in Engliſh the Satires and Epiſtles of Horace, that kind of familiar blank verſe, uſed in a verſion of Terence, attempted ſome years ſince by the Author of this tranſlation. I am proud of the compliment; yet I have varied from the mode preſcribed: not becauſe Roſcommon has already given ſuch a verſion; or becauſe I think the ſatyrical hexameters of Horace leſs familiar than the irregular Iambicks of Terence. Engliſh Blank Verſe, like the Iambick of Greece and Rome, is peculiarly adapted to theatrical action and dialogue, as well as to the Epick, and the more elevated Didactick Poetry: but after the models left by DRYDEN and POPE, and in the face of the living example of JOHNSON, who ſhall venture to reject rhyme in the province of Satire and Epiſtle?

9.—TRUST ME, MY PISOS!] *Credite Piſones!*

Monſieur

Monſieur Dacier, at a very early period, feels the influence of *the perſonal addreſs*, that governs this Epiſtle. Remarking on this paſſage, he obſerves that Horace, anxious to inſpire *the Piſos* with a juſt taſte, ſays earneſtly *Truſt me, my Piſos! Credite Piſones!* an expreſſion that betrays fear and diſtruſt, leſt *the young Men* ſhould fall into the dangerous error of bad poets, and injudicious criticks, who not only thought the want of unity of ſubject a pardonable effect of Genius, but even the mark of a rich and luxuriant imagination. And although this Epiſtle, continues Monſieur Dacier, is addreſſed indifferently to Piſo the father, and his Sons, as appears by v. 24 of the original, yet it is *to the ſons in particular* that theſe precepts are directed; a conſideration which reconciles the difference mentioned by Porphyry. *Scribit ad Piſones, viros nobiles diſertoſque, patrem et filios; vel, ut alii volunt,* AD PISONES FRATRES.

Deſprez, the Dauphin Editor, obſerves alſo, in the ſame ſtrain, *Porro ſcribit Horatius ad patrem et filios Piſones,* PRÆSERTIM VERO AD HOS.

The family of *the Piſos*, to whom Horace addreſſes this Epiſtle, were called Calpurnii, being deſcended

deſcended from Calpus, ſon of Numa Pompilius, whence he afterwards ſtyles them *of the Pompilian Blood. Pompilius Sanguis!*

10.——THE VOLUME SUCH,] LIBRUM *perſimilem. Liber*, obſerves Dacier, is a term applied to all literary productions, of whatever deſcription. This remark is undoubtedly juſt, confirms the ſentiments of *Jaſon de Nores*, and takes off the force of all the arguments founded on Quintilian's having ſtiled this Epiſtle LIBER *de arte poeticâ.*

Voſſius, ſpeaking of the cenſure of Scaliger, "*de arte, ſine arte,*" ſubjoins *ſed fallitur, cum επιγραφην putat eſſe ab Horatio; qui inſcripſerat* EPISTOLAM AD PISONES. *Argumentum vero, ut in Epiſtolarum cæteris, ita in hâc etiam, ab aliis poſtea appoſitum fuit.*

19.——OFT WORKS OF PROMISE LARGE, AND HIGH ATTEMPT.] *Incæptis gravibus plerumque, &c.* Buckingham's *Eſſay on Poetry*, Roſcommon's *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe*, as well as the Satires, and *Art Poetique* of Boileau, and Pope's *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, abound with imitations of Horace. This paſſage of our Author ſeems to have given birth to the following lines of Buckingham.

'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhimes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun;
Which though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is the more admir'd.

The following lines of Pope may perhaps appear to bear a nearer resemblance to this passage of Horace.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit.

Essay on Criticism.

34.——SIMPLE BE ALL YOU EXECUTE, AND ONE!] *Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat & unum!* Supposing for a moment that the elder Piso had actually submitted some poetical effort to the judgement of Horace, it is natural to conclude that the work was, in our Poet's opinion, of the character described in the opening of this Epistle: studded with brilliant thoughts, and adorned with flowery passages; but void of plan, incoherent,

herent, irregular, and on the whole lame and imperfect.

49.——*Of th' Æmilian claſs.*] *Æmilium circa ludum*——literally, *near the Æmilian School*; alluding to the Academy of Gladiators of Æmilius Lentulus, in whoſe neighbourhood lived many Artiſts and Shopkeepers.

Pope has given a beautiful illuſtration of this thought.

> Survey THE WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
> Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
> In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts,
> Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
> 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
> But the joint force and full reſult of all.
> Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
> (The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!
> No ſingle parts unequally ſurpriſe,
> All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
> No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
> THE WHOLE at once is bold and regular.
>
> *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

56.——SELECT, ALL YE WHO WRITE, A SUBJECT FIT.] *Sumite materiam, &c.*

This paſſage is well imitated by Roſcommon in his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

The firſt great work, (a taſk perform'd by few)
Is, that *yourſelf* may to *yourſelf* be true:
No maſk, no tricks, no favour, no reſerve!
Diſſect your mind, examine ev'ry *nerve*.

* * * * * * * * *

Each poet with a different talent writes,
One *praiſes*, one *inſtructs*, another *bites*.
Horace did ne'er aſpire to Epick Bays,
Nor lofty Maro ſtoop to Lyrick Lays.
Examine how your *humour* is inclin'd,
And which the ruling paſſion of your mind.

Stooping to Lyrick Lays, though not inapplicable to ſome of the lighter odes of Horace, is not deſcriptive of the general character of the Lyrick Muſe. *Muſa dedit Fidibus Divos, &c.*

Pope takes up the ſame thought in his Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;

Launch

Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.

* * * * * * * * *

Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſervile province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

71.——*A cunning phraſe.*] *Callida junctura.*

Jaſon de Nores and many other interpreters agree that Horace here recommends, after Ariſtotle, the artful elevation of ſtyle by the uſe of common words in an uncommon ſenſe, producing at once an air of familiarity and magnificence. Some however confine the expreſſion, *callida junctura*, to ſignify *compound words*. The Author of the Engliſh Commentary adopts the firſt conſtruction; but conſiders the precept in both ſenſes, and illuſtrates each by many beautiful examples from the plays of Shakeſpeare. Theſe examples he has accompanied with much elegant and judicious obſervation, as the reader of

taſte will be convinced by the following ſhort extracts.

" The writers of that time had ſo *latinized* the " Engliſh language, that the pure *Engliſh Idiom*, " which Shakeſpeare generally follows, has all the " air of *novelty*, which other writers are uſed to " affect by foreign phraſeology.——In ſhort, the " articles here enumerated are but ſo many ways of " departing from the uſual and ſimpler forms of " ſpeech, without neglecting too much the grace of " eaſe and perſpicuity; in which well-tempered li- " cence one of the greateſt charms of all poetry, " but eſpecially of Shakeſpeare's poetry, conſiſts. " Not that he was always and every where ſo " happy. His expreſſion ſometimes, and by the " very means, here exemplified, becomes *hard*, *ob-* " *ſcure*, and *unnatural*. This is the extreme on the " other ſide. But in general, we may ſay, that " He hath either followed the direction of Horace " very ably, or hath hit upon his rule very " happily."

76.——THE STRAIT-LAC'D CETHEGI.] CINCTUTIS *Cethegis*. Jaſon De Nores differs, and I think very juſtly, from thoſe who interpret *Cinctutis*

to

to ſignify *looſe*, *bare*, or *naked*—EXERTOS & NUDOS. The plain ſenſe of the radical word *cingo* is directly oppoſite. The word *cinctutis* is here aſſumed to expreſs a ſeverity of manners by an alluſion to an antique gravity of dreſs; and the Poet, adds *De Nove*, very happily forms a new word himſelf, as a vindication and example of the licence he recommends. Cicero numbers M. Corn. Cethegus among the old Roman Orators; and Horace himſelf again refers to the Cethegi in his Epiſtle to Florus, and on the ſubject of the uſe of words.

Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum;
Quæ priſcis memorata CATONIBUS *atque* CETHEGIS,
Nunc ſitus informis premit & deſerta vetuſtas;
Adſciſcet nova quæ genitor produxerit uſus.

Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command *old words* that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Raleigh ſpake;
Or bid *the new* be Engliſh, ages hence,
For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe.

POPE.

This brilliant paſſage of Pope is quoted in this place by the author of the Engliſh Commentary,

who has alſo ſubjoined many excellent remarks on *the revival of old words*, worthy the particular attention of thoſe who cultivate proſe as well as poetry, and ſhewing at large, that "the riches of a language "are actually increaſed by retaining its old words: "and beſides, they have often *a greater real weight* "*and dignity*, than thoſe of a more *faſhionable* caſt, "which ſucceed to them. This needs no proof to "ſuch as are verſed in the earlier writings of any "language."—"*The growing prevalency of a very* "*different humour*, firſt catched, as it ſhould ſeem, "from our commerce with the French Models, *and* "*countenanced by the too ſcrupulous delicacy of* SOME "GOOD WRITERS AMONGST OURSELVES, *had gone* "*far towards unnerving the nobleſt modern language,* "*and effeminating the public taſte.*"—"The rejection "of *old words*, as *barbarous*, and of many modern "ones, "as unpolite," had ſo exhauſted the *ſtrength* "and *ſtores* of our language, that it was high time "for ſome maſter-hand to interpoſe, and ſend us for "ſupplies to *our old poets*; which there is the higheſt "authority for ſaying, no one ever deſpiſed, but "for a reaſon, not very conſiſtent with his credit "to avow; *rudem eſſe omnino in noſtris poetis, aut* "INERTISSIMÆ NEQUITIÆ *eſt*, *aut* FASTI-

"DII

" DII *DELICATISSIMI.*———*Cic. de fin.* l. i. " c. 2."

AS BRANCHING WOODS, &c.] *Ut ſilvæ foliis*, &c. Mr. Duncombe, in his tranſlation of our Author, concurs with Monſieur Dacier in obſerving that " Horace ſeems here to have had in view that fine " ſimilitude of Homer in the ſixth book of the Iliad, " comparing the generations of men to the annual " ſucceſſion of leaves.

Οἷπερ Φύλλων γενεὴ, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἀνεμὸς χαμάδις χύσει, ἄλλα δὲ θ' ὕλη.
Τηλεθάωσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη.
Ὣς ἀνδρῶν γενεὴ, ἣ μὲν φύει, ἣ δ' ἀπολήγει,

" Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
" Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
" Another race the following ſpring ſupplies,
" They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
" So generations in their turns decay;
" So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away."

POPE.

The tranſlator of Homer has himſelf compared words to leaves, but in another view, in his Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.

In

In another part of the Eſſay he purſues the ſame train of thought with Horace, and riſes, I think, above his Maſter.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years;
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their father's failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the Maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live;
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Eſſay on Criticiſm.

95.——WHETHER THE SEA, *&c.*] *Sive receptus, &c.*

This may be underſtood of any harbour; but it is generally interpreted to refer to the *Portus Julius*, a haven

a haven formed by letting in the ſea upon the *Lucrine Lake*, and forming a junction between that and the Lake *Avernus*; a work, commenced by Julius Cæſar, and compleated by Auguſtus, or Agrippa under his auſpices. *Regis opus!* Both theſe lakes (ſays Martin) were in Campania: the former was deſtroyed by an earthquake; but the latter is the preſent *Lago d'Averno*. Strabo, the Geographer, who, as well as our Poet, was living at the time, aſcribes this work to Agrippa, and tells us that the Lucrine bay was ſeparated from the Tyrrhene ſea by a mound, ſaid to have been firſt made by Hercules, and reſtored by Agrippa. Philargyrius ſays that a ſtorm aroſe at the time of the execution of this great work, to which Virgil ſeems to refer in his mention of this Port, in the courſe of his Panegyrick on Italy in the ſecond Georgick.

An memorem Portus LUCRINOQUE *addita clauſtra,*
Atque indignatum magnis ſtridoribus æquor,
Julia quà ponto longe ſonat unda refuſo,
Tyrrhenuſque fretis immittitur æſtus AVERNIS?

Or ſhall I praiſe thy Ports, or mention make
Of the vaſt mound, that binds the *Lucrine* Lake!

Or

Or the diſdainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the ſtructure, and invades the fence;
There, where ſecure the *Julian* waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* tide?

DRYDEN.

98.——WHETHER THE MARSH, *&c.*] *Steriliſve Palus.*

THE PONTINE MARSH, firſt drained by the Conſul Cornelius Cethegus; then, by Auguſtus; and many, many years after by Theodorick.

102.——OR IF THE RIVER, *&c.*] *Seu curſum, &c.* The courſe of the *Tyber*, changed by Auguſtus, to prevent inundations.

110.——FOR DEEDS OF KINGS, *&c.*] *Res geſtæ regumque, &c.*

The ingenious author of the Engliſh Commentary, to whom I have ſo often referred, and to whom I muſt continue to refer, has diſcovered particular taſte, judgement, and addreſs, in his explication of this part of the Epiſtle. It runs thus.

"From reflections on *poetry, at large*, he pro-
"ceeds now to *particulars:* the moſt obvious of which

" which being the different *forms* and *meaſures* of " poetick compoſition, he conſiders, in this view, " [from v. 75 to 86] the four great ſpecies of po- " etry, to which all others may be reduced, *the* " *Epick*, *Elegiack*, *Dramatick*, *and Lyrick*. But " the diſtinction of the *meaſure*, to be obſerved in " the ſeveral ſpecies is ſo obvious, that there can " ſcarcely be any miſtake about them. The diffi- " culty is to know [from v. 86 to 89] how far each " may partake of the *ſpirit* of the other, without " deſtroying that *natural and neceſſary difference*, " which ought to ſubſiſt betwixt them all. To ex- " plain this, which is a point of great nicety, he " conſiders [from v. 89 to 99] the caſe of Drama- " tick Poetry; the two ſpecies of which are as di- " ſtinct from each other, as any two can be, and " yet there are times, when the features of the one " will be allowed to reſemble thoſe of the other.— " But the Poet had a further view in chuſing this " inſtance. For he gets by this means into the main " of his ſubject, which was Dramatick Poetry, " and, by the moſt delicate tranſition imaginable, " proceeds [from 89 to 323] to deliver a ſeries of " rules, interſperſed with hiſtorical accounts, *and* " *enlivened by digreſſions*, for the regulation of the " ROMAN STAGE."

It

It is needleſs to inſiſt, that my hypotheſis will not allow me to concur entirely in the latter part of this extract; at leaſt in that latitude, to which the ſyſtem of the writer carries it: yet I perfectly agree with Mr. Duncombe, that the learned Critick, in his obſervation on this Epiſtle, "has ſhewn in gene-"ral, the connection and dependence of one part "with another, in a clearer light than any other "Commentator." His ſhrewd and delicate commentary is, indeed, a moſt elegant contraſt to the barbarous analyſis of Scaliger, drawn up without the leaſt idea of poetical tranſition, and with the uncouth air of a mere dry logician, or dull grammarian. I think, however, the *Order* and *Method*, obſerved in this Epiſtle, is ſtricter than has yet been obſerved, and that the *ſeries of rules* is delivered with great regularity; NOT *enlivened by digreſſions*, but paſſing from one topick to another, by the moſt natural and eaſy tranſitions. The Author's diſcrimination of the different ſtiles of the ſeveral ſpecies of poetry, leads him, as has been already ſhewn, to conſider THE DICTION of the Drama, and its accommodation to the *circumſtances* and *character* of the Speaker. A recapitulation of theſe *circumſtances* carries him to treat of the due management of *characters already known*; as well as of ſuſtaining thoſe that are entire-

ly

ly *original*; to the firſt of which the Poet gives the preference, recommending *known* CHARACTERS, as well as *known* SUBJECTS: And on the mention of this joint preference, the Author leaves further conſideration of *the* DICTION, and ſlides into diſcourſe upon *the* FABLE, which he continues down to the 152d verſa.

Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.

Having diſpatched *the* FABLE, the Poet proceeds, and with ſome Solemnity of Order, to the conſideration of *the* CHARACTERS; not in regard to ſuitable *diction*, for of that he has already ſpoken, but in reſpect to *the manners*; and, in this branch of his ſubject, he has as judiciouſly borrowed from *the Rhetoricks* of Ariſtotle, as in the reſt of his Epiſtle from the *Poeticks*. He then directs, in its due place, the proper conduct of particular INCIDENTS *of the fable*; after which he treats of the CHORUS; from whence he naturally falls into the *hiſtory* of theatrical MUSICK; which is, as naturally, ſucceeded by an account of the Origin of *the Drama* itſelf, which the Poet commences, like his maſter Ariſtotle, even from the Dithyrambick Song, and carries it down

to

to the eſtabliſhment of the New Greek Comedy; from whence he paſſes eaſily and gracefully, to *the* ROMAN STAGE, acknowledging the merits of the Writers, but pointing out their defects, and aſſigning the cauſes. He then ſubjoins a few general obſervations, and concludes his long diſcourſe on *the* DRAMA, having extended it to 275 lines. This diſcourſe, together with the reſult of all his reflections on Poets and Poetry, he then applies in the moſt earneſt and *perſonal* manner to *the* ELDER PISO; and with a long and moſt pathetick *peroration*, if I may adopt an oratorical term, concludes the Epiſtle.

116.——THE ELEGY'S SMALL SONG.] EXIGUOS *Elegos*.

Commentators differ concerning the import of this expreſſion—EXIGUOS *Elegos*; *the Elegy's ſmall ſong*. De Nores, Schrevelius, and Deſprez, think it refers to the humility of the elegiack ſtile and ſubjects, compared with epick or lyrick ſublimity. Monſieur Dacier rather thinks that Horace refers here, as in the words *Verſibus impariter junctis*, "Couplets unequal," to the uſe of the pentameter, or ſhort verſe, conſiſting of five feet, and joined to the hexameter, or long verſe, of ſix. This inequality of

of the couplet Monſieur Dacier juſtly prefers to the two long Alexandrines of his own country, which ſets almoſt all the French poetry, Epick, Dramatick, Elegiack, or Satyrick, to the tune of *Derry Down*. In our language, the meaſures are more various, and more happily conceived. Our Elegy adopts not only *unequal couplets*, but *alternate rhymes*, which give a plaintive tone to the heroick meaſure, and are moſt happily uſed in Gray's beautiful *Elegy in a Country Church yard*.

135. —— THY FEAST, THYESTES!] *Cœna Thyeſtæ*.

The ſtory of Thyeſtes being of the moſt tragick nature, a banquet on his own children! is commonly interpreted by the Criticks, as mentioned by Horace, in alluſion to Tragedy in general. The Author of the Engliſh Commentary, however, is of a different opinion, ſuppoſing, from a paſſage of Cicero, that the Poet means to glance at the *Thyeſtes* of *Ennius*, and to pay an oblique compliment to *Varius*, who had written a tragedy on the ſame ſubject.

The ſame learned Critick alſo takes it for granted, that the Tragedy of *Telephus*, and probably of *Peleus*, after-mentioned, point at tragedies of Euripi-

des, on these subjects, translated into Latin, and accommodated to the Roman Stage, without success, by *Ennius*, *Accius*, or *Nævius*.

One of the Critick's notes on this part of the Epistle, treating on the use of *pure poetry* in the Drama, abounds with curious disquisition and refined criticism.

150.——*They must have* PASSION *too.*] DULCIA *sunto.* The Poet, with great address, includes THE SENTIMENTS under the consideration of DICTION.

——*Effert animi motus* INTERPRETE LINGUA.
Forces expression from the FAITHFUL TONGUE.

Buckingham has treated the subject of Dialogue very happily in his Essay on Poetry, glancing, but not servilely, at this part of Horace.

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
Art's needless varnish to make Nature shine,
Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous face,
And in *Descriptions* only claim a place.
But to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief discourse*,
From lovers in despair *fine* things to *force*,
Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity
A *dying* hero miserably *witty?*

188——*And*

188.——*And Oreſtes mad!*] TRISTIS *Oreſtes*. *Triſtis* is not literally *mad:* but *phrenzy* is the general poetick and dramatick attribute of Oreſtes, to which Horace is by all the Commentators ſuppoſed to refer. *Triſtis* in its common acceptation would be too little diſcriminated from the FLEBILIS *Ino*.

203.——BE NOT YOUR OPENING FIERCE!] *Nec ſic incipies*. Moſt of the Criticks obſerve, that all theſe documents, deduced from *the Epick*, are intended, like the reduction of the Iliad into acts, as directions and admonitions to the *Dramatick* writer. *Nam ſi in* EPOPÆIA, *quæ gravitate omnia poematum genera præcellit, ait principium lene eſſe debere; quanto magis in* TRAGOEDIA *et* COMOEDIA, *idem videri debet?* ſays de Nores. *Præceptum de initio grandiori evitando, quod tam* EPICUS *quam* TRAGICUS *cavere debet*; ſays the Dauphin Editor. *Il faut ſe ſouvenir qu' Horace applique à la Tragedie les regles du Poeme Epique. Car ſi ces debuts eclatans ſont ridicules dans la Poeme Epique, ils le ſont encore plus dans la Tragedie:* ſays Dacier. The Author of the Engliſh Commentary makes the like obſervation, and uſes it to enforce his ſyſtem of the Epiſtle's being intended as a Criticiſm on the Roman Drama.

204.——*Like the rude* BALLAD-MONGER'*s chaunt of old.*] *Ut Scriptor* CYCLICUS *olim.*] *Scriptor* CY-

CLICUS ſignifies an itinerant Rhymer travelling, like Shakeſpeare's Mad Tom, to wakes, and fairs, and market-towns. It is not preciſely known who was the Cyclick Poet here meant. Some have aſcribed the Character to Mævius, and Roſcommon has adopted that idea.

> Whoever vainly on his *ſtrength* depends,
> Begins like VIRGIL, but like MÆVIUS ends:
> That Wretch, in ſpite of his forgotten rhimes,
> Condemn'd to live to all ſucceeding times,
> With *pompous nonſenſe*, and a *bellowing ſound*,
> Sung *lofty Ilium*, *tumbling* to the *ground*.
> And, if my Muſe can thro' paſt ages ſee,
> That *noiſy*, *nauſeous*, GAPING FOOL was *he*;
> Exploded, when, with univerſal ſcorn,
> The *Mountains labour'd*, and a *Mouſe* was *born*.
>
> *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

The pompous exordium of Statius is well known, and the fragments of Ennius preſent us a moſt tremendous commencement of his Annals.

> HORRIDA ROMOLEUM CERTAMINA PANGO DUELLUM!
> this is indeed
> to ſplit our ears aſunder
> With guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuſs, and thunder!

213.——

213.——*Say, Muſe, the Man, &c.*] Homer's opening of the Odyſſey. This rule is perhaps no where ſo chaſtely obſerved as in *the Paradiſe Loſt.* Homer's Μηνιν αειδε θεα! or, his Ανδρα μοι ενεπε Μουσα! or, Virgil's *Arma virumque cano!* are all boiſterous and vehement, in compariſon with the calmneſs and modeſty of Milton's meek approach,

Of Man's firſt diſobedience, &c.

217.——*Antiphates, the Cyclops, &c.*] *Antiphatem, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.* Stories, that occur in the Odyſſey.

220.—— *With Diomed's return* TO RUN YOU OUT OF BREATH.] I am ſurpriſed that my old friend and ſchool-fellow, Mr. Maty, did not perceive that the irregularity of this verſe was intentional. In other inſtances I have endeavoured to avail myſelf of his remarks.

220-21.——*Diomed's return—the Double Egg.*

The return of Diomede is not mentioned by Homer, but is ſaid to be the ſubject of a tedious Poem by Antimachus; and to Staſimus is aſcribed a Poem, called *the Little Iliad*, beginning with the nativity of Helen.

229.——*Hear now!*] Tu, *quid ego*, &c.

This invocation, says Dacier justly, is not addressed to either of the Pisos, but to the Dramatick Writer generally.

231.——*The Cloth* GOES DOWN.] *Aulæa manentis.* This is translated according to modern manners; for with the Antients, the Cloth was *raised* at the Conclusion of the Play. Thus in Virgil's Georgicks;

Vel scena ut versis discedat frontibus, atque
Purpurea intexti TOLLANT AULÆA *Britanni.*

Where the proud theatres disclose the scene;
Which interwoven Britons seem to *raise*,
And shew the *triumph* which their *shame* displays.

DRYDEN.

232.——*Man's several ages*, &c.] *Ætatis cujusque*, &c. Jason De Nores takes notice of the particular stress, that Horace lays on the due discrimination of the several *Ages*, by the solemnity with which he introduces the mention of them: The same Critick subjoins a note also, which I shall transcribe, as it serves to illustrate a popular passage in the *As you Like It* of Shakespeare.

All

All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their *exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being SEVEN AGES. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel:
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Animadverti A PLERISQUE *hominis ætatem* IN SEPTEM DIVISAM ESSE PARTES, INFANTIAM, PUERITIAM, ADOLESCENTIAM, JUVENTUTEM, VIRILITATEM, SENECTUTEM, *& ut ab illis dicitur*, DECREPITATEM. *In hâc verò parte nihil de* INFANTIÆ *moribus Horatius, cum nihil ea ætas præter vagitum habeat proprium, ideòque infantis perſona minimè in ſcenâ induci poſſit, quòd ipſas rerum voces reddere neque dum ſciat, neque valeat. Nihil de moribus item hujus ætatis, quam, ſi latinè licet,* DECREPITATEM *vocabimus,* QUÆ ÆTAS QUODAMMODO INFANTIÆ RESPONDET: *de* JUVENTUTE *autem &* ADOLESCENTIA *ſimul pertractat, quòd et ſtudiis, et naturâ, & voluntate, parum, aut nihil inter ſe differant. Ariſtoteles etiam in libris ad Theodectem omiſit &* PUERITIAM, *& meritò: cum minime apud pueros, vel de pueris ſit orator habiturus orationem. Ille enim ad hoc ex ætate perſonarum differentiam adhibet, ut inſtituat oratorem quomodo moratâ uti debeat oratione, id eſt, eorum moribus, apud quos, & de quibus loquitur, accommodatâ.*

It appears from hence, that it was *common* for the writers of that time, as well as Shakeſpeare's Jaques, to divide the life of man into SEVEN AGES, viz. *Infancy, Childhood, Puberty, Youth, Manhood, Old*

to

Age, and *Decrepitude*; "which laſt, (ſays De Nores) in ſome ſort anſwers to Infancy," or, as Shakeſpere expreſſes it, IS SECOND CHILDISHNESS.

"Before Shakeſpeare's time, ſays Warburton, *ſeven acts* was no unuſual diviſion of a play, ſo that there is a greater beauty than appears at firſt ſight in this image." Mr. Steevens, however, informs us that the plays of that early period were not divided into acts at all. It is moſt probable therefore that Shakeſpeare only copied the moral philoſophy (the *Socraticæ chartæ*) of his own day, adapting it, like Ariſtotle and Horace, to his own purpoſe; and, I think, with more felicity, than either of his illuſtrious predeceſſors, by contriving to introduce, and diſcriminate *every one of* THE SEVEN AGES. This he has effected by aſſigning STATION and CHARACTER to ſome of the ſtages, which to Ariſtotle and Horace appeared too ſimilar to be diſtinguiſhed from each other. Thus PUBERTY, YOUTH, MANHOOD, and OLD AGE, become under Shakeſpeare's hand, *the* LOVER, *the* SOLDIER, *the* JUSTICE, and the lean and ſlipper'd PANTALOON; while the *natutural qualities* of the INFANT, the BOY, and the

DOTARD, afford ſufficient materials for poetical deſcription.

264.——*Thus* YEARS ADVANCING *many comforts bring,*
And FLYING *bear off many on their wing.*

Multa ferunt ANNI VENIENTES *commoda ſecum,*
Multa RECEDENTES *adimunt.*

Ariſtotle conſiders the powers of the body in a ſtate of advancement till the 35th year, and the faculties of the mind progreſſively improving till the 49th; from which periods they ſeverally decline. On which circumſtance, applied to this paſſage of Horace, Jaſon De Nores elegantly remarks, *Vita enim noſtra videtur ad* VIRILITATEM *uſque, quâ* IN STATU *poſita eſt,* QUENDAM QUASI PONTEM *ætatis* ASCENDERE, *ab eâque inde* DESCENDERE. Whether Addiſon ever met with the commentary of De Nores, it is perhaps impoſſible to diſcover. But this idea of *the* ASCENT *and* DECLIVITY *of the* BRIDGE *of* HUMAN LIFE, ſtrongly reminds us of the delightful *Viſion of* MIRZA.

Medea's PARRICIDE.] *Medea Tracidet.* Profeſſed Criticks have objected to the word *parricide,* which

they conſider as confined to ſignify the murder of a *parent*. The expreſſion, however, is authoriſed and correct. Any horrible murder is branded, in the works of the beſt writers, by the name of *Parricide*. John's cruel diſpatch of his *nephew* Arthur drew on him the edict of Philip, attainting him of felony and *parricide*. The aſſaſſination of Henry the Fourth of France, by Ravaillac, is ſtigmatiſed by Monteſquieu, in his *Lettres Perſannes*, as *a deteſtable* PARRICIDE.

290.——*An actor's part* THE CHORUS *ſhould ſuſtain.*] *Actoris partes* CHORUS, *&c.*

" See alſo *Ariſtotle* [περ. ποιητ. κ. ιη.] The judg-
" ment of two ſuch critics, and the practice of wiſe
" antiquity, concurring to eſtabliſh this precept con-
" cerning the Chorus, it ſhould thenceforth, one
" would think, have become a fundamental rule and
" maxim of the ſtage. And ſo indeed it appeared
" to ſome few writers. The moſt admired of the
" French tragick poets ventured to introduce it into
" two of his latter plays, and with ſuch ſucceſs,
" that, as one obſerves, *It ſhould, in all reaſon, have*
" *diſabuſed his countrymen on this head: l'eſſai heureux*
" *de M. Racine, qui les* [*chœurs*] *a fait revivre dans*
" ATHALIE *et dans* ESTHER, *devroit, il ſemble, nous*
" *avoir*

" *avoir detrompez ſur cet article.* [P. Brumoi, vol. i. " p. 105.] And, before him, our *Milton*, who, with " his other great talents, poſſeſſed a ſupreme know- " ledge of antiquity, was ſo ſtruck with its uſe and " beauty, as to attempt to bring it into our language. " His *Sampſon Agoniſtes* was, as might be expected, " a maſter-piece. But even his credit hath not been " ſufficient to reſtore the Chorus. Hear a late Pro- " feſſor of the art declaring, *De* CHORO *nihil differui,* " *quia non eſt eſſentialis dramati, atque à neotricis pe-* " *nitus,* ET, ME JUDICE, MERITO REPUDIATUR. " [Præl. Poet. vol. ii. p. 188.] Whence it hath " come to paſs that the Chorus hath been thus ne- " glected is not now the enquiry. But that this " critick, and all ſuch, are greatly out in their judg- " ments, when they preſume to cenſure it in the " ancients, muſt appear (if we look no further) " from the double uſe, inſiſted on by the poet, For, " 1. A *Chorus* interpoſing, and bearing a part in the " progreſs of the action, gives the repreſentation " that *probability* [*], and ſtriking reſemblance of

* *Quel avantage ne peut il* [*le poete*] *pas tirer d'une troupe d'acteurs, qui rempliſſent ſa ſcene, qui rendent plus ſenſible la continuité de l'action, et qui la ſont paroitre* VRAISEMBLABLE *quiſqu'il n'eſt pas naturel qu'elle ſa paſſe ſans temoins. On ne ſent que trop le vuide de notre Theatre ſans chœurs &c.* Les Theatre des Grecs, vol. i. p. 105.

real

" real life, which every man of ſenſe perceives, and " *feels* the want of upon our ſtage; a want, which " nothing but ſuch an expedient as the Chorus can " poſſibly relieve. And, 2. The importance of " its other office [l. 196] to the *utility* of the repre- " ſentation, is ſo great, that, in a moral view, no- " thing can compenſate for this deficiency. For " it is neceſſary to the truth and decorum of cha- " racters, that the *manners*, bad as well as good, " be drawn in ſtrong, vivid colours; and to that " end that immoral ſentiments, forcibly expreſſed " and ſpeciouſly maintained, be ſometimes *imputed* " to the ſpeakers. Hence the ſound philoſophy of " the Chorus will be conſtantly wanting, to rectify " the wrong concluſions of the audience, and pre- " vent the ill impreſſions that might otherwiſe be " made upon it. Nor let any one ſay, that the au- " dience is well able to do this for itſelf: Euripides " did not find even an Athenian theatre ſo quick- " ſighted. The ſtory is well known, [Sen. Ep. 115.] " that when this painter of the *manners* was obliged, " by the rules of his art, and the character to be " ſuſtained, to put a run of bold ſentiments in the " mouth of one of his perſons, the people inſtantly " took fire, charging the poet with the *imputed* vil- " lainy, as though it had been his *own*. Now if

" ſuch

" ſuch an audience could ſo eaſily miſinterpret an
" attention to the truth of character into the real
" doctrine of the poet, and this too, when a Chorus
" was at hand to correct and diſabuſe their judg-
" ments, what muſt be the caſe, when the *whole* is
" left to the ſagacity and penetration of the people?
" The wiſer ſort, it is true, have little need of this
" information. Yet the reflections of ſober ſenſe
" on the courſe and occurrences of the repreſenta-
" tion, clothed in the nobleſt dreſs of poetry, and
" enforced by the joint powers of *harmony* and *action*
" (which is the true character of the Chorus) might
" make it, even to ſuch, a no unpleaſant or unpro-
" fitable entertainment. But theſe *two* are a ſmall
" part of the *uſes* of the Chorus; which in every
" light is ſeen ſo important to the truth, decorum,
" and dignity of the tragick ſcene, that the *modern*
" ſtage, which hath not thought proper to adopt it,
" is even, with the advantage of, ſometimes, the
" juſteſt moral painting and ſublimeſt imagery, but
" a very faint ſhadow of the *old*; as muſt needs
" appear to thoſe who have looked into the ancient
" models, or, diveſting themſelves of modern pre-
" judices, are diſpoſed to conſult the dictates of plain
" ſenſe. For the uſe of ſuch, I once deſigned to
" have drawn into one view the ſeveral important

" benefits

" benefits ariſing to the drama from the obſervance " of this rule, but have the pleaſure to find myſelf " prevented by a ſenſible diſſertation of a good French " writer, which the reader will find *in the* VIII *tom.* " *of the Hiſtory of the Academy of Inſcriptions and* " *Belles Lettres.*—Or, it may be ſufficient to refer " the Engliſh reader to the late tragedies of EL- " FRIDA and CARACTACUS; which do honour to " modern poetry, and are a better apology, than " any I could make, for the ancient Chorus.—— " *Notes on the Art of Poetry**."

Though it is not my intention to agitate, in this place, the long diſputed queſtion concerning the expediency, or inexpediency, of the CHORUS; yet I cannot diſmiſs the above note without ſome farther obſervation. In the firſt place then I cannot think that *the judgment of two ſuch Criticks* as Ariſtotle and Horace, can be deciſively quoted, as *concurring with the practice of wiſe antiquity*, TO ESTABLISH THE CHORUS. Neither of theſe *two Criticks* have taken up the queſtion, each of them giving directions for the proper conduct of *the* CHORUS, conſidered as an eſtabliſhed and received part of Tragedy, and indeed

* This, and all the extracts, which are quoted, *Notes on the Art of Poetry*, are taken from the Author of the Engliſh Commentary.

originally

originally, as they both tell us, *the whole* of it. Ariſtotle, in his Poeticks, has not ſaid much on the ſubject; and from the little he has ſaid, more arguments might perhaps be drawn, in favour of the omiſſion, than for the introduction of *the* CHORUS. It is true that he ſays, in his 4th chapter, that "Tragedy, after many changes, pauſed, *having* "*gained its natural form* *:" This might, at firſt ſight, ſeem to include his approbation of *the* CHORUS, as well as of all the other parts of Tragedy then in uſe: but he himſelf expreſsly tells us *in the very ſame chapter*, that he had no ſuch meaning, ſaying, that "to enquire whether Tragedy be perfect in its "parts, either conſidered in itſelf, or with relation "to the theatre, was foreign to his preſent pur-"poſe†." In the paſſage from which Horace has, in the verſes now before us, deſcribed the office, and laid down the duties of the CHORUS, the paſſage referred to by the learned Critick, the words of Ariſtotle are not particularly favourable to the inſtitution,

* Πολλὰς μεταβολὰς μεταβαλοῦσα ἡ τραγωδία ἐπαύσατο, ἐπεὶ ἔσχε τὴν ἑαυτῆς φύσιν.

† Τὸ μὲν οὖν ἐπισκοπεῖν, εἰ ἄρα ἔχει ηδη ἡ τραγωδία τοῖς ἱκανῶς ἢ ὄ, ἀυτὸ τε καθ' ἀυτὸ κρινόμενον, καὶ πρὸς τὰ θεάτρα, ἄλλος λόγος.

or

or much calculated to recommend the uſe of it. For Ariſtotle there informs us, " that Sopho- " cles alone of all the Grecian writers, made *the* " CHORUS conducive to the progreſs of the fable: " not only even Euripides being culpable in this " inſtance; but other writers, after the example of " Agathon, introducing Odes as little to the pur- " poſe, as if they had borrowed whole ſcenes from " another play.*"

On the whole therefore, whatever may be the merits, or advantages of *the* CHORUS, I cannot think that the judgment of Ariſtotle or Horace can be adduced in recommendation of it. As to *the* PROBABILITY *given to the repreſentation, by the* CHORUS *interpoſing and bearing a part in the action*; the Publick, who have lately ſeen a troop of ſingers aſſembled on the ſtage, as a CHORUS, during the whole repreſentations of ELFRIDA and CARACTACUS, are

* Καὶ τὸν χορὸν δὲ ἕνα δεῖ ὑπολαμβεῖν τῶν ὑποκριτῶν· Καὶ μόριον εἶναι τοῦ ὅλε, καὶ συναγωνίζεσθαι μὴ ὥσπερ παρ' Εὐριπίδη, ἀλλ' ὥσπερ παρὰ Σοφοκλεῖ. Τοῖς δὲ λοιποῖς τὰ δεδόμενα μᾶλλον τε μύθε, ἢ ἄλλης Τραγωδίας ἐστὶ· διὸ ὁ ἐμβόλιμα ᾄδουσι, πρώτε ἤρξαν τος Ἀγαθωνος τοῦ τοιούτε. Καὶ τοι τί διαφέρει, ἢ ἐμβόλιμα ᾄδειν, ἢ ῥῆσιν ἐξ ἄλλε εἰς ἄλλο ἁρμόττειν, ἢ ἐπεισόδιον ὅλος [περ ποιητ. κ. νη.]

competent to decide for themſelves, how far ſuch an expedient, gives a more *ſtriking reſemblance of human life*, than the common uſage of our Drama. As to its importance in a *moral* view, to correct the evil impreſſion of vicious ſentiments, *imputed* to the ſpeakers; the ſtory told, to enforce its uſe for this purpoſe, conveys a proof of its inefficacy. To give due force to ſentiments, as well as to direct their proper tendency, ariſes from the ſkill and addreſs of the Poet, independent of *the* CHORUS.

Monſieur Dacier, as well as the author of the above note, cenſures the modern ſtage for having rejected *the* CHORUS, and having loſt thereby *at leaſt half its probability, and its* GREATEST ORNAMENT; ſo that our Tragedy is *but a very faint ſhadow of the* OLD. Learned Criticks, however, do not, perhaps, conſider, that if it be expedient to revive *the* CHORUS, all the other parts of the Antient Tragedy muſt be revived along with it. Ariſtotle mentions MUSICK as one of the ſix parts of Tragedy, and Horace no ſooner introduces *the* CHORUS, but he proceeds to *the* PIPE *and* LYRE. If a CHORUS be really neceſſary, our Dramas, like thoſe of the Antients, ſhould be rendered wholly *muſical*; the *Dancer's* alſo will then claim their place, and the pretenſions of

Veſtris

Veſtris and Noverre muſt be admitted as *claſſical.* Such a ſpectacle, if not more *natural* than the modern, would at leaſt be conſiſtent; but to introduce a groupe of *ſpectatorial actors*, SPEAKING in one part of the Drama, and SINGING in another, is as ſtrange and incoherent a medley, and full as *unclaſſical*, as the dialogue and airs of *the* BEGGAR'S OPERA!

292.——*Chaunting no Odes between the acts, that ſeem*
UNAPT, *or* FOREIGN *to the* GENERAL THEME.

Nec quid medios, &c.

On this paſſage the author of the Engliſh Commentary thus remarks. "How neceſſary this advice might be to the writers of the Auguſtan age cannot certainly appear; but, if the practice of Seneca may give room for ſuſpicion, it ſhould ſeem to have been much wanted; in whom I ſcarcely believe *there is* ONE SINGLE INSTANCE, of *the* CHORUS being employed in a manner, conſonant to its true end and character."

The learned Critick ſeems here to believe, and the plays under the name of Seneca in ſome meaſure

warrant the concluſion, that *the* CHORUS of the Roman Stage was not calculated to anſwer the ends of its inſtitution. Ariſtotle has told us juſt the ſame thing, with an exception in favour of Sophocles, of the Grecian Drama. And are ſuch ſurmiſes, or ſuch information, likely to ſtrengthen our prejudices on behalf of *the* CHORUS, or to inflame our deſires for its revival?

294.——LET IT TO VIRTUE PROVE A GUIDE AND FRIEND.

Ille bonis faveatque, &c.

" *The Chorus*, ſays the poet, *is to take the ſide of* " *the good and virtuous*, i. e. is always to ſuſtain a " moral character. But this will need ſome expla- " nation and reſtriction. To conceive aright of its " office, we muſt ſuppoſe the *Chorus* to be a number " of perſons, by ſome probable cauſe aſſembled to- " gether, as witneſſes and ſpectators of the great ac- " tion of the drama. Such perſons, as they cannot " be wholly unintereſted in what paſſes before them, " will very naturally bear ſome ſhare in the repre- " ſentation. This will principally conſiſt in de- " claring their ſentiments, and indulging their re- " flections freely on the ſeveral events and diſtreſſes

" as they ſhall ariſe. Thus we ſee the *moral*, attri-
" buted to the Chorus, will be no other than the
" dictates of plain ſenſe; ſuch as muſt be obvious
" to every thinking obſerver of the action, who is
" under the influence of no peculiar partialities from
" *affection* or *intereſt*. Though even theſe may be
" ſuppoſed in caſes, where the character, towards
" which they *draw*, is repreſented as virtuous.

" A Chorus, thus conſtituted, muſt always, it is
" evident, take the part of virtue; becauſe this is
" the natural and almoſt neceſſary determination of
" mankind, in all ages and nations, when acting
" freely and unconſtrained." *Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

297.——FAITHFUL AND SECRET.——*Ille tegat commiſſa.*

On this *nice part* of the duty of *the* CHORUS the author of the Engliſh Commentary thus remarks.

" This important advice is not always eaſy to be
" followed. Much indeed will depend on the choice
" of the ſubject, and the artful conſtitution of the
" fable. *Yet, with all his care, the ableſt writer will*
" *ſometimes find himſelf embarraſſed by the* CHORUS.

"I would here be underſtood to ſpeak chiefly of the "moderns. For the antients, though it has not "been attended to, had ſome peculiar advantages "over us in this reſpect, reſulting from the princi- "ples and practices of thoſe times. For, as it hath "been obſerved of the ancient Epic Muſe, that ſhe "borrowed much of her ſtate and dignity from the "falſe *theology* of the pagan world, ſo, I think, it "may be juſtly ſaid of the ancient tragic, that ſhe "has derived great advantages of probability from "its miſtaken *moral*. If there be truth in this re- "flection, it will help to juſtify ſome of the ancient "choirs, that have been moſt objected to by the "moderns."

After two examples from Euripides; in one of which the truſty CHORUS conceals the premeditated *ſuicide* of Phædra; and in the other abets Medea's intended *murder of her children*; both which are moſt ably vindicated by the Critick; the note concludes in theſe words.

"In ſum, though theſe acts of ſevere avenging "juſtice might not be according to the expreſs letter "of the laws, or the more refined concluſions of "the PORCH or ACADEMY; yet there is no doubt, "that they were, in the general account, eſteemed "fit

" fit and reaſonable. And, it is to be obſerved, in " order to paſs a right judgment on the ancient " Chorus, that, though in virtue of their office, " they were obliged univerſally to ſuſtain a moral " character; yet this moral was rather political and " popular, than ſtrictly legal or philoſophic. Which " is alſo founded on good reaſon. The ſcope and " end of the ancient theatre being to ſerve the in- " tereſts of virtue and ſociety, on the principles and " ſentiments, already ſpread and admitted amongſt " the people, and not to correct old errors, and in- " ſtruct them in philoſophic truth."

One of the cenſurers of Euripides, whoſe opinion is controverted in the above note, is Monſieur Dacier; who condemns *the* CHORUS in this inſtance, as not only violating their *moral* office, but *tranſgreſſing the laws of* NATURE *and of* GOD, *by a fidelity* so VICIOUS *and* CRIMINAL, *that theſe women*, [*the* CHORUS!] *ought to fly away in the Car of Medea, to eſcape the puniſhment due to them.* The Annotator above, agrees with the Greek Scholiaſt, that *the Corinthian women* (*the* CHORUS) *being free*, properly deſert the intereſts of Creon, and keep Medea's ſecrets, *for the ſake of juſtice*, according to their cuſtom. Dacier, however, urges an inſtance of their *infidelity*

in the Ion of Euripides, where they betray the secret of Xuthus to Creusa, which the French Critick defends on account of their attachment to their mistress; and adds, that the rule of Horace, like other rules, is proved by the exception. "Besides (continues the Critick in the true spirit of French gallantry) should we so heavily accuse the Poet for "not having made *an assembly of women* KEEP A SECRET?" *D'ailleurs, peut on faire un si grand crime à un poete, de n'avoir pas fait en sorte qu'une troupe de femmes garde un secret?* He then concludes his note with blaming Euripides for the perfidy of Iphigenia at Tauris, who abandons these faithful guardians of her secret, by flying alone with Orestes, and leaving them to the fury of Thoas, to which they must have been exposed, but for the intervention of Minerva.

On the whole, it appears that the *moral importance* of *the* CHORUS must be considered *with some limitations:* or, at least, that *the* CHORUS is as liable to be misused and misapplied, as any part of modern Tragedy.

200.—*The* PIPE *of old.*—*Tibi, non ut nunc, &c.*

"This,

" This, says the author of the English Commentary, is one of those many passages in the " epistle, about which the critics have said a great " deal, without explaining any thing. In support " of what I mean to offer, as the true interpretation, I observe,

" That the poet's intention certainly was not to " censure the *false* refinements of their stage-music; " but, in a short digressive history (such as the didactic form will sometimes require) to describe " the rise and progress of the *true*. This I collect, " 1. From *the expression itself*; which cannot, without violence, be understood in any other way. " For, as to the words *licentia* and *præceps*, which " have occasioned much of the difficulty, the *first* " means a *freer use*, not a *licentiousness*, properly so " called; and the *other* only expresses a vehemence " and rapidity of language, naturally productive of " a quicker elocution, such as must of course attend " the more numerous harmony of the lyre:——not, " as M. Dacier translates it, *une eloquence temeraire* " *et outrée*, an extravagant straining and affectation " of style. 2. From *the reason of the thing*; which " makes it incredible, that the music of the theatre " should then be most complete, when the times were " barbarous, and entertainments of this kind little " encouraged

" encouraged or underſtood. 3. From *the character* " *of that muſic itſelf*; for the rudeneſs of which, Ho- " race, in effect, apologizes in defending it only on " the ſcore of the imperfect ſtate of the ſtage, and " the ſimplicity of its judges."

The above interpretation of this part of the Epiſtle is, in my opinion, extremely juſt, and exactly correſponds with the explication of De Nores, who cenſures Madius for an error ſimilar to that of Dacier. *Non rectè ſentire videtur Madius, dum putat potius* IN ROMANORUM LUXURIAM *invectum Horatium, quam* DE MELODIÆ INCREMENTO *tractaſſe.*

THE MUSICK, having always been a neceſſary appendage to *the* CHORUS, I cannot (as has already been hinted in the note on l. 100 of this verſion) conſider the Poet's notice of the Pipe and Lyre, as a *digreſſion*, notwithſtanding it includes a ſhort hiſtory of the rude ſimplicity of the Muſick in the earlier ages of Rome, and of its ſubſequent improvements. *The* CHORUS too, being originally *the whole*, as well as afterwards a legitimate *part* of Tragedy, the Poet naturally traces the Drama from its origin to its moſt perfect ſtate in Greece; and afterwards compares its progreſs and improvements with the

Theatre

Theatre of his own country. Such is, I think, the natural and eaſy *method* purſued by Horace; though it differs in ſome meaſure from the *order* and *connection* pointed out by the author of the Engliſh Commentary.

316.——For what, alas! could the unpractis'd ear
Of ruſticks revelling o'er country cheer,
A motley groupe; high, low; and froth, and ſcum,
Diſtinguiſh but ſhrill ſqueak, and droniſh hum?

——*Indoctus quid enim ſaperet, liberque laborum,*
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?

Theſe lines, rather breaking in upon the continuity of the hiſtory of theatrical muſick, create ſome obſcurity, which has given birth to various interpretations. The author of the Engliſh Commentary, who always endeavours to dive to the very bottom of his ſubject, underſtands this couplet of Horace as a *ſneer* on thoſe grave philoſophers, who conſidered theſe *refinements* of the muſick as *corruptions*. He interprets the paſſage at large, and explains the above two lines in theſe words. "Nor let it be objected than "this *freer harmony* was itſelf an abuſe, a corruption, "of

"of the ſevere and *moral* muſick of antient "times. Alas! we were not as yet ſo *wiſe*, to ſee "the inconveniences of this improvement. And "how ſhould we, conſidering the nature and end of "theſe theatrical entertainments, and the ſort of "men of which our theatres were made up?"

This interpretation is ingenious; but Jaſon De Nores gives, I think, a more eaſy and unforced explanation of this difficult paſſage, by ſuppoſing it to refer (by way of *parentheſis*) to what had juſt been ſaid of the original rude ſimplicity of the Roman theatrical muſick, which, ſays the Poet, was at leaſt as poliſhed and refined as the taſte of the audience. This De Nores urges in two ſeveral notes, both which I ſhall ſubmit to the reader, leaving it to him to determine how far I am to be juſtified in having adapted my verſion to his interpretation.

The firſt of theſe notes contains at large his reproof of Madius for having, like Dacier, ſuppoſed the Poet to cenſure the improvements that he manifeſtly meant to commend.

Quare non rectè videtur ſentire Madius, dum putat potius in Romanorum luxuriam invectum Horatium, quàm de melodiæ incremento tractaſſe, cùm SEIPSUM INTER-

INTERPRETANS, *quid ſibi voluerit per hæc, luce clarius, oſtendat,*

Tibia non ut nunc orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula. *Et,*

Sic priſcæ motumque, & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem:
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps.

Ad quid enim tam longâ digreſſione extra rem propoſitam in Romanos inveheretur, cùm de iis nihil aliud dicat, quàm eos genio ac voluptatibus indulgere: cum potius VETERES ROMANOS INSIMULARE VIDEATUR IGNORANTIÆ QUOD IGNORAVERINT SONI ET MUSICES VENUSTATEM ET JUCUNDITATEM, ILLA PRIORI SCILICET INCONDITA ET RUDI ADMODUM CONTENTI, *dum ait*;

Indoctus quid enim ſuperet, liberque laborum,
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?

The other note is expreſsly applied by way of comment on this paſſage itſelf.

INDOCTUS QUIDENIM SAPERET?] *Reddit rationem* QUASI PER DIGRESSIONEM, *occurrens tacitæ objectioni*, QUARE ANTEA APUD ROMANOS MUSICA MELODIA PARVA AUT NULLA PENE FUERAT; QUIA,

QUIA, *inquit*, INDOCTI IGNARIQUE RERUM OMNIUM VETERES ILLI NONDUM POTERANT JUDICARE DE MELODIA, *utpote apud eos re novâ, atque inusitatâ, neque illius jucunditatem deguſtare*, QUIBUS VERBIS IMPERITIAM EORUM, RUSTICITATEMQUE DEMONSTRAT.

Upon the whole De Nores appears to me to have given the true ſenſe of the paſſage. I am no friend to licentious tranſpoſitions, or arbitrary variations, of an author's text; yet I confeſs, I was ſtrongly tempted, in order to elucidate this perplexed paſſage, to have carried theſe two lines of Horace four lines back, and to have inſerted them immediately after the 207th verſe.

Et frugi, caſtus, verecunduſque coibat.

The Engliſh reader, who wiſhes to try the experiment, is deſired to read the four lines, that compoſe my verſion, immediately after the 309th line,

With modeſt mirth indulg'd their ſober taſte.

320.——THE PIPER, *grown luxuriant in his art.*

322.——*Now too, its powers increas'd,* THE LYRE SEVERE.

Sic

Sic priſcæ——arti.
TIBICEN, &c.
SIC FIDIBUS, &c.

" This is the application of what hath been ſaid, " in general, concerning the refinement of theatri- " cal muſic to the caſe of *tragedy*. Some commen- " tators ſay, and to *comedy*. But in this they miſ- " take, as will appear preſently. M. *Dacier* hath " I know not what conceit about a compariſon be- " twixt the *Roman* and *Greek* ſtage. His reaſon is, " *that the lyre was uſed in the Greek Chorus, as appears,* " he ſays, *from Sophocles himſelf playing upon this in-* " *ſtrument himſelf in one of his tragedies.* And was " it not uſed too in the Roman Chorus, as appears " from Nero's playing upon it in ſeveral tragedies? " But the learned critic did not apprehend this " matter. Indeed from the caution, with which " his guides, the dealers in antiquities, always touch " this point, it ſhould ſeem, that they too had no " very clear conceptions of it. The caſe I take to " have been this: The *tibia*, as being moſt proper " to accompany the declamation of the acts, *can-* " *tanti ſuccinere*, was conſtantly employed, as well " in the Roman tragedy as comedy. This appears " from many authorities. I mention only two from

" Cicero.

" Cicero. *Quam multa* [Acad. l. ii. 7.] *quæ nos fu-*
" *giunt in cantu, exaudiunt in eo genere exercitati: Qui*
" *primo inflatu Tibicinis, Antiopam esse aiunt aut An-*
" *dromachan, cum nos ne suspicemur quidem.* The
" other is still more express. In his piece entitled
" *Orator*, speaking of the negligence of the Roman
" writers, in respect of *numbers*, he observes, *that*
" *there were even many passages in their tragedies,*
" *which, unless the* TIBIA *played to them, could not*
" *be distinguished from mere prose: quæ, nisi cum Ti-*
" *bicen accesserit, orationi sint solutæ similima.* One
" of these passages is expressly quoted from *Thyestes*,
" a tragedy of *Ennius*; and, as appears from the
" measure, taken out of one of the acts. It is clear
" then, that the *tibia* was certainly used in the *de-*
" *clamation* of tragedy. But now the song of the
" tragic chorus, being of the nature of the ode, of
" course required *fides*, the lyre, the peculiar and
" appropriated instrument of the lyric muse. And
" this is clearly collected, if not from express tes-
" timonies; yet from some occasional hints dropt
" by the antients. For, 1. the lyre, we are told,
" [Cic. De Leg. ii. 9 & 15.] and is agreed on all
" hands, was an instrument of the Roman theatre;
" but it was not employed in comedy. This we
" certainly know from the short account of the

" music

" muſic prefixed to Terence's plays. 2. Further,
" the *tibicen*, as we ſaw, accompanied the declama-
" tion of the acts in tragedy. It remains then, that
" the proper place of the lyre was, where one ſhould
" naturally look for it, in the ſongs of the Chorus;
" but we need not go further than this very paſſage
" for a proof. It is unqueſtionable, that the poet is
" here ſpeaking of the Chorus only; the following
" lines not admitting any other poſſible interpreta-
" tion. By *fidibus* then is neceſſarily underſtood the
" inſtrument peculiarly uſed in it. Not that it need
" be ſaid that the *tibia* was never uſed in the Chorus.
" The contrary ſeems expreſſed in a paſſage of Se-
" neca, [Ep. lxxxiv.] and in Julius Pollux [l. iv. 15.
" § 107.] It is ſufficient, if the *lyre* was uſed ſole-
" ly, or principally, in it at this time. In this view,
" the whole digreſſion is more pertinent, and con-
" nects better. The poet had before been ſpeaking
" of tragedy. All his directions from l. 100, reſpect
" this ſpecies of the drama only. The application
" of what he had ſaid concerning muſic, is then
" moſt naturally made, 1. to the *tibia*, the muſic of
" the acts; and, 2. to *fides*, that of the choir: thus
" confining himſelf, as the tenor of this part re-
" quired, to tragedy only. Hence is ſeen the miſ-
" take, not only of M. Dacier, whoſe comment is

" in every view insupportable; but, as was hinted,
" of Heinsius, Lambin, and others, who, with more
" probability, explained this of the Roman comedy
" and tragedy. For, though *tibia* might be allowed
" to stand for comedy, as opposed to *tragœdia*, [as
" in fact, we find it in l. ii. Ep. 1. 98,] that being
" the only instrument employed in it; yet, in speak-
" ing expressly of the music of the stage, *fides* could not
" determinately enough, and in contradistinction to
" *tibia*, denote that of tragedy, it being an instru-
" ment used solely, or principally, in the Chorus;
" of which, the context shews, he alone speaks.
" It is further to be observed, that, in the applica-
" tion here made, besides the music, the poet takes
" in the other improvements of the Tragic Chorus,
" these happening, as from the nature of the thing
" they would do, at the same time."

Notes on the Art of Poetry.

321.——WITH DANCE AND FLOWING VEST EMBELLISHES HIS PART.

Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.

" This expresses not only the improvement arising
" from the ornament of proper dresses, but from
" the grace of motion; not only the *actor*, whose

" peculiar office it was, but the *minſtrel* himſelf, as " appears from hence, conforming his geſture in ſome " ſort to the muſic."

" Of the uſe and propriety of theſe geſtures, or " dances, it will not be eaſy for us, who ſee no ſuch " things attempted on the modern ſtage, to form any " very clear or exact notions. What we cannot " doubt of is; 1. That the ſeveral theatrical dances " of the antients were ſtrictly conformable to the " genius of the different ſpecies of compoſition, to " which they were applied. 2. That, therefore, the " tragic dance, which more eſpecially accompanied " the Chorus, muſt have been expreſſive of the high- " eſt gravity and decorum, tending to inſpire ideas " of what is *becoming*, *graceful*, and *majeſtic*; in which " view we cannot but perceive the important aſſiſt- " ance it muſt needs lend to virtue, and how greatly " it muſt contribute to ſet all her graces and attrac- " tions in the faireſt light. 3. This idea of the an- " cient tragic dance, is not ſolely formed upon our " knowledge of the conformity before-mentioned; " but is further collected from the name uſually given " to it, which was Ἐμμέλεια, This word cannot well " be tranſlated into our language; but expreſſes all " that grace and concinnity of motion, which the " dignity of the choral ſong required. 4. Laſtly, it

" muſt give us a very high notion of the moral effect " of this dance, when we find the ſevere Plato ad- " mitting it into his commonwealth."

Notes on the Art of Poetry.

308.——HE WHO THE PRIZE, A PILTHY GOAT, TO GAIN,
AT FIRST CONTENDED IN THE TRAGICK STRAIN.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.

If I am not greatly deceived, all the Editors, and Commentators on this Epiſtle, have failed to obſerve, that the *hiſtorical* part of it, relative to the Græcian Drama, commences at this verſe; all of them ſuppoſing it to begin, 55 lines further in the Epiſtle, on the mention of Theſpis; whom Horace as clearly, as correctly, deſcribes to be the firſt *improver*, not *inventor* of Tragedy, *whoſe* ORIGINAL he marks *here*. Much confuſion has, I think, ariſen from this overſight, as I ſhall endeavour to explain in the following notes; only obſerving in this place, that the Poet, having ſpoken particularly of all the parts of Tragedy, now enters with the ſtricteſt *order*, and greateſt propriety, into its general hiſtory, which, by his ſtrictures on *the* CHORUS, he moſt elegantly,

as

as well as forcibly, connects with his ſubject, taking occaſion to ſpeak *incidentally* of other branches of the Drama, particularly THE SATYRS, *and the* OLD COMEDY.

329.——*Soon too—tho' rude, the graver mood unbroke,*
STRIPT THE ROUGH SATYRS, *and eſſay'd a joke.*
Mox etiam AGRESTES SATYROS, *&c.*

"It is not the intention of theſe notes to retail "the accounts of others, I muſt therefore refer the "reader, for whatever concerns the hiſtory of the "ſatiric, as I have hitherto done of the tragic and "comic drama, to the numerous diſſertators on the "ancient ſtage; and, above all, in the caſe before "us, to the learned Caſaubon; from whom all that "hath been ſaid to any purpoſe, by modern writers, "hath been taken. Only it will be proper to ob-"ſerve one or two particulars, which have been "greatly miſunderſtood, and without which it will "be impoſſible, in any tolerable manner, to explain "what follows.

"I. The deſign of the poet, in theſe lines, is not "to fix the origin of the ſatyric piece, in aſcribing

" the invention of it to Thespis. This hath been " concluded, without the least warrant from his own " words, which barely tell us, " that the represen- " tation of tragedy was in elder Greece followed " by the *satires*;" and indeed the nature of the thing, " as well as the testimony of all antiquity, shews " it to be impossible. For the *satire* here spoken of " is, in all respects, a regular drama, and therefore " could not be of earlier date than the times of Æs- " chylus, when the constitution of the drama was " first formed. It is true indeed, there was a kind of " entertainment of much greater antiquity, which " by the antients is sometimes called *satyric*, out of " which (as Aristotle assures us) tragedy itself arose, " ἡ δὲ τραγῳδία διὰ τὸ εκ σατυρικῆ μεταβαλεῖν, ὀψὲ ἀπεσεμνώθη, " [ὥσπερ ποιητ. κ. δ] But then this was nothing but " a Chorus of satyrs [Athenæus, l. xiv.] celebrating " the festivals of *Bacchus*, with rude songs and un- " couth dances; and had little resemblance to that " which was afterwards called *satiric*; which, ex- " cept that it retained the Chorus of satyrs, and " turned upon some subject relative to Bacchus, " was of a quite different structure, and, in every " respect, as regular a composition as tragedy it- " self.

" II.

" II. There is no doubt but the poem, here dif-
" tinguiſhed by the name of SATYRI, was in actual
" uſe on the Roman ſtage. This appears from the
" turn of the poet's whole criticiſm upon it. Par-
" ticularly, his addreſs to the Piſos, l. 235 and his
" obſervation of the offence which a looſe dialogue
" in this drama would give to a *Roman* auditory,
" l. 248, make it evident that he had, in fact, the
" practice of his own ſtage in view."

" III. For the abſolute merit of theſe ſatires, the
" reader will judge of it himſelf by comparing the
" Cyclops, the only piece of this kind remaining
" to us from antiquity, with the rules here delivered
" by Horace. Only it may be obſerved, in addition
" to what the reader will find elſewhere [*n.* l. 223.]
" apologized in its favour, that the double character
" of the ſatires admirably fitted it, as well for a ſen-
" ſible entertainment to the wiſe, as for the ſport and
" diverſion of the vulgar. For, while the groteſque
" appearance and jeſting vein of theſe fantaſtic per-
" ſonages amuſed the one, the other ſaw much fur-
" ther; and conſidered them, at the ſame time, as
" replete with ſcience, and informed by a ſpirit of
" the moſt abſtruſe wiſdom. Hence important leſſons
" of civil prudence, intereſting alluſions to public

" affairs, or a high, refined moral, might, with the " higheſt probability, be inſinuated, under the ſlight " cover of a ruſtic ſimplicity. And from this in- " ſtructive caſt, which from its nature muſt be very " obſcure, if not impenetrable, to us at this day, " was, I doubt not, derived the principal pleaſure " which the antients found in this ſpecies of the " drama. If the modern reader would conceive any " thing of the nature and degree of this pleaſure, " he may in part gueſs at it, from reflecting on the " entertainment he himſelf receives from the cha- " racters of the clowns in Shakeſpeare; *who*, as the " poet himſelf hath characterized them, *uſe their folly*, " *like a ſtalking horſe, and, under the preſentation of* " *that, ſhoot their wit.*" [As you like it.]——*Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

This learned note, I think, ſets out with a miſ-apprehenſion of the meaning of Horace, by involving his *inſtructions* on THE SATYRICK DRAMA, with his account of its *Origin*. Nor does he, in the moſt diſtant manner, inſinuate, tho' Dacier has aſſerted the ſame thing, that *the* SATYRS owed their firſt introduction to *Theſpis*; but relates, that the very Poets, who contended in *the Goat-Song*, to which TRAGEDY owes its name, finding it too ſolemn and ſevere

an

an entertainment for their rude holiday audience, interſperſed the grave ſtrains of tragedy with comick and *ſatyrical* Interludes, producing thereby a kind of medley, ſomething congenial to what has appeared on our own ſtage, under the name of TRAGI-COMEDY. Nor, if I am able to read and comprehend the context, do the words of Horace tell us, "that the re-"preſentation of Tragedy was, in elder Greece, "*followed* by *the* SATYRS." The Satyrs compoſed a part of the Tragedy in its infancy, as well as in the days of Horace, if his own words may be quoted as authority. On any other conſtruction, his directions, concerning the conduct of the *God* or *Hero* of the piece, are ſcarcely reconcilable to common ſenſe; and it is almoſt impoſſible to mark their being incorporated with the Tragedy, in more expreſſive terms or images, than by his ſollicitude to prevent their broad mirth from contaminating its dignity or purity.

Effutire leves indigna TRAGÆDIA *verſus.*
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
INTERERIT SATYRIS *paulum pudibunda* PROTERVIS.

The CYCLOPS of Euripides, the only SATYRICK DRAMA extant, written at a much later period, than that

that of which Horace ſpeaks in this place, cannot, I think, convey to us a very exact idea of *the Tragick Paſtorals*, whoſe *origin* he here deſcribes. *The* CYCLOPS, ſcarce exceeding 700 lines, might be played, according to the idea of ſome criticks, after another performance: but that cannot, without the greateſt violence to the text, be ſuppoſed of the ſatyrick piece here mentioned by Horace. The idea of *farces*, or *after-pieces*, tho' an inferior branch of the Drama, is, in fact, among the refinements of an improved age. The writers of an early period throw their dramatick materials, ſerious and ludicrous, into one maſs; which the critical chymiſtry of ſucceeding times ſeparates and refines. The modern ſtage, like the antient, owed its birth to the ceremonies of Religion. From *Myſteries* and *Moralities*, it proceeded to more regular Dramas, diverſifying their ſerious ſcenes, like *the* SATYRICK POETS, with ludicrous repreſentations. This deſire of *variety* was one cauſe of the *irregularity*, as well as extraordinary *length* of their pieces; of which, I believe, they never gave above *one* at the ſame time of repreſentation. *Farce* is, in point of age, as well as rank, but a younger brother of the Theatre.

Other

Other Criticks have taken the text of Horace in the ſame ſenſe, that I have here conſidered it.

AGRESTES SATYROS.] *Silveſtres Faunos nudos introduxit: ita enim* SATYROS *vocant.—Quod vero* SATYROS *in fabulos inductos dixi,* NON PERACTA ID FABULA FACTUM FUISSE *intelligendum,* SED IN MEDIO FABULÆ, *quaſi* CHOROS. *Nannius.*

——SATYROS *puto iterum Romæ inductos; atque ideo de his loqui Horatium, cujuſmodi illis ſermonem tribuere debeamus, &* QUEMADMODUM PRIMUM, ET QUA DE CAUSA INDUCTI SUNT, *oſtendentem. Quare cùm de* SATYRORUM CHORIS, *publicè in ſpectaculo inductis, teſte etiam Dionyſio Halicarnaſſeo, minimè dubium ſit, etiam poſtea* INTER MEDIOS ACTUS TRAGÆDIARUM, *adhibitos credibile eſt.*——DE NORES.

AGRESTES SATYROS.] *Hos autem* LOCO CHORI *introductos intelligit, non, ut quidam volunt, in ipſâ tragœdiâ, cum præſertim dicat factum, ut gratâ novitate detinerentnr ſpectatores: quod inter unum & alterum actum ſit,* CHORI LOCO. *In tragœdiâ enim ipſâ, cum flebilis, ſevera, ac gravis ſit, non requiritur hujuſmodi locorum, ludorumque levitas, quæ tamen inter medios actus tolerari poteſt, & hoc eſt quod ait,* INCOLUMI GRAVITATE.

GRAVITATE. *Ea enim quæ fiunt, quæve dicuntur inter medios actus, extra tragœdiam esse intelliguntur, neque imminuunt tragœdiæ gravitatem.*——DE NORES.

The distinction made by *De Nores* of *the* SATYRS not making a part of the Tragedy, but barely appearing between the acts, can only signify, that the Tragick and Comick Scenes were kept apart from each other. This is plain from his saying that they held the place of THE CHORUS; not sustaining their continued part in the tragick dialogue, but filling their chief office of singing between the acts. The antient Tragedy was one continued representation, divided into acts by the Chaunt of *the* CHORUS; and, otherwise, according to modern ideas, forming *but one act*, without any interruption of the performance.

These antient SATYRICK SONGS, with which the antient Tragedians endeavoured to enliven the Dithyrambicks, gave rise to two different species of poetry. Their rude jests and petulant raillery engendered *the Satire*; and their sylvan character produced *the Pastoral*.

219-30—

329-30—THO' RUDE, THE GRAVER MOOD UNBROKE—
Stript the rough Satyrs, and ESSAY'D A JOKE.
——*Agreſtes Satyros nudavit, & aſper,*
INCOLUMI GRAVITATE, *jocum tentavit.*

" It hath been ſhewn, that the poet could not " intend, in theſe lines, to *fix the origin of the ſa-* " *tiric drama.* But, though this be certain, and the " diſpute concerning that point be thereby deter- " mined, yet it is to be noted, that he purpoſely " deſcribes the ſatire in its ruder and leſs poliſhed " form; glancing even at ſome barbarities, which " deform the Bacchic Chorus; which was properly " the ſatiric piece, before Æſchylus had, by his " regular conſtitution of the drama, introduced it " under a very different form on the ſtage. The " reaſon of this conduct is given in *n.* on l. 203. " Hence the propriety of the word *nudavit*, " which Lambin rightly interprets, *nudos intro-* " *duxit ſatyros*, the poet hereby expreſſing the mon- " ſtrous indecorum of this entertainment in its firſt " unimproved ſtate. Alluding alſo to this ancient " character of the *ſatire*, he calls him *aſper*, i. e. " rude and petulant; and even adds, that his jeſts " were intemperate, and *without the leaſt mixture of* " *gravity.* For thus, upon the authority of a very " ingenious and learned critic, I explain *incolumi* " *gravitate*,

" *gravitate*, i. e. rejecting every thing ſerious;
" bidding *farewell*, as we may ſay, *to all gravity*.
" Thus [L. iii. O. 5.]

" *Incolumi Jove et urbe Româ:*

" *i. e.* bidding farewell to Jupiter [Capitolinus] and
" Rome; agreeably to what is ſaid juſt before,

" *Anciliorum et nominis et togæ*
" OBLITUS, *æternæque Veſtæ*.

" or, as SALVUS is uſed more remarkably in Martial
" [l. v. 10.]

Ennius eſt lectus SALVO *tibi, Roma, Marone:*
Et ſua riſerunt ſecula Mœonidem.

" *Farewell, all gravity*, is as remote from the original
" ſenſe of the words *fare well*, as *incolumi gravitate*
" from that of *incolumis*, or *ſalvo Marone* from that
" of *ſalvus*." —— *Notes on the Art of Poetry.*

The beginning of this note does not, I think, perfectly accord with what has been urged by the ſame Critick in the note immediately preceding. He there obſerved, that *the* " SATYR here ſpoken of, " is, *in all reſpects*, a regular Drama, and therefore " *could not be of earlier date*, than the times of Æſ- " chylus."

Here, however, he allows, though in ſubdued phraſe, that " though this *be certain, and the diſpute*

" *concerning*

" *concerning that point thereby determined*, yet it is to " be noted, *that he purpoſely deſcribes the Satyr* IN " ITS RUDE AND LESS POLISHED FORM; *glancing* " *even at ſome barbarities, which deform* THE BACCHIC " CHORUS; WHICH WAS PROPERLY THE SATYRICK " PIECE, *before* Æſchylus had, by his regular con- " ſtitution of the Drama, introduced it, *under a very* " *different form*, on the ſtage." In a ſubſequent note, the ſame learned Critick alſo ſays, that " the " connecting particle, *verum*, [*verum ita riſores, &c.*] " expreſſes the oppoſition intended between the *ori-* " *ginal Satyr* and that which the Poet approves." In both theſe paſſages the ingenious Commentator ſeems, from the mere influence of the context, to approach to the interpretation that I have hazarded of this paſſage, avowedly one of the moſt obſcure parts of the Epiſtle.

The explanation of the words INCOLUMI GRAVITATE, in the latter part of the above note, though favourable to the ſyſtem of the Engliſh Commentary, is not only contrary to the conſtruction of all other interpreters, and, I believe, unwarranted by any acceptation of the word INCOLUMIS, but, in my opinion, leſs elegant and forcible than the common interpretation.

The

The line of the Ode referred to,

INCOLUMI *Jove, et urbe Româ?*

was never received in the ſenſe, which the learned Critick aſſigns to it.

The Dauphin Editor interprets it,

STANTE *urbe, & Capitolino Jove Romanos protegente.*

Schrevelius, to the ſame effect, explains it,

SALVO *Capitolio, quæ Jovis erat ſedes.*

Theſe interpretations, as they are certainly the moſt obvious, ſeem alſo to be moſt conſonant to the plain ſenſe of the Poet.

331.——*For holiday ſpectators, fluſh'd and wild,*
With new conceits and mummeries were beguil'd.
Quippe erat ILLECEBRIS, *&c.*

Monſieur Dacier, though he allows that "all that "is here ſaid by Horace proves *inconteſtibly*, that the "Satyrick Piece had poſſeſſion of the Roman ſtage;" *tout ce qu' Horace dit icy prouve* INCONTESTABLEMENT *qu'il y avoit des Satyres*; yet thinks that Horace laviſhed all theſe inſtructions on them, chiefly for the ſake of the ATELLANE FABLES. The author of the Engliſh Commentary is of the ſame opinion, and

and labours the point very aſſiduouſly. I cannot, however, diſcover, in any part of Horace's diſcourſe on *the* SATYRS, one expreſſion glancing towards *the* ATELLANES, though their OSCAN peculiarities might eaſily have been marked, ſo as not to be miſtaken.

337.——*That* GOD *or* HERO *of the lofty ſcene,*
May not, &c.
Ne quicumque DEUS, *&c.*

The Commentators have given various explanations of this precept. *De Nores* interprets it to ſignify *that the ſame actor, who repreſented a God or Hero in the* TRAGICK *part of the Drama, muſt not be employed to repreſent a Faun or Sylvan in the* SATYRICK.

Dacier has a ſtrange conceit concerning the joint performance of a *Tragedy* and *Atellane* at one time, the ſame God or Hero being repreſented as the principal ſubject and character of both; on which occaſion, (ſays he) the Poet recommends to the author not to debaſe the God, or Hero of *the* TRAGEDY, by ſinking his language and manners too low in *the* ATELLANE; whoſe ſtyle, as well as meaſure, ſhould be peculiar to itſelf, equally diſtant from Tragedy and Farce.

The author of the Engliſh Commentary tells us, that "Gods and Heroes were introduced as well into "the *Satyrick* as *Tragick* Drama, and often the very "ſame Gods and Heroes, which had borne a part in "THE PRECEDING TRAGEDY; a practice, which "Horace, I ſuppoſe, intended, by this hint, to re-"commend as moſt regular."

The two ſhort notes of Schrevelius, in my opinion, more clearly explain the ſenſe of Horace, and are in theſe words.

Poëma ſerium, jocis SATYRICIS *ita* COMMISCERE —*ne ſcilicet is, qui paulo ante* DEI *inſtar aut* HEROIS *in ſcenam fuit introductus, poſtea lacernoſus prodeat.*

On the whole, ſuppoſing *the* SATYRICK *Piece* to be *Tragi-Comick*, as Dacier himſelf ſeems half inclined to believe, the precept of Horace only recommends to the author ſo to ſupport his principal perſonage, that his behaviour in the SATYRICK ſcenes ſhall not debaſe the character he has ſuſtained in the TRAGICK. No ſpecimen remaining of the Roman SATYRICK Piece, I may be permitted to illuſtrate the rule of Horace by a brilliant example from the *ſerio-comick* HISTORIES of the Sovereign of our Drama. The example to which I point, is the character

character of *the* PRINCE *of* WALES, in the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*. Such a natural and beautiful decorum is maintained in the display of that character, that the *Prince* is as discoverable in the loose scenes with Falstaff and his associates, as in the Presence Chamber, or the Closet. After *the natural*, though MIXT DRAMAS, of Shakespear, and Beaumont and Fletcher, had prevailed on our stage, it is surprising that our progress to *pure* Tragedy and Comedy, should have been interrupted, or disturbed, by *the regular monster of* TRAGI-COMEDY, nursed by Southerne and Dryden.

348.——NE'ER WOULD I, PISOS, IN THE SYLVAN SCENE,
USE ABJECT TERMS ALONE, AND PHRASES MEAN!
Nonego INORNATA & DOMINANTIA, *&c.*

The author of the English Commentary proposes a conjectural emendation of Horace's text—HONORATA instead of INORNATA—and accompanied with a new and elevated sense assigned to the word DOMINANTIA. This last word is interpreted in the same manner by *De Nores*. Most other Commentators explain it to signify *common words*, observing its analogy to the Greek term Κύρια. The same expression

prevails in our tongue—*a* REIGNING *word*, *a* REIGNING *faſhion*, &c. The general caſt of *the* SATYR ſeems to render a caution againſt a lofty ſtile not very neceſſary; yet it muſt be acknowledged that ſuch a caution is given by the Poet, excluſive of the above propoſed variation.

Ne quicumque DEUS———
Migret in obſcuras HUMILI SERMONE *tabernas*,
Aut dum vitat humum, NUBES & INANIA CAPTET.

352.——*Davus may jeſt*, &c.——*Davuſne loquatur*, &c.

It ſhould ſeem from hence, that the common characters of Comedy, as well as the Gods and Heroes of Tragedy, had place in *the* SATYRICK DRAMA, cultivated in the days of Horace. Of the manner in which the antient writers ſuſtained the part of Silenus, we may judge from *the* CYCLOPS of Euripides, and *the* PASTORALS of Virgil.

Voſſius attempts to ſhew from ſome lines of this part of the Epiſtle, [*Ne quicumque Deus*, &c.] that *the* SATYRS were *ſubjoined* to the Tragick ſcenes, not *incorporated* with them: and yet at the ſame moment he tells us, and with apparent approbation, that DIOMEDES quotes our Poet to prove that they

were

were BLENDED WITH EACH OTHER: *ſimul ut ſpectator*, INTER RES TRAGICAS, SERIASQUE, SATYRORUM QUOQUE JOCIS, & LUSIBUS, *delectaretur*.

I cannot more ſatisfactorily conclude all that I have to urge, on the ſubject of the SATYRICK DRAMA, as here deſcribed by Horace, than by one more ſhort extract from the notes of the ingenious author of the Engliſh Commentary, to the ſubſtance of which extract I give the moſt full aſſent.

"The Greek Drama, we know, had its origin "from the looſe, licentious raillery of the rout of "Bacchus, indulging to themſelves the freeſt ſallies "of taunt and invective, as would beſt ſuit to law-"leſs natures, inſpirited by feſtal mirth, and made "extravagant by wine. Hence aroſe, and with a "character anſwering to this original, the *Satiric* "*Drama*; the ſpirit of which was afterwards, in "good meaſure, revived and continued in the Old "Comedy, and itſelf preſerved, though with con-"ſiderable alteration in the form, through all the "ſeveral periods of the Greek ſtage; even when Tra-"gedy, which aroſe out of it, was brought to its "laſt perfection."

370.——*To a ſhort ſyllable, a long ſubjoin'd,*
Forms an IAMBICK FOOT.
Syllaba longa, brevi ſubjecta, vocatur Iambus.

Horace having, after the example of his maſter Ariſtotle, ſlightly mentioned the firſt riſe of Tragedy in the form of a CHORAL SONG, ſubjoining an account of *the* SATYRICK CHORUS, that was *ſoon* (MOX *etiam*) combined with it, proceeds to ſpeak particularly of the Iambick verſe, which he has before mentioned generally, as the meaſure beſt accommodated to the Drama. In this inſtance, however, the Poet has treſpaſſed againſt *the order and method* obſerved by his philoſophical guide; and by that treſpaſs broken the thread of his hiſtory of the Drama, which has added to the difficulty and obſcurity of this part of his Epiſtle. Ariſtotle does not ſpeak of *the* MEASURE, till he has brought Tragedy, through all its progreſſive ſtages, from the Dithyrambicks, down to its eſtabliſhment by Æſchylus and Sophocles. If the reader would judge of the *poetical beauty*, as well as *logical preciſion*, of ſuch an arrangement, let him transfer this ſection of the Epiſtle [beginning, in the original at v. 251. and ending at 274,] to the end of the 284th line; by which tranſpoſition, or I am much miſtaken, he will not

not only diſembarraſs this hiſtorical part of it, relative to the Græcian ſtage, but will paſs by a much eaſier, and more elegant, tranſition, to the Poet's application of the narrative to the Roman Drama.

The Engliſh reader, inclined to make the experiment, muſt take the lines of the tranſlation from v. 268. to v. 403, both incluſive, and inſert them after v. 420.

In ſhameful ſilence loſt the pow'r to wound.

It is further to be obſerved that this detail on *the* IAMBICK is not, with ſtrict propriety, annext to a critical hiſtory of *the* SATYR, in which, as Ariſtotle inſinuates, was uſed *the* CAPERING *Tetrameter*, and, as the Grammarians obſerve, *Triſyllabicks*.

397.——PISOS! BE GRÆCIAN MODELS, &c.

Pope has imitated and illuſtrated this paſſage.

Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence from your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upwards to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe!
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe!

Eſſay on Criticiſm.

406.—A KIND OF TRAGICK ODE, UNKNOWN BEFORE,
THESPIS, 'TIS SAID, INVENTED FIRST.
IGNOTUM *Tragicæ* GENUS INVENISSE *Camœnæ*
Dicitur, &c.

It is surprising that Dacier, who, in a controversial note, in refutation of Heinsius, has so properly remarked Horace's adherence to Aristotle, should not have observed that his history of the Drama opens and proceeds nearly in the same order. Aristotle indeed does not name Thespis, but we cannot but include his improvements among the changes, to which the Critick refers, before Tragedy acquired a permanent form under Æschylus. Thespis seems not only to have embodied *the* CHORUS, but to have provided a theatrical apparatus for an itinerant exhibition; to have furnished disguises for his performers, and to have broken the continuity of *the* CHORUS by an *Interlocutor*; to whom Æschylus adding another personage, thereby first created DRAMATICK DIALOGUE; while at the same time by a *further diminution of the* CHORUS, by improving the dresses of the actors, and drawing them from their travelling waggon to a fixt stage, he created *a regular theatre*.

It

It appears then that neither Horace, nor Ariſtotle, aſcribe *the origin* of Tragedy to THESPIS. The Poet firſt mentions the rude beginning of Tragedy, *(carmen tragicum) the* GOAT-SONG; he then ſpeaks of *the Satyrick Chorus*, ſoon after interwoven with it; and then proceeds to the *improvements* of theſe Bacchic Feſtivities, by Theſpis, and Æſchylus; though their perfection and final eſtabliſhment is aſcribed by Ariſtotle to Sophocles.

DACIER very properly renders this paſſage, *On dit que Theſpis fut le premier qui inventa* UNE ESPECI DE TRAGEDIE AUPARAVANT INCONNUE AUX GRECS. "Theſpis is ſaid to be the firſt inventor of *a ſpecies* "of Tragedy, *before unknown to the Greeks.*"

Boileau ſeems to have conſidered this part of the Epiſtle in the ſame light, that I have endeavoured to place it.

La Tragedie informe & groſſiere au naiſſant
N'etoit qu'un ſimple Chœur, ou chacun en danſant,
Et du Dieu des Raiſins entonnant les louanges,
S'efforçoit d'attirer de fertiles vendanges.
La le vin et la joie eveillant les eſprits,
Du plus habile chantre un étoit BOUC *le prix.*
THESPIS fut le premier, qui barbouillé de lie,
Promena par les bourgs cette heureuſe folie;

Et

Et d'acteurs mal ornés chargeant un tombereau,
Amusa les passans d'un spectacle nouveau.
Æschyle dans le Chœur jetta les personages;
D'un masque plus honnéte habilla les visages;
Sur les ais d'un Theatre en public exhaussé,
Fit paroitre l'acteur d'un brodequin chaussé.

L'Art Poetique, *Chant Troisieme.*

419. ——— *the* SLAND'ROUS CHORUS *drown'd,*
In shameful silence, lost the pow'r to wound.

CHORUSQUE
" TURPITER OBTICUIT, *sublato jure nocendi.*

" Evidently becauſe, though the *jus nocendi* was " taken away, yet that was no good reaſon why the " Chorus ſhould entirely ceaſe. M. Dacier miſtakes " the matter. *Le chœur ſe tût ignominueſement, parce-* " *que la loi reprima ſa licence, et que ce fut, à propre-* " *ment parler, la loi qui le bannit; ce qu' Horace re-* " *garde comme une eſpece de flétriſſure. Properly ſpeak-* " *ing,* the law only aboliſhed the *abuſe* of the Chorus. " The ignominy lay in dropping the entire uſe of it, " on account of this reſtraint. Horace was of opi- " nion, that the Chorus ought to have been retained, " though the ſtate had abridged it of the licence, it

" ſo

" ſo much delighted in, of an illimited, and intem-
" perate ſatire, *Sublatus Chorus fuit*, ſays Scaliger,
" *cujus illæ videntur eſſe præcipuæ partes, ut potiſſimum*
" *quos liberet, læderent.*"

Notes on the Art of Poetry.

If Dacier be miſtaken in this inſtance, his miſtake is common to all the Commentators; not one of whom, the learned and ingenious author of the above note excepted, has been able to extract from theſe words any marks of Horace's predilection in favour of *a* CHORUS, or cenſure of " its culpable omiſſion" in Comedy. De Nores expreſſes the general ſenſe of the Criticks on this paſſage.

TURPITER.] *Quia lex, declaratâ Veteris Comœdiæ ſcriptorum improbitate, eos a maledicendi licentiâ deterruit.—Sicuti enim antea ſummâ cum laude Vetus Comœdia accepta eſt, ita poſtea* SUMMA EST CUM TURPITUDINE VETANTIBUS ETIAM LEGIBUS REPUDIATA, *quia probis hominibus, quia ſapientibus, quia integris maledixerit. Quare Comœdiæ poſtea conſcriptæ ad hujuſce Veteris differentiam* SUBLATO CHORO, NOVÆ *appellatæ ſunt.*

What Horace himſelf ſays on a ſimilar occaſion, of the ſuppreſſion of the Feſcennine verſes, in the Epiſtle

Epiſtle to Auguſtus, is perhaps the beſt comment on this paſſage.

——————— *quin etiam lex*
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi: VERTERE MODUM FORMIDINE FUSTIS,
AD BENE DICENDUM DELECTANDUMQUE REDACTI.

423.—*Daring their Græcian maſters to forſake,*
And for their themes Domeſtick Glories take.

Nec nimium meruere decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta.

The author of the Engliſh Commentary has a note on this paſſage, replete with fine taſte, and ſound criticiſm.

"This judgment of the poet, recommending do-
"meſtick ſubjects, as fitteſt for the ſtage, may be
"inforced from many obvious reaſons. As, 1. that
"it renders the drama infinitely more *affecting:* and
"this on many accounts. 1. As a ſubject, taken
"from our own annals, muſt of courſe carry with
"it an air of greater probability, at leaſt to the ge-
"nerality of the people, than one borrowed from

" thoſe of any other nation. 2. As we all find a " perſonal intereſt in the ſubject. 3. As it of courſe " affords the beſt and eaſieſt opportunities of catch- " ing our minds, by frequent references to our man- " ners, prejudices, and cuſtoms. And of how great " importance this is, may be learned from hence, " that, even in the exhibition of foreign charac- " ters, dramatic writers have found themſelves " obliged to ſacrifice truth and probability to the " humour of the people, and to dreſs up their per- " ſonages, contrary to their own better judgment, " in ſome degree according to the mode and man- " ners of their reſpective countries *. And, 4. as " the writer himſelf, from an intimate acquaintance " with the character and genius of his own nation,

" (*) L'etude égale des poëtes de différens tems à plaire à leurs ſpec- " tateurs, a encore influé dans la maniere de peindre les caracteres. " Ceux qui paroiſſent ſur la ſcene Angloiſe, Eſpagnols, Françoiſe, ſont " plus Anglois, Eſpagnols, ou François que Grecs ou Romains, en un " mot que ce qu'ils doivent être. Il ne faut qu'en peu de diſcernement " pour s'appercevoir que nos Céſarts et nos Achiles, en gardant même " un partie de leur charactere primitif, prennent droit de naturalité " dans le païs où ils ſont tranſplantez, ſemblables à ces portraits, qui " ſortent de la main d'un peintre Flamand, Italien, ou François, et " qui portent l'empreinte du païs. On veut plaire à ſa nation, et rien " ne plait tant que de réſemblance de manieres et de genie." P. Brumoy, " vol. i. p. 200.]

" will

" will be more likely to draw the manners with life
" and ſpirit.

" II. Next, which ſhould ever be one great point
" in view, it renders the drama more generally uſe-
" ful in its moral deſtination. For, it being con-
" verſant about domeſtic acts, the great inſtruction
" of the fable more ſenſibly affects us; and the cha-
" racters exhibited, from the part we take in their
" good or ill qualities, will more probably influence
" our conduct.

" III. Laſtly, this judgment will deſerve the
" greater regard, as the conduct recommended was,
" in fact, the practice of our great models, the Greek
" writers; in whoſe plays, it is obſervable, there
" is ſcarcely a ſingle ſcene, which lies out of the
" confines of Greece.

" But, notwithſtanding theſe reaſons, the practice
" hath, in all times, been but little followed. The
" Romans, after ſome few attempts in this way
" (from whence the poet took the occaſion of de-
" livering it as a dramatic precept), ſoon relapſed
" into their old uſe; as appears from Seneca's, and
" the titles of other plays, written in, or after the
" Auguſtan age. Succeeding times continued the
" ſame

" ſame attachment to Grecian, with the addition of " an equal fondneſs for Roman, ſubjects. The rea- " ſon in both inſtances hath been ever the ſame: that " ſtrong and early prejudice, approaching ſome- " what to adoration, in favour of the illuſtrious " names of thoſe two great ſtates. The account of " this matter is very eaſy; for their writings, as " they furniſh the buſineſs of our younger, and " the amuſement of our riper, years; and more " eſpecially make the ſtudy of all thoſe, who devote " themſelves to poetry and the ſtage, inſenſibly infix " in us an exceſſive veneration for all affairs in which " they were concerned; inſomuch, that no other " ſubjects or events ſeem conſiderable enough, or " riſe, in any proportion, to our ideas of the dignity " of the tragick ſcene, but ſuch as time and long " admiration have conſecrated in the annals of their " ſtory. Our Shakeſpeare was, I think, the firſt " that broke through this bondage of claſſical ſuper- " ſtition. And he owed this felicity, as he did ſome " others, to his want of what is called the advantage " of a learned education. Thus uninfluenced by the " weight of early prepoſſeſſion, he ſtruck at once into " the road of nature and common ſenſe: and with- " out deſigning, without knowing it, hath left us " in his hiſtorical plays, with all their anomalies,

" an

" an exacter reſemblance of the Athenian ſtage, than " is any where to be found in its moſt profeſſed ad- " mirers and copyiſts.

" I will only add, that, for the more ſucceſsful " execution of this rule of celebrating domeſtic acts, " much will depend on the æra, from whence the " ſubject is taken. Times too remote have almoſt " the ſame inconveniences, and none of the advan- " tages, which attend the ages of Greece and Rome. " And for thoſe of later date, they are too much fa- " miliarized to us, and have not as yet acquired that " venerable caſt and air, which tragedy demands, " and age only can give. There is no fixing this " point with preciſion. In the general, that æra is " the fitteſt for the poet's purpoſe, which, though " freſh enough in our minds to warm and intereſt " us in the event of the action, is yet at ſo great a " diſtance from the preſent times, as to have loſt " all thoſe mean and diſparaging circumſtances, " which unavoidably adhere to recent deeds, and, " in ſome meaſure, ſink the nobleſt modern tranſ- " actions to the level of ordinary life."

Notes on the Art of Poetry.

The

The author of the Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Pope elegantly enforces a like opinion, and obſerves that Milton left a liſt of thirty-three ſubjects for Tragedy, all taken from the Engliſh Annals.

425.——*Whether* THE GOWN *preſcrib'd a ſtyle more mean,*
Or THE INWOVEN PURPLE *rais'd the ſcene.*
Vel qui PRÆTEXTAS, *vel qui docuere* TOGATAS.

THE GOWN (*Toga*) being the common Roman habit, ſignifies *Comedy*; and THE INWOVEN PURPLE (*prætexta*) being appropriated to the higher orders, refers to *Tragedy*. *Togatæ* was alſo uſed as a general term to denote all plays, in which the habits, manners, and arguments were ROMAN; thoſe, of which the cuſtoms and ſubjects were GRÆCIAN, like the Comedies of Terence, were called *Palliatæ*.

431.—*But* YOU, *bright hopes of the Pompilian Blood,*
Never the verſe approve, &c.
Vos, O Pompilius Sanguis, &c.

The Engliſh Commentary exhibits a very juſt and correct analyſis of this portion of the Epiſtle, but

neither here, nor in any other part of it, obſerves the earneſtneſs with which the Poet, on every new topick, addreſſes his diſcourſe to *the Piſos*; a practice, that has not paſſed unnoticed by other Commentators. On this paſſage De Nores writes thus.

Vos O Pompilius Sanguis!] *Per apoſtrophen* SERMONEM CONVERTIT AD PISONES, EOS ADMONENS, UT SIBI CAVEANT *ab hujuſmodi Romanorum poetarum errore. Videtur autem* EOS AD ATTENTIONEM EXCITARE *dum ait,* VOS O! *et quæ ſequuntur.*

436.——*Becauſe* DEMOCRITUS, *&c.*

Excludit ſanos Helicone poëtas Democritus.

De Nores has a comment on this paſſage; but the ambiguity of the Latin relative renders it uncertain, how far the Critick applies particularly to *the Piſos*, except by the *Apoſtrophe* taken notice of in the laſt note. His words are theſe. *Niſi horum* DEMOCRITICORUM *opinionem Horatius hoc in loco refutaſſet, fruſtra de poeticâ facultate* IN HAC AD PISONES EPISTOLA *præcepta literis tradidiſſet, cùm arte ipſâ repudiatâ,* AB HIS *tantummodo inſaniæ & furori daretur locus.*

445.——

445.——*Which no vile* CUTBERD'S *razor'd hands profane.*
Tonſori LYCINO.

Lycinus was not only, as appears from Horace, an eminent Barber; but ſaid, by ſome, to have been created a Senator by Auguſtus, on account of his enmity to Pompey.

468.——ON NATURE'S PATTERN TOO I'LL BID HIM LOOK,
AND COPY MANNERS FROM HER LIVING BOOK.

Reſpicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo
DOCTUM IMITATOREM, *& veras hinc ducere voces.*

This precept ſeeming, at firſt ſight, liable to be interpreted as recommending *perſonal imitations*, De Nores, Dacier, and the Author of the Engliſh Commentary, all concur to inculcate the principles of Plato, Ariſtotle, and Cicero, ſhewing that the truth of repreſentation (*veræ voces*) muſt be derived from an imitation of *general nature*, not from copying *individuals*. Mankind, however, being a mere collection of *individuals*, it is impoſſible for the Poet, not to found his obſervations on particular objects; and his chief

ſkill ſeems to conſiſt in the happy addreſs, with which he is able to *generalize* his ideas, and to ſink the likeneſs of the individual in the reſemblance of univerſal nature. A great Poet, and a great Painter, have each illuſtrated this doctrine moſt happily; and with their obſervations I ſhall conclude this note.

Chacun peint avec art dans ce nouveau miroir,
S'y vit avec plaiſir, ou crut ne s'y point voir.
L'Avare des premiers rit du tableau fidele
D'un Avare, ſouvent tracé ſur ſon modéle;
Et mille fois un Fat, finement exprimé,
Méconnut le portrait, ſur lui-même formé.

BOILEAU, *L'Art Poet.* ch. iii.

"Nothing in the art requires more attention and "judgment, or more of that power of diſcrimina- "tion, which may not improperly be called Genius, "than the ſteering between general ideas and indi- "viduality; for though the body of the whole muſt "certainly be compoſed by the firſt, in order to "communicate a character of grandeur to the whole, "yet a daſh of the latter is ſometimes neceſſary to "give an intereſt. An individual model, copied "with ſcrupulous exactneſs, makes a mean ſtyle like "the Dutch; and the neglect of an actual model, "and the method of proceeding ſolely from idea, has "a ten-

" a tendency to make the Painter degenerate into a " manneriſt.

" It is neceſſary to keep the mind in repair, to " replace and refreſhen thoſe impreſſions of nature, " which are continually wearing away.

" A circumſtance mentioned in the life of Guido, " is well worth the attention of Artiſts: He was " aſked from whence he borrowed his idea of beauty, " which is acknowledged ſuperior to that of every " other Painter; he ſaid he would ſhew all the models " he uſed, and ordered a common Porter to ſit before " him, from whom he drew a beautiful countenance; " this was intended by Guido as an exaggeration of " his conduct; but his intention was to ſhew that he " thought it neceſſary to have *ſome model* of nature " before you, however you deviate from it, and " correct it from the idea which you have formed " in your mind of *perfect beauty*.

" In Painting it is far better to have a *model* even " to *depart* from, than to have nothing fixed and " certain to determine the idea: There is ſomething " then to proceed on, ſomething to be corrected; " ſo that even ſuppoſing that no part is taken, the " model has ſtill been not without uſe.

" Such habits of intercourſe with nature, will at " leaſt create that *variety* which will prevent any " one's prognoſticating what manner of work is to " be produced, on knowing the ſubject, which is the " moſt diſagreeable character an Artiſt can have."

Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Notes on Freſnoy.

482.——ALBIN'S HOPEFUL.] *Filius* ALBINI.

Albinus was ſaid to be a rich Uſurer. All that is neceſſary to explain this paſſage to the Engliſh reader, is to obſerve, that *the Roman Pound conſiſted of* TWELVE *Ounces.*

489.——*Worthy the* CEDAR *and the* CYPRESS.

The antients, for the better preſervation of their manuſcripts, rubbed them with the juice of *Cedar*, and kept them in caſes of *Cypreſs.*

498.——SHALL LAMIA IN OUR SIGHT HER SONS DEVOUR,
AND GIVE THEM BACK ALIVE THE SELF-SAME HOUR?

Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

Alluding

Alluding moſt probably to ſome Drama of the time, exhibiting ſo monſtrous and horrible an incident.

506.——THE SOSII.] Roman bookſellers.

525.——CHÆRILUS.] A wretched poet, who celebrated the actions, and was diſtinguiſhed by the patronage, of Alexander.

529.——IF HOMER SEEM TO NOD, OR CHANCE TO DREAM.]

It may not be diſagreeable to the reader to ſee what two poets of our own country have ſaid on this ſubject.

—— foul deſcriptions are offenſive ſtill,
Either for being *like*, or being *ill*.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd?
Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded Gods,
Make ſome ſuſpect he ſnores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My bluſhing Muſe with conſcious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

ROSCOMMON's *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe*.

A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
Her pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array:
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems, which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

POPE'S *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

532.——POEMS AND PICTURES ARE ADJUDG'D ALIKE.

Ut pictura poëſis.

Here ends, in my opinion, the *didactick* part of this Epiſtle; and it is remarkable that it concludes, as it begun, with a reference to the Analogy between Poetry and Painting. The arts are indeed congenial, and the ſame general principles govern both. Artiſts might collect many uſeful hints from this Epiſtle. The Lectures of the Preſident of the Royal Academy are not merely accommodated to the ſtudy of Painters; but Poets may refine their taſte, and derive the moſt valuable inſtruction, from the peruſal of thoſe judicious and elegant diſcourſes.

537.——

537.——O THOU, MY PISO'S ELDER HOPE AND PRIDE!

O MAJOR JUVENUM!

We are now arrived at that portion of the Epiſtle, which I muſt confeſs I am ſurpriſed, that any Commentator ever paſt, without obſerving the peculiar language and conduct of the Poet. There is a kind of awful affection in his manner, wonderfully calculated to move our feelings and excite our attention. The DIDACTICK and the EPISTOLARY ſtile were never more happily blended. The Poet aſſumes the air of a father adviſing his ſon, rather than of a teacher inſtructing his pupils. Many Criticks have thrown out a curſory obſervation or two, as it were extorted from them by the pointed expreſſions of the Poet: but none of them, that I have conſulted, have attempted to aſſign any reaſon, why Horace, having cloſed his particular precepts, addreſſes all the remainder of his Epiſtle, on the nature and expediency of Poetical purſuits, to *the* ELDER PISO only. I have endeavoured to give the moſt natural reaſon for this conduct; a reaſon which, if I am not deceived, renders the whole of the Epiſtle intereſting, as well as clear and conſiſtent; a reaſon which I am the more inclined to think ſubſtantial, as it confirms in great meaſure the ſyſtem of the Author of the Engliſh Commentary,

Commentary, only ſhewing *the reflections on the Drama in* THIS EPISTLE, as well as in THE EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS, to be *incidental*, rather than the *principal ſubject, and main deſign*, of the Poet.

Jaſon De Nores, in this inſtance, as in moſt others, has paid more attention to his Author, than the reſt of the Commentators. His note is as follows.

O MAJOR JUVENUM!] *Per apoſtrophen* AD MAJOREM NATU *ex Piſonibus convertis orationem. Reddit rationem quare ſummum, ac perfectiſſimum poema eſſe debeat. Utitur autem proœmio quaſi quodam ad* BENEVOLENTIAM *&* ATTENTIONEM *comparandam. Sumit autem* BENEVOLENTIAM *à patris & filii laudibus:* ATTENTIONEM, *dum ait,* " *Hoc tibi dictum tolle me-*" *mor!*" *Quaſi dicat, per aſſeverationem,* FIRMUM *omninò et* VERUM.

545.——*Boaſts not* MESSALA'S PLEADINGS, *nor is deem'd*
AULUS IN JURISPRUDENCE.

The Poet, with great delicacy, throws in a compliment to theſe diſtinguiſhed characters of his time, for their ſeveral eminence in their profeſſion. Meſſala is more than once mentioned as the friend and patron of Horace.

564.——*Forty thouſand ſeſterces a year.*

The pecuniary qualification for the Equeſtrian Order. *Cenſus equeſtrem ſummam nummorum.*

567.——*Nothing*, IN SPITE OF GENIUS, YOU'LL *commence.*
TU *nihil, invitâ dices facieſve Minervâ.*

Horace, ſays Dacier, here addreſſes the ELDER PISO, as a man of mature years and underſtanding; *and he begins with panegyrick, rather than advice, in order to ſoften the precepts he is about to lay down to him.*

The explication of De Nores is much to the ſame effect, as well as that of many other Commentators.

569.——*But if hereafter you ſhould write.*
Si quid tamen olim ſcripſeris.

This, ſays Dacier, was ſome time afterwards actually the caſe, if we may believe the old Scholiaſt, who writes that *this* PISO *compoſed Tragedies.*

570.——METIUS.] A great Critick; and ſaid to be appointed by Auguſtus as *a Judge*, to appreciate the merit of literary performances. His name and

and office are, on other occaſions, mentioned and recognized by Horace.

572.——*Weigh the work well*; AND KEEP IT BACK NINE YEARS!
NONUMQUE PREMATUR IN ANNUM!

This precept, which, like many others in the Epiſtle, is rather retailed, than invented, by Horace, has been thought by ſome Criticks rather extravagant; but it acquires in this place, as addreſſed to the ELDER PISO, a concealed archneſs, very agreeable to the Poet's ſtyle and manner. Pope has applied the precept with much humour, but with more open raillery than ſuited the writer's purpoſe in this Epiſtle.

I drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This wholeſome counſel——KEEP YOUR PIECE NINE YEARS!

VIDA, in his Poeticks, after the ſtrongeſt cenſure of careleſſneſs and precipitation, concludes with a caution againſt too exceſſive an attention to correctneſs, too frequent reviſals, and too long delay of publication. The paſſage is as elegant as judicious.

Verùm

Verùm eſto hîc etiam modus: huic imponere curæ
Neſcivere aliqui finem, medicaſque ſecandis
Morbis abſtinuiſſe manus, & parcere tandem
Immites, donec macie confectus et æger
Aruit exhauſto velut omni ſanguine fœtus,
Nativumque decus poſuit, dum plurima ubique
Deformat ſectos artus inhoneſta cicatrix.
Tuque ideo vitæ uſque memor brevioris, ubi annos
Poſt aliquot (neque enim NUMERUM, neque TEMPORA pono
CERTA tibi) addideris decoris ſatis, atque nitoris,
Rumpe moras, opus ingentem dimitte per orbem,
Perque manus, perque ora virûm permitte vagari.

POETIC. *lib.* 3.

594.——AND ON THE SACRED TABLET GRAVE THE LAW.

LEGES INCIDERE LIGNO.

Laws were originally written in verſe, and graved on wood. The Roman laws were engraved on copper. DACIER.

597.——TYRTÆUS.] An ancient Poet, who is ſaid to have been given to the Spartans as a General by the Oracle, and to have animated the Troops by his Verſes to ſuch a degree, as to be the means of their triumph over the Meſſenians, after two defeats: to

to which Roſcommon alludes in his *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

> When by impulſe from Heav'n, TYRTÆUS ſung,
> In drooping ſoldiers a new courage ſprung;
> Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
> And what two Gen'rals loſt, a Poet gain'd.

Some fragments of his works are ſtill extant. They are written in the Elegiac meaſure; yet the ſenſe is not, as in other Poets, always bound in by the Couplet; but often breaks out into the ſucceeding verſe: a practice, that certainly gives variety and animation to the meaſure; and which has been ſucceſsfully imitated in the *rhyme* of our own language by Dryden, and other good writers.

606.——*Deem then with rev'rence, &c.*

Ne forte pudori.
Sit tibi MUSA, *Lyræ ſolers, & Cantor Apollo.*

The author of the Engliſh Commentary agrees, that this noble encomium on Poetry is addreſſed to *the Piſos.* All other Commentators apply it, as ſurely the text warrants, to *the* ELDER PISO. In a long controverſial note on this paſſage, the learned Critick abovementioned alſo explains the text thus.

"In

" In fact, this whole paſſage [from *et vitæ*, &c. to " *cantor Apollo*] obliquely glances at the two ſorts of " poetry, peculiarly cultivated by himſelf, and is " an indirect apology for his own choice of them. " For 1. *vitæ monſtrata via eſt*, is the character of " his *Sermones*. And 2. all the reſt of his *Odes*," —— " I muſt add, the very terms of the Apology ſo " expreſsly define and characterize Lyrick Poetry, " that it is ſomething ſtrange, it ſhould have " eſcaped vulgar notice." There is much ingenuity in this interpretation, and it is ſupported with much learning and ability; yet I cannot think that Horace meant to conclude this fine encomium, on the dignity and excellence of the Art of Poetry, by a partial reference to the two particular ſpecies of it, that had been the objects of his own attention. The MUSE, and APOLLO, were the avowed patrons and inſpirers of Poetry in general, whether Epick, Dramatick, Civil, Moral, or Religious; all of which are enumerated by Horace in the courſe of his panegyrick, and referred to in the concluſion of it, that PISO might not for a moment think himſelf degraded by his attention to poetry.

In hoc epilogo reddit breviter rationem, quare utilitates à poetis mortalium vitæ allatas recenſuerit: ne ſcilicet

ſcilicet Piſones, ex nobiliſſimâ Calpurniorum familiâ ortos, Muſarum & Artis Poeticæ quam profitebantur, aliqnandò pœniteret.

DE NORES.

Hæc, inquit, eò recenſui, ut quàm olim res arduas poetica tractaverit, cognoſcas, & ne Muſas contemnas, atque in Poetarum referri numerum, erubeſcas.

NANNIUS.

Ne forte pudori.] *Hæc dixi,* O PISO, *ne te pudeat Poetam eſſe.*

SCHREVELIUS.

610.—WHETHER GOOD VERSE OF NATURE IS THE FRUIT,
OR RAIS'D BY ART, HAS LONG BEEN IN DISPUTE.

In writing precepts for poetry to *young perſons*, this queſtion could not be forgotten. Horace therefore, to prevent *the Piſos* from falling into a fatal error, by too much confidence in their Genius, aſſerts moſt decidedly, that Nature and Art muſt both conſpire to form a Poet. DACIER.

The

The Duke of Buckingham has taken up this ſubject very happily.

Number and *Rhyme*, and that harmonious ſound,
Which never *does* the ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are *neceſſary*, yet but *vulgar* arts;
For all in vain theſe ſuperficial parts
Contribute to the ſtructure of the whole,
Without a GENIUS too; for that's the *Soul!*
A *ſpirit*, which inſpires the work throughout,
As that of *Nature* moves the world about.

As all is dullneſs, where the *Fancy's* bad,
So, without *Judgement*, *Fancy* is but mad:
And *Judgement* has a boundleſs influence,
Not only in the choice of *words*, or *ſenſe*,
But on the *world*, on *manners*, and on *men*;
Fancy is but the *feather* of the pen:
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful part,
Which gains *the head*, while t'other wins *the heart*.

Eſſay on Poetry.

626.——*As the ſly hawker, &c.*] Various Commentators concur in marking the *perſonal* application of this paſſage.

Faithful friends are neceſſary, to appriſe a Poet of his errors: but ſuch friends are rare, and difficult

to be diſtinguiſhed by rich and powerful Poets, *like* THE PISOS. DACIER.

PISONEM *admonet, ut minime hoc genus divitum poetarum imitetur, neminemque vel jam pranſum, aut donatum, ad ſuorum carminum emendationem admittat.* NEQUE ENIM POTERIT ILLE NON VEHEMENTER LAUDARE, ETIAMSI VITUPERANDA VIDEANTUR. DE NORES.

In what ſenſe Roſcommon, the Tranſlator of this Epiſtle, underſtood this paſſage, the following lines from another of his works will teſtify.

I pity from my ſoul unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to proſtitute their pen:
Who muſt, like lawyers, either ſtarve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead:
But you, POMPILIAN, *wealthy, pamper'd Heirs,*
Who to your country owe your ſwords and cares,
Let no vain hope your eaſy mind ſeduce!
For *rich ill poets* are without excuſe.
'Tis very dang'rous, *tamp'ring* with a Muſe;
The profit's ſmall, and you have much to loſe:
For tho' *true wit* adorns your birth, or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.

Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

630.—*But*

630.——*But if he keeps a table, &c.*——*Si vero eſt, unctum, &c.*

"Here (ſays *Dacier*) the Poet pays, *en paſſant*, a "very natural and delicate compliment to *the Piſos.*" The drift of the Poet is evident, but I cannot diſcover the compliment.

636.—*Is there a man, to whom you've given ought,*
Or mean to give?

TU, *ſeu donaris, &c.*

Here the Poet adviſes THE ELDER PISO never to read his verſes to a man, to whom he has made a promiſe, or a preſent: a venal friend cannot be a good Critick; he will not ſpeak his mind freely to his patron; but, like a corrupt judge, betray truth and juſtice for the ſake of intereſt. DACIER.

650.—*Kings have been ſaid to ply repeated bowls, &c.*

Reges dicuntur, &c.

Regum exemplo PISONES ADMONET, *ut neminem admittant ad ſuorum carminum emendationem, niſi prius optimè cognitum, atque perſpectum.* DE NORES.

657.——QUINTILIUS.] The Poet *Quintilius Varus*, the relation and intimate friend of Virgil and Horace; of whom the latter lamented his death in a pathetick and beautiful Ode, ſtill extant in his works. Quintilius appears to have been ſome time dead, at the time of our Poet's writing this Epiſtle.

DACIER.

QUINTILIUS.] *Deſcriptis adulatorum moribus & conſuetudine, affert optimi & ſapientiſſimi judicis exemplum: Quintilii ſcilicet, qui tantæ erat authoritatis apud Romanos, ut* EI VIRGILII OPERA AUGUSTUS TRADIDERIT EMENDANDA. DE NORES.

666.——THE MAN, IN WHOM GOOD SENSE AND HONOUR JOIN.

It particularly ſuited Horace to paint the ſevere and rigid judge of compoſition. Pope's plan admitted ſofter colours in his draught of a true Critick.

But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere:

Who

Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?

Eſſay on Criticiſm.

686.——WHILE WITH HIS HEAD ERECT HE THREATS THE SKIES.

"Horace, (ſays *Dacier*) diverts himſelf with deſcribing the folly of a Poet, whom his flatterers have driven mad." *To whom* the caution againſt flatterers was addreſſed, has before been obſerved by *Dacier*. This deſcription therefore, growing immediately out of that caution, muſt be conſidered as addreſſed *to* THE ELDER PISO.

701.—*Leap'd* COLDLY *into Ætna's burning mount.*
Ardentem FRIGIDUS *Ætnam inſiluit.*

This is but a cold conceit, not much in the uſual manner of Horace.

712.—*Whether, the victim of inceſtuous love,*
THE *blaſted* MONUMENT *he ſtriv'd to move.*
An TRISTE BIDENTAL *moverit inceſtus.*

The BIDENTAL was a place that had been ſtruck with lightning, and afterwards expiated by the erection of an altar and the ſacrifice of ſheep; *hoſtiis* BIDENTIBUS; from which it took its name. The removal or diſturbance of this ſacred monument was deemed ſacrilege; and the attempt, a ſuppoſed judgment from heaven, as a puniſhment for ſome heavy crime.

720.——HANGS ON HIM, NE'ER TO QUIT, WITH CEASELESS SPEECH.
TILL GORG'D, AND FULL OF BLOOD, A VERY LEECH.

The Engliſh Commentary introduces the explication of the laſt hundred and eleven lines of this Epiſtle, the lines which, I think, determine the ſcope and intention of the whole, in the following manner.

"Having made all the reaſonable allowances "which a writer could expect, he (Horace) goes "on to enforce *the general inſtruction of this part*, "*viz.* A DILIGENCE IN WRITING, by ſhewing "[from l. 366 to 379] that a *mediocrity*, however "tolerable, or even commendable, it might be in "other arts, would never be allowed in this."——

"This

" This reflection leads him with great advantage " [from l. 379 to 391] to *the general conclusion in* " *view*, *viz.* that as none but excellent poetry will " be allowed, it should be a warning to writers, " HOW THEY ENGAGE IN IT WITHOUT ABILITIES; " OR PUBLISH WITHOUT SEVERE AND FREQUENT " CORRECTION."

If the learned Critick here means that " *the ge-* " *neral instruction of this part*, *viz.* A DILIGENCE " IN WRITING, is chiefly inculcated, for the sake " of *the general conclusion in view*, a warning to " writers, HOW THEY ENGAGE IN POETRY WITH- " OUT ABILITIES, OR PUBLISH WITHOUT SEVERE " AND FREQUENT CORRECTION;" if, I say, a dissuasive from unadvised attempts, and precipitate publication, is conceived to be the main purpose and design of the Poet, we perfectly agree concerning this last, and important portion of the Epistle: with this addition, however, on my part, that such a dissuasive is not merely *general*, but *immediately* and *personally* directed and applied to *the* ELDER PISO; and that too in the strongest terms that words can afford, and with a kind of affectionate earnestness, particularly expressive of the Poet's desire to awaken and arrest his young friend's attention.

I have endeavoured, after the example of the learned and ingenious author of the Engliſh Commentary, though on ſomewhat different principles, to prove "an unity of deſign in this Epiſtle," as well as to illuſtrate "the pertinent connection of its ſeveral "parts." Many perhaps, like myſelf, will heſitate to embrace the ſyſtem of that acute Critick; and as many, or more, may reject my hypotheſis. But I am thoroughly perſuaded that no perſon, who has conſidered this work of Horace with due attention, and carefully examined the drift and intention of the writer, but will at leaſt be convinced of the folly or blindneſs, or haſte and careleſſneſs of thoſe Criticks, however diſtinguiſhed, who have pronounced it to be a crude, unconnected, immethodical, and inartificial compoſition. No modern, I believe, ever more intently ſtudied, or more clearly underſtood the works of Horace, than BOILEAU. His Art of Poetry is deſervedly admired. But I am ſurpriſed that it has never been obſerved that the Plan of that work is formed on the model of this Epiſtle, though ſome of the parts are more in detail, and others varied, according to the age and country of the writer. The firſt Canto, like the firſt Section of *the Epiſtle to the Piſos*, is taken up in general precepts. The ſecond enlarges on the Lyrick, and Elegiack,

Elegiack, and ſmaller ſpecies of Poetry, but curſorily mentioned, or referred to, by Horace; but introduced by him into that part of the Epiſtle, that runs exactly parallel with the ſecond Canto of Boileau's Art of Poetry. The third Canto treats, entirely on the ground of Horace, of Epick and Dramatick Poetry; though the French writer has, with great addreſs, accommodated to his purpoſe what Horace has ſaid but collaterally, and as it were incidentally, of the Epick. The laſt Canto is formed on the final ſection, the laſt hundred and eleven lines, of *the Epiſtle to the Piſos:* the author however, judiciouſly omitting in a profeſſed Art of Poetry, the deſcription of the Frantick Bard, and concluding his work, like the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, with a compliment to the Sovereign.

This imitation I have not pointed out, in order to depreciate the excellent work of Boileau; but to ſhew that, in the judgment of ſo great a writer, the method of Horace was not ſo ill conceived, as Scaliger pretends, even for the outline of an Art of Poetry: Boileau himſelf, at the very concluſion of his laſt Canto, ſeems to avow and glory in the charge of having founded his work on that of HORACE.

Pour

Pour moi, qui juſq'ici nourri dans la Satire,
N'oſe encor manier la Trompette & la Lyre;
Vous me verrez pourtant, dans ce champ glorieux,
Vous animez du moins de la voix & des yeux;
Vous offrir ces leçons, que má Muſe au Parnaſſe,
Rapporta, jeune encor, DU COMMERCE D'HORACE,

BOILEAU.

After endeavouring to vouch ſo ſtrong a teſtimony, in favour of Horace's *unity* and *order*, from France, it is but candid to acknowledge that two of the moſt popular Poets, of our own country, were of a contrary opinion. Dryden, in his dedication of his tranſlation of the Æneid to Lord Mulgrave, author of the Eſſay on Poetry, writes thus. "In this addreſs to your Lordſhip, I deſign not a treatiſe of "Heroick Poetry, but write *in a looſe Epiſtolary way*, "ſomewhat tending to that ſubject, *after the example of Horace*, in his firſt Epiſtle of the 2d "Book to Auguſtus Cæſar, *and of that* TO THE "PISOS; which we call his ART OF POETRY. In "both of which *he obſerves* NO METHOD *that I can* "*trace*, whatever Scaliger the Father, or Heinſius "may have ſeen, *or rather* THINK *they had ſeen*. I "have taken up, laid down, and reſumed as often "as I pleaſed the ſame ſubject: and this looſe proceeding I ſhall uſe through all this Prefatory "Dedication.

" Dedication. *Yet all this while I have been ſailing* " *with ſome ſide-wind or other toward the point I pro-* " *poſed in the beginning.*" The latter part of the compariſon, if the compariſon is meant to hold throughout, as well as the words, " *ſomewhat tend-* " *ing to that ſubject,*" ſeem to qualify the reſt; as if Dryden only meant to diſtinguiſh the *looſe* EPISTOLARY *way* from the formality of a *Treatiſe*. However this may be, had he ſeen the *Chart*, framed by the author of the Engliſh Commentary, or that now delineated, perhaps he might have allowed, that Horace not only made towards his point with ſome ſide-wind or other, but proceeded by an eaſy navigation and tolerably plain ſailing.

Many paſſages of this Dedication, as well as other pieces of Dryden's proſe, have been verſified by Pope. His opinion alſo, on the Epiſtle to the Piſos, is ſaid to have agreed with that of Dryden; though the Introduction to his Imitation of the Epiſtle to Auguſtus forbids us to ſuppoſe he entertained the like ſentiments of that work with his great predeceſſor. His general idea of Horace ſtands recorded in a moſt admirable didactick poem; in the courſe of which he ſeems to have kept a ſteady eye on this work of our author.

Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And WITHOUT METHOD *talks* us into ſenſe;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way;
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Criticks take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
NOR SUFFERS HORACE MORE IN WRONG TRANSLATIONS
By Wits, THAN CRITICKS IN AS WRONG QUOTATIONS.

Eſſay on Criticiſm.

☞ I have now compleated my obſervations on this popular Work of Horace, of which I at firſt attempted the verſion and illuſtration, as a matter of amuſement; but which, I confeſs, I have felt, in the progreſs, to be an arduous undertaking, and a laborious taſk. Such parts of the Epiſtle, as correſponded with the general ideas of Modern Poetry, and the Modern Drama, I flattered myſelf with the hopes of rendering tolerable to the Engliſh Reader; but

but when I arrived at thoſe paſſages, wholly relative to the Antient Stage, I began to feel my friends dropping off, and leaving me a very thin audience. My part too grew leſs agreeable, as it grew more difficult. I was almoſt confounded in the ſerio-comick ſcenes of the Satyrick Piece: In the muſical department I was ready, with Le Fevre, to execrate the Flute, and all the Commentators on it; and when I found myſelf reduced to ſcan the merits and demerits of Spondees and Trimeters, I almoſt fancied myſelf under the dominion of ſome *plagoſus Orbilius*, and tranſlating the *proſodia* of the Latin Grammar. Borrowers and Imitators cull the ſweets, and ſuck the claſſick flowers, rejecting at pleaſure all that appear ſour, bitter, or unpalatable. Each of them travels at his eaſe in the high turnpike-road of poetry, quoting the authority of Horace himſelf to keep clear of difficulties;

——————————— *et quæ*
Deſperat tractata nitescere poſſe, relinquit.

A tranſlator muſt ſtick cloſe to his Author, follow him up hill and down dale, over hedge and ditch, tearing his way after his leader thro' the thorns and brambles of literature, ſometimes loſt, and often benighted.

A maſter

A maſter I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun!

The reader, I fear, will fancy I rejoice too much at having broke looſe from my bondage, and that I grow wanton with the idea of having regained my liberty. I ſhall therefore engage an advocate to recommend me to his candour and indulgence; and as I introduced theſe notes with ſome lines from a noble Poet of our own country, I ſhall conclude them with an extract from a French Critick: Or, if I may ſpeak the language of my *trade*, as I opened theſe annotations with a *Prologue* from ROSCOMMON, I ſhall drop the curtain with *an Epilogue* from DACIER. Another curtain now demands my attention. I am called from the contemplation of Antient Genius, to ſacrifice, with due reſpect, to Modern Taſte: I am ſummoned from a review of the magnificent ſpectacles of Greece and Rome, to the rehearſal of a Farce at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

"Voila tout ce que j'ai cru neceſſaire pour l'in-
"telligence de la Poetique d'Horace! ſi Jule Sca-
"liger l'avoit bien entendue, il lui auroit rendu plus
"de juſtice, & en auroit parlé plus modeſtement.
"Mais

" Mais il ne s'eſtoit pas donnê la temps de le bien
" comprendre. Ce Livre eſtoit trop petit pour eſtre
" gouté d'un homme comme lui, qui faiſoit grand
" cas des gros volumes, & qui d'ailleurs aimoit bien
" mieux donner des regles que d'en recevoir. Sa
" Poetique eſt aſſurément un ouvrage d'une erudition
" infinie ; on y trouve par tout des choſes fort re-
" cherchées, & elle eſt toute pleine de ſaillies qui
" marquent beaucoup d'eſprit : mais j'oſerai dire
" qu'il n'y a point de juſteſſe dans la pluſpart de ſes
" jugemens, & que ſa critique n'eſt pas heureuſe.
" Il devoit un peu plus etudier ces grands maîtres,
" pour ſe corriger de ce defaut, qui rendra toujours
" le plus grand ſavoir inutile, ou au moins rude &
" ſec. Comme un homme delicat etanchera mille
" fois mieux ſa ſoif, & boira avec plus de goût &
" de plaiſir dans un ruiſſeau dont les eaux ſeront
" clairs & pures, que dans un fleuve plein de bourbe
" & de limon : tout de même, un eſprit fin qui ne
" cherche que la juſteſſe & une certaine fleur de
" critique, trouvera bien mieux ſon compte dans ce
" petite traité d'Horace, qu'il ne le trouverait dans
" vingt volumes auſſi enormes que la Poetique de
" Scaliger. On peut dire veritablement que celuy
" qui boit dans cette ſource pure, *pleno ſe proluit*
" *auro* ; & tant pis pour celuy qui ne ſait pas le
" connnoiſtre.

" connoiſtre. Pour moi j'en ai un tres grand cas. " Je ne ſay ſi j'auray eſté aſſez heureux pour la bien " éclaircir, & pour en diſſiper ſi bien toutes les dif- " ficultés, qu'il n'y en reſte aucune. Les plus " grandes de ces difficultés, viennent des paſſages " qu'Horace a imité des Grecs, ou des alluſions " qu'il y a faites. Je puis dire au moins que je n'en " ay laiſſé paſſer aucune ſans l'attaquer ; & je pour- " rois me vanter,

——— *nec tela nec ullas*
Vitaviſſe vices Danaum.

" En general je puis dire que malgré la foule des " Commentateurs & des Traducteurs, Horace eſtoit " tres-malentendu, & que ſes plus beaux endroits " eſtoient défigurés par les mauvais ſens qu'on leur " avoit donnés juſques icy, & il ne faut pas s'en " étonner. La pluſpart des gens ne reconnoiſſent " pas tant l'autorité de la raiſon que celle du grand " nombre, pour laquelle ils ont un profond reſpect. " Pour moy qui ſay qu'en matiere de critique on ne " doit pas comptez les voix, mais les peſer ; j'avoüe " que j'ay ſecoüé ce joug, & *que ſans m'aſſujetir* " *au ſentiment de perſonne, j'ay tâché de ſuivre Ho-* " *race, & de démêler ce qu'il a dit d'avec ce qu'on* " *luy a fait dire.* J'ay meſme toûjours remarqué " (& j'en

" & j'en pourrois donner des exemples bien ſenſibles)
" que quand des eſprits accoûtumés aux cordes,
" comme dit Montagne, & qui n'oſent tenter de
" franches allures, enterprennent de traduire & de
" commenter ces excellens Ouvrages, *où il y a plus*
" *de fineſſe & plus de myſtere qu'il n'en paroiſt*, tout
" leur travail ne fait que les gâter, & que la ſeule
" vertu qu'ayent leur copies, c'eſt de nous dégoûter
" preſque des originaux. Comme j'ay pris la liberté
" de juger du travail de ceux qui m'ont précedé, &
" que je n'ay pas fait difficulté de les condamner tres-
" ſouvent, je declare que je ne trouveray nullement
" mauvais qu'on juge du mien, & qu'on releve mes
" fautes: il eſt difficile qu'il n'y en ait, & meſme
" beaucoup; ſi quelqu'un veut donc ſe donner la
" peine de me reprendre, & de me faire voir que j'ay
" mal pris le ſens, je me corrigeray avec plaiſir: car
"JE NE CHERCHE QUE LA VERITE, QUI N'A JA-
" MAIS BLESSE PERSONNE: AU LIEU QU'ON SE
" TROUVE TOUJOURS MAL DE PERSISTER DANS SON
" IGNORANCE ET DANS SON ERREUR."

DACIER.

VERSE
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

THE POETS,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi!
Atque idem jungat vulpes, & mulgeat hircos.

VIRGIL.

Tuesday, December 26, 1769.

WHERE Hackney Ladies take their nightly stand,
And Cath'rine Street runs foul into the Strand,
K——ck, with self-importance swelling high,
Caught Isaac B——ff's felonious eye:
Each scowl'd awhile on each, and neither spoke,
'Till Isaac thus the sullen silence broke.

B. Is it thou, William?

K. William is my name.

Shakespeare was William call'd, and I the same.
His Name I bear, and bear his Talents too:
Shakespeare drew Falstaff,—Falstaff K——ck drew;

Rais'd the Fat Knight by his creative brain,
And warm'd the Mummy into life again.

B. Thou vie with Shakeſpeare? Thou Supreme
of Fools!
Thou Prince of Coxcombs! Maker of Braſs Rules!
Whoſe mind no Science lights, no Muſe inſpires,
But Hunger whets, Pride bloats, and Envy fires:
Hence rumbling, grumbling, made of filth and noiſe,
Thou ſcar'ſt Old Women, Bookſellers, and Boys:
Senſe ſtops the noſe, Wit winks, and Fools admire,
While—crack, fiz, bounce!—You in a ſtink expire.
On Settle, Dennis, Durfey, graft thy Fame,
But blend not with thine own great Shakeſpeare's
Name!
Trouble the Ghoſt of honeſt Jack no further,
Whom Shakeſpeare kill'd to ſtop his future murther!

K. What, if theſe glories tamely I reſign,
Think, Iſaac B——ff, the fate of thine!
When good Queen Anna rul'd the Britiſh land,
Genius and B——ff went hand in hand:
Swift, Steele, and Addiſon, then wore the name,
And made it known to Humour and to Fame.
But Time and Chance that William threw on me,
Have blaſted Iſaac B——ff in Thee!

On

On what baſe wretches names may fall at laſt!
Oh how unlike the preſent and the paſt!
Still brewing thy Rhetorical Small-Beer,
Thou ſerv'ſt the Town a Kilderkin each year;
Feed'ſt, like a Hog, upon Dramatick Grains;
And draw'ſt the taplaſh of another's brains.
Charles Johnſon, Parſon Miller, with a train
Of Playwrights long forgot in Drury Lane;
See their laſt dregs into the Maſh-tub caſt,
To work up Village Loves, and ſtrengthen Dr. Laſt.

More and much more the warring Poets ſaid,
When Griffin iſſued forth from Garrick's Head.
End, end your Strife, he cried; come in, and dine!
Mince-pyes invite, plump Turkey, and fat Chine.
On Johnſon, Goldſmith, Reynolds, vent your rage;
Attack the Arts, Church, Army, Bar or Stage!
Join in the Cheer a merry Chriſtmas ſends,
Write Grub-ſtreet Chronicles, and live good Friends!

AN EXTEMPORE, ON SETTING OUT FOR BATH.

Dec. 31, 1785.

WHAT! Palsy and Gout both at once on my back?
Alas, on a Dwarf what a Giant Attack!
Even comforts themselves as new plagues I endure,
When the Palsy's my ill, and the Gout is my cure.

Richmond, Dec. 19, 1785. G. C.

A FRENCH MAXIM IN PROSE.

February 11, 1786.

LA Marriage est une chose tres serieuse; on ne peut pas trop penser. Heureux celui qui pense toute sa vie!

IMITATED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

"Wife, or No Wife?"—A serious doubt indeed!
We cannot pause too long ere we proceed:
Thrice happy He, that ponders on a Wife,
Who pauses long, and pauses all his Life!

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

March 9, 1786.

NOSSES jocoſæ dulce cum ſacrum Floræ,
Cur in theatrum, Cato ſevere, veniſti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

TRANSLATION.

Knowing the Farce on Flora's Feſtal Day,
Why, rigid Cato, cam'ſt thou to the Play?
Foe to the Drama, cam'ſt thou to perplex it,
Or but to make thy Entrance and thy *Exit?*

THE LAUREAT.

AN ODE.

April 11, 1786.

I.

WARTON, I know you'll ne'er repine
That Witlings carp at ev'ry line,
And with your Lyricks quarrel.
Alas! from Party, Spite, or Whim,
Such ever is the fate of Him
Who boasts the Royal Laurel.

II.

That Laurel, once by Dryden worn!
But since by many Dunces borne,
Each rival Dunce cry'd fie on!
The boasted Laurel was they said,
No more than a poor *P——ſs-a-bed*,
At Court call'd DAUN-DE-LION.

III.

For scenes of Comedy renown'd,
And justly for his Acting crown'd,
The Prince of Fops and Folly;

Nor Kings, nor Poetry regarding,
And writing Odes not worth one farthing,
Long liv'd the Laureat Colly.

IV.

Him Pope aſſail'd, by Legions back'd,
And often to his couplets tack'd
The name of *Idle Cibber*:
Yet *Coll*, unſkill'd in long and ſhort,
Made in plain Proſe a ſmart Retort,
To Pope a damn'd *Grim-Gribber* *.

V.

Will. Whitehead bad the reign commence
Of Birth-Day Odes and Common-Senſe:
And there his efforts reſted:
True Poetry, by Genius fir'd,
Billy's cold boſom ne'er inſpir'd;
For *Bill* was chicken-breaſted.

VI.

WARTON, on Greek and Roman Baſe,
Reſcued the Laurel from diſgrace,
With Fame no foes ſhall hinder.
Bleſt with the gift of ev'ry tongue,
Themes Royal Royally he ſung,
A HORACE and a PINDAR!

* *Grim Gribber*. See Tom's Law Jargon in the Conſcious Lovers: "I touched him to the quick about *Grim Gribber*."

From

From the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, *May* 25, 1786.

To the Printer of the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

SIR,

WERE we to analyſe the Literary Merits of Dr. Johnſon, perhaps an accurate Critick would aſcribe his higheſt praiſe to his labours in Biography. In that branch, one of his firſt, and moſt ſplendid efforts, was the Life of Savage. This idea might be purſued with no ſmall degree of entertainment and inſtruction. At preſent, however, I ſhall only ſay, that this train of thought gave birth to the following Epigram, which (if you pleaſe) you may hitch into your Poet's Corner.

EPIGRAM.

THEE, Johnſon, both dead and alive we may note
In the fam'd Biographical Line:
When living the Life of a Savage you wrote,
Now many a Savage writes thine.

A POST-

A
POSTHUMOUS WORK OF S. JOHNSON.
AN ODE.

April 15, 1786.

I.

ST. Paul's deep bell, from ſtately tow'r
Had ſounded once and twice the hour,
Blue burnt the midnight taper;
Hags their dark ſpells o'er cauldron brew'd,
While Sons of Ink their work purſu'd,
Printing the Morning Paper.

II.

Say *Herald*, *Chronicle*, or *Poſt*,
Which then beheld great JOHNSON's Ghoſt,
Grim, horrible, and ſqualid?
Compoſitors their letters dropt,
Preſſmen their groaning engine ſtopt,
And Devils all grew pallid.

III.

Enough, the Spectre cried! Enough!
No more of your fugacious ſtuff,
Trite Anecdotes and Stories!
Rude martyrs of SAM JOHNSON's name,
You rob him of his honeſt fame,
And tarniſh all his glories.

IV.

Firſt in the futile tribe is ſeen
TOM TYERS in the Magazine,
That teazer of Apollo!
With gooſe-quill he, like deſperate knife,
Slices, as Vauxhall beef, my life,
And calls the town to ſwallow.

V.

The cry once up, the Dogs of News,
Who hunt for paragraphs the ſtews,
Yelp out JOHNSONIANA!
Their nauſeous praiſe but moves my bile,
Like Tartar, Cardnus, Camomile,
Or Ipecacuanha.

VI.

Next BOSWELL comes (for 'twas my lot
To find at laſt *one* honeſt Scot)
With conſtitutional vivacity,

Yet,

Yet, garrulous, he tells too much,
On fancied-failings prone to touch,
With ſedulous loquacity.

VII.

At length—Job's patience it would tire—
Brew'd on my lees, comes THRALE's *Entire*,
Straining to draw my picture
For She a common-place-book kept,
JOHNSON at Streatham din'd and ſlept,
And who ſhall contradict her?

VIII.

THRALE, loſt 'mongſt Fidlers and *Sopranos*,
With them play *Fortes* and *Pianos*,
Adagio and *Allegro!*
I lov'd THRALE's widow and THRALE's wife;
But now, believe, to write my life
I'd rather truſt my Negro. *

IX.

I gave the Publick works of merit,
Written with vigour, fraught with ſpirit;
Applauſe crown'd all my labours.
But thy deluſive pages ſpeak
My palſied pow'rs, exhauſted, weak,
The ſcoff of friends and neighbours.

* His Black Servant

X.

X.

They ſpeak me inſolent and rude,
Light, trivial, puerile, and crude,
The child of Pride and Vanity;
Poor Tuſcan-like Improviſation
Is but of Engliſh ſenſe caſtration,
And infantine inanity.

XI.

Such idle rhymes, like Sybil's leaves,
Kindly the ſcatt'ring wind receives;
The gath'rer proves a ſcorner.
But hold! I ſee the coming day!
—The Spectre ſaid, and ſtalk'd away
To ſleep in POETS' CORNER.

PSALM

PSALM XXXIX.

IMITATED IN BLANK VERSE.

MDCCLXXVI.

I Will take heed, I ſaid, I will take heed,
Nor treſpaſs with my tongue; will keep my mouth
As with a bridle, while the ſinner's near.
—Silent I mus'd, and ev'n from good refrain'd;
But, full of pangs, my heart was hot within me,
The lab'ring fire burſt forth, and loos'd my tongue.

Lord, let me know the meaſure of my days,
Make me to know how weak, how frail I am!
My days are as a ſpan, mine age as nothing,
And Man is altogether Vanity.
Man walketh in an empty ſhade; in vain
Diſquieting his ſoul, he heaps up riches,
Knowing not who ſhall gather them. And now
Where reſts my Hope, O Lord? It reſts in THEE.
Forgive me mine offences! Make me not
A ſcorn unto the fooliſh! I was dumb,
And open'd not my mouth, for 'twas Thy doing.

Oh take thy ſtroke away! Thy hand deſtroys me.
When with rebukes thou chaſt'neſt man for ſin,
Thou mak'ſt his beauty to conſume away:
Diſtemper preys upon him, as a moth
Fretting a garment. Ah, what then is Man?
Every Man living is but Vanity!
Hear, hear my pray'r, O Lord! oh, hear my Cry!
Fity my Tears! for I am in Thy ſight
But as a ſtranger, and a ſojourner,
As all my fathers were. Oh, ſpare me then,
Though but a little, to regain my ſtrength,
Ere I be taken hence, and ſeen no more!

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO PHILASTER.

Revived on the first Appearance of Mr. POWELL,

Spoken by MR. KING.

MDCCLXIII.

WHILE Modern Tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought Fable, Act by Act,
We dare to bring you one of those bold Plays
Wrote by rough English Wits in former days;
Beaumont and Fletcher! those Twin Stars, that run
Their glorious course round Shakespeare's golden Sun;
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,
Or Bessus walk'd the Stage by Falstaff's side.
Their Souls, well-pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twin'd the social Bayes,
Till Fashion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from Court, and Nature from the Stage.
Then Nonsense, in Heroicks, seem'd sublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in Rhime.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A Hash from Greece and France, came Modern Taste.

Cold are her ſons, and ſo afraid of dealing
In Rant and Fuſtian, they ne'er riſe to Feeling.
O ſay, ye Bards of Phlegm, ſay, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?
Say, where's the Poet, train'd in Pedant Schools,
Equal to Shakeſpeare, who o'erleap'd all Rules?

Thus of our Bards, we boldly ſpeak our mind;
A harder taſk, alas, remains behind:
To-night, as yet by publick eyes unſeen,
A raw, unpractis'd Novice, fills the Scene.
Bred in the City, his Theatrick Star
Brings him at length, on this ſide Temple-Bar;
Smit with the Muſe, the Ledger he forgot,
And when he wrote his name, he made a blot.
Him while perplexing hopes and fears embarraſs,
Skulking (like Hamlet's Rat) *behind the Arras*,
Me a Dramatick fellow-feeling draws,
Without a fee, to plead a Brother's Cauſe.
Genius is rare; and while our Great Comptroller,
No more a Manager, turns Arrant-Stroller,
Let new adventurers your care engage,
And nurſe the Infant Saplings of the Stage!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE TO THE FAIRY TALE,

Spoken by Miſs HOPKINS *in the Character of the Fairy Page, at* Drury Lane Theatre, May 23, 1764.

LADIES, behold a Female Page!
I've been Six Months upon the Stage,
And am almoſt Five Years of Age.
To-night Papa, Mama, thought fit
To ſend me, at their Benefit,
To thank the Galleries, Boxes, Pit.
Me in this habit oft you've ſeen,
Train-bearer to the Fairy Queen:
'Tis power all our ſex bewitches;
And I'm reſolv'd to wear the breeches.
At preſent, as you ſee full well,
I am an Actreſs in the Shell:
But by-and-by, a tender Chicken,
You'll find me,—very pretty picking.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, April 30, 1765.

By Miſs HOPKINS *a Child of Six Years old, at the Benefit of Mr.* HOPKINS, *Prompter, and Mrs.* HOPKINS.

Enter, ſpeaking to Mr. HOPKINS *at the Stage Door.*

NAY—but I muſt.—I muſt, indeed, Papa!
Pray, let me go! what ſignifies Mama?—

Coming forward Curtſies.

Your Servant, Gentlemen! your Servant, Ladies!
Papa's the *Prompter*—but to *Act* my Trade is:
And though my ſize is ſmall, my years but few,
I'll warrant, he ſhall find *I know my Cue.*

Females of ev'ry Age have leave to tattle;
Why may not I then, like my elders, prattle?
Mama indeed cries, "Huſh, you little Elf!
"Prithee be ſilent!—I'll talk all myſelf."

—But

—But let her know, my Tongue as hers is nimble,
And I had rather uſe it than my Thimble;
Had rather goſſip, ſpeak a part, or wheedle,
Than darn, or wound my fingers with a needle.
A Sempſtreſs? No. A Princeſs let me be,
In all the pomp and ſtate of Tragedy!
A Princeſs, with a Page, and ſweeping Train,
A Bowl, a Dagger, and a Lover ſlain!
Oh how I'll rant! how loud I'll be, and glibber
Than Yates, or Pritchard, Bellamy, or Cibber!
If for the Buſkin you object my ſize,
Why Garrick's little—but has piercing Eyes.
And ſo have I—But I'm too young you'll ſay.
Ah, Sirs! I ſhall grow older ev'ry day:
And they that now my faint endeavours ſpare,
Miſs in her Teens ſhall thank them for their care.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. SHUTER, *at the Opening of the* Old Theatre, *at* Richmond, *on* Saturday, June 6, 1767.

WELCOME, ye Generous, Polite, and Fair,
Who to our lowly Roof this Night repair!
Who come, invited by our humble Bill,
To the Old Theatre on Richmond Hill;
Where to thoſe gueſts, whoſe raſte not over-nice is,
We ſerve up common fare—at common prices.

No Cornice here, no Frieze to feaſt your eyes,
No Galleries on Dorick Pillars riſe;
No gaudy Paintings on the Roof we deal in,
To break your Necks with looking tow'rds the Cieling;
No Theatre we boaſt ſuperbly built,
A Gingerbread Round O, a Cock-pit gilt;
But a plain Booth, of Boards ill put together,
To raiſe a Stage, and keep out Wind and Weather.

Yet

Yet here ſhall Heroes in their Buſkins ſtalk,
And Shakeſpeare's Ghoſts in this ſmall Circle walk;
Here Tragedy ſhall take three narrow Strides;
And laughing Comedy hold both her Sides:
Here ſhall the Moor ſay—"Haply for I am black!"
And here plump Falſtaff—"Give me a Cup of Sack,"
Here Bobadill ſhall don his dirty Buff,
And cry—"the Cabin is convenient enough."

Ovid (by thoſe who read him I am told)
Says, one Philemon feaſted Jove of old:
With Flitch of Bacon did the God regale,
While Goody Baucis fill'd the Jug of Ale!
—For Baucis and Philemon, 'tis well known,
Were of thoſe days the Darby and Old Joan.—
In Wicker-Chair well-pleas'd the Thunderer ſat,
Laugh'd, ſung, drank, ſmok'd, and join'd their ruſtick chat:
The naked rafters view'd not with diſdain,
Nor ſat beneath the humble Thatch in pain.

Thus, while you deign to viſit our poor Cottage,
And kindly taſte of our Dramatick Pottage,
We, all intent to ſhew our Zeal and Love,
Shall each a Baucis or Philemon prove,
And every gueſt ſhall ſeem to us—a Jove!

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. POWELL *at the closing of the* Theatre Royal, *in* Covent-Garden, *on* Saturday, June 4, 1768, *being the Anniversary of His Majesty's Birth-Day.*

LET us, ere yet we finish our career,
And close the labours of the circling year,
Due homage to our Royal Master pay,
And hail with Plaudits this auspicious Day!
His Birth distinguish'd this illustrious Morn:
His Birth, who boasts HE WAS A BRITON BORN.

Tyrants, whose vassals tremble and obey,
Feel the poor triumphs of despotick sway.
The hated Sov'reign, with imperious awe,
Issues his Edicts, and proclaims them Law;
While Superstition, grim and savage Maid,
Rivets the cruel fetters Law has made.

Empire like this a Britiſh King diſdains:
O'er a free nation, which he loves, he reigns;
The Monarch's Pow'r upholds the People's Right,
And Liberty and Loyalty unite.

Thrice happy Britain, on whoſe Sea-girt Iſle,
Freedom and Commerce, Guardian Angels, ſmile!
O may each ſubject with his Monarch prove,
The virtuous raptures of his country's love!
Hail, like his King, each happy native morn;
And boaſt, like him, HE WAS A BRITON BORN!

OCCASIONAL

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

On the Appearance of Miſs MORRIS in the Character of JULIET, at the THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT GARDEN.

Spoken by Mr. POWELL.

MDCCLXVIII.

WHEN frighten'd Poets give the Town a Play,
Some bold or gentle Prologue leads the way:
But when new Players their weak powers engage,
And riſque their future fortunes on the ſtage;
No Bard appears to plead their deſp'rate cauſe,
To ſilence cenſure, or beſpeak applauſe.
Authors too cautious to direct your choice,
Mere empty echoes of the publick voice,
With leſs Poetick Fire than Critick Phlegm,
Praiſe as you praiſe, and blame what you condemn.

Actors, as Actors feel; and few ſo fear'd,
But well remember when they firſt appear'd;
When ſudden tumult ſhook the lab'ring breaſt,
With Hope, and Fear, and Shame at once poſſeſt;
When the big tear ſtood trembling in the eye,
And the breath ſtruggled with the riſing ſigh.

To-night a trembling Juliet fills the Scene,
Fearful as young, and *really* not Eighteen;
Cold Icy Fear, like an untimely froſt,
Lies on her mind, and all her powers are loſt.
'Tis your's alone to diſſipate her fears,
To calm her troubled ſoul, and dry her tears.
Bit with the cank'ring Eaſt, the infant roſe
Its full-blown honours never can diſcloſe:
Oh, may no envious Blaſt, no Critick Blight,
Fall on the Tender Plant we rear to-night!
So ſhall it thrive, and in ſome genial hour,
The opening Bud may prove a beauteous Flower.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE
TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTER,

Written by Mrs. LENOX,
Author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE, *A Novel.*
Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS,
February, 1769.

THE Law of Cuſtom is the Law of Fools—
And yet the wiſe are govern'd by her rules.
Why ſhould *Men* only Prol ogue all our Plays;
Gentlemen-Uſhers to each modern Bayes?
Why are the Fair to Epilogues confin'd,
Whoſe tongues are loud, and gen'ral as the wind?
Mark how in real life each ſex is claſs'd!
Woman has *there* the firſt word and the laſt.

Boaſt not your gallant deeds, romantick men!
To-night a Female Quixote draws the pen.
Arm'd by the Comick Muſe theſe liſts ſhe enters,
And ſallies forth—in queſt of ſtrange Adventures!
War, open War, 'gainſt recreant Knights declares,
Nor Giant-Vice, nor Windmill-Folly ſpares:
Side-ſaddles Pegaſus, and courts Apollo,
While I (you ſee!) her Female Sancho, follow.

Ye

Ye that in this Enchanted Caſtle ſit,
Dames, 'Squires, and dark Magicians of the Pit,
Smile on our fair Knight Errantry to-day,
And raiſe no ſpells to blaſt a Female Play!

Oft has our Author, upon other ground,
Courted your ſmiles, and oft indulgence found.
Read in the cloſet you approv'd her page,
Yet ſtill ſhe dreads the perils of the Stage.
Reader with Writer due proportion keeps,
And if the Poet nods, the Critick ſleeps!
If lethargied by dulneſs *here* you ſit,
Sonorous Catcalls rouſe the ſleeping Pit.

Plac'd at the threſhold of the Weather-houſe,
There ſtands a Paſteboard Huſband, and his Spouſe,
Each doom'd to mark the changes of the Weather,
But ſtill—true Man and Wife! ne'er ſeen together.
When low'ring clouds the face of Heav'n deform,
The muffled Huſband ſtands and braves the ſtorm;
But when the fury of the tempeſt's done,
Break out at once the Lady and the Sun.
Thus oft has Man, in Cuſtom's beaten track,
Come forth, as doleful Prologue, all in black!
Gloomy Prognoſtick of the Bard's diſgrace,
With omens of foul weather in his face.

Trick'd out in ſilks and ſmiles let *me* appear,
And fix, as ſign of peace, the Rainbow here;
Raiſe your compaſſion and your mirth together,
And prove to-day an emblem of fair weather!

PROLOGUE TO THE ROMAN FATHER,

Acted at the Theatre *at* Briſtol, *on* Friday, July 14, 1769.

For the Family of the late Mr. POWELL.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

WHEN fancied ſorrows wake the Player's art,
A ſhort-liv'd anguiſh ſeizes on the heart:
Tears, real tears he ſheds, feels real pain;
But the dream vaniſh'd, he's himſelf again.
No ſuch relief, alas! his boſom knows,
When the ſad tear from home-felt ſorrow flows:
Paſſions cling round the ſoul, do all we can—
He plays no part, and can't ſhake off the man.
Where'er

Where'er I tread, where'er I turn my eyes,
Of my loſt Friend new images ariſe.
Can I forget, that from our earlieſt age,
His talents known, I led him to the Stage?
Can I forget, this circle in my view,
His firſt great pride—to be approv'd by You?
His ſoul, with ev'ry tender feeling bleſt,
The holy flame of gratitude poſſeſt.
Soft as the ſtream yon ſacred ſprings impart,
The milk of human-kindneſs warm'd his heart.
Peace, Peace be with him! may the preſent Stage
Contend, like him, your favour to engage!
May we, like him, deſerve your kindneſs ſhown,
Like him, with gratitude that kindneſs own!
So ſhall our art purſue the nobleſt plan,
And each good Actor prove an Honeſt Man.

EPILOGUE TO TIMANTHES,

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

February, 1770.

WHAT horrors fill the Tragick Poet's brain!
Plague, Murder, Rape and Inceſt, croud his train;
He pants for miſeries, delights in ills,
The blood of Fathers, Mothers, Children, ſpills;
Stabs, poiſons, maſſacres, and, in his rage,
With Daggers, Bowls, and Carpets, ſtrews the Stage.

Our gentler Poet, in ſoft Opera bred,
Italian Crotchets ſinging in his head,
Winds to a proſperous end the fine-drawn tale,
And roars—but roars like any Nightingale.

Woman, whate'er ſhe be—Maid, Widow, Wife—
A quiet woman is the charm of life.
And ſure Cephiſa was a gentle creature,
Full of the milk and honey of good nature.
Imported for a ſpouſe, by ſpouſe refus'd!
Was ever maid ſo ſhamefully abus'd?

And yet, alas, poor Prince! I could not blame him—
One wife, I knew, was full enough to tame him.
Iſmena, and Timanthes, and Olynthus,
Might all be happy—for I choſe Cherinthus.

But what a barb'rous law was this of Thrace!
How cruel *there* was each young lady's caſe!
A virgin, plac'd upon the dreadful roll,
A hapleſs virgin muſt have ſtood the poll,
But by Timanthes made a lucky bride,
Iſmena prudently *diſqualified*.

Ladies, to you alone our Author ſues:
'Tis yours to cheriſh, or condemn his Muſe.
The Theatre's a Mirror, and each Play
Should be a very Looking-Glaſs, they ſay;
His Looking-Glaſs reflects no moles or pimples,
But ſhews you full of graces, ſmiles, and dimples.
If you approve yourſelves, reſolve to ſpare,
And, Criticks! then attack him, if ye dare!

PROLOGUE

To the TRAGEDY of CLEMENTINA.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

March, 1771.

IN theſe our moral and religious days,
Men dread the crying ſin of writing Plays;
While ſome, whoſe wicked wit incurs the blame,
Howe'er they love the treſpaſs, fly the ſhame.

If, a new holy war with vice to wage,
Some Preacher quits the Pulpit for the Stage,
The Rev'rend Bard, with much remorſe and fear,
Attempts to give his Evening Lecture here:
The work, engender'd, to the world muſt riſe;
But yet the father may elude our eyes.
The pariſh on this trick of youth might frown,
And thus, unown'd, 'tis thrown upon the town.
At our Director's door he lays the ſin,
Who ſees the Babe, relents, and takes it in;
To ſwathe and dreſs it firſt unſtrings his purſe,
Then kindly puts it out to you — to nurſe.

Should ſome Young Counſel, thro' his luckleſs ſtar,
By writing Plays turn truant to the Bar.

Call'd

Call'd up by you to this High Court of Wit,
With *non inventus* we return the Writ.
No Latitat can force him to appear,
Whoſe failure and ſucceſs cauſe equal fear;
Whatever fees his clients here beſtow,
He loſes double in the courts below.

Grave, ſolemn Doctors, whoſe preſcribing pen
Has, in the trade of Death, kill'd many men,
With vent'rous quill here tremblingly engage
To ſlay Kings, Queens, and Heroes, on the ſtage.
The Great, if great men write, of ſhame afraid,
Come forth *incog.*—and Beaux, in maſquerade.
Some Demireps in wit, of doubtful fame,
Tho' known to all the town, withhold their name.

Thus each by turns ungratefully refuſe
To own the favours of their Lady Muſe;
Woo'd by the Court, the College, Bar, and Church,
Court, Bar, Church, College, leave her in the lurch.

'Tis your's to night the work alone to ſcan;
Arraign the Bard, regardleſs of the Man!
If Dullneſs wave her Poppies o'er his play,
To Critick fury let it fall a prey;
But if his art the tears of Pity draws,
Aſk not his name—but crown him with applauſe.

EPILOGUE TO CLEMENTINA,

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

FROM Otway's and immortal Shakeſpear's page,
Venice is grown familiar to our Stage.
Here the Rialto often has diſplay'd
At once a Bridge, a Street, and Mart of Trade;
Here, Treaſon threat'ning to lay Venice flat,
Grave Candle-Snuffers oft in ſenate ſat.

To night in Venice we have plac'd our ſcene,
Where I have been,—liv'd—died—as you have ſeen.
Yet that my travels I may not diſgrace,
Let me, ſince now reviv'd—deſcribe the place!
Nor would the Tour of Europe prove our ſhame,
Could every Macaroni do the ſame.

The City's ſelf—a wonder, all agree—
Appears to ſpring, like Venus, from the ſea.
Founded on Piles it riſes from the ſtrand,
Like Trifle plac'd upon a ſilver ſtand:
While many a leſſer iſle the proſpect crowns,
Looking like ſugar-plums, or floating towns.

Horſes

Horſes and mules ne'er pace the narrow ſtreet,
Where crowded walkers elbow all they meet:
No carts and coaches o'er the pavement clatter;
Ladies, prieſts, lawyers, nobles, go by water:
Light boats and Gondolas tranſport them all,
Like one eternal party to Vauxhall.

Now hey for merriment!—hence grief and fear!
The jolly Carnival leads in the year;
Calls the young loves and pleaſures to its aid;
A three-months Jubilee and Maſquerade!

With gaiety the throng'd piazza glows,
Mountebanks, Jugglers, Boxers, Puppet-Shows:
Maſk'd and diſguis'd the ladies meet their ſparks,
While Venus hails the mummers of St. Mark's.
There holy friars turn gallants, and there too,
Nuns yield to all the frailties—"Fleſh is heir to."
There dear Ridottos conſtantly delight,
And ſweet Harmonic Meetings ev'ry night!

Once in each year the Doge aſcends his barge,
Fine as a London Mayor's, and thrice as large;
Throws a huge ring of gold into the ſea,
And cries, "Thus we, thy ſovereign, marry thee;
"Oh

" Oh may'ſt thou ne'er, like many a mortal ſpouſe,
" Prove full of ſtorms, and faithleſs to thy vows!"

One word of Politicks—and then I've done—
The ſtate of Venice Nobles rule alone.
Thrice happy Britain, where, with equal hand,
Three well-pois'd States unite to rule the land!
Thus in the Theatre, as well as State,
Three ranks muſt join to make us bleſs'd and great.
Kings, Lords, and Commons, o'er the nation ſit;
Pit, Box, and Gallery, rule the realms of wit.

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of A WIFE IN THE RIGHT.

Written by Mrs. GRIFFITH,

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

March, 1772.

BY your leave, Criticks!—'Tis a Female Play:
A Female Prologue may prepare the way.
Among the chronicles of modern fame
Who has not read of gentle Frances' name?
Henry and Frances! a fond loving pair,
Whose soft epistles still amuse the fair.*

Some nights ago our couple, all alone,
A Fire-side *tête-à tête*——true Darby and Joan——
Frances, said Henry, give up writing! Men,
And Men alone, should dare to wield the pen.
Your sex of late all decency confounds,
And breaks 'twixt us and them the modest bounds.
Whether from passion, love of pow'r or riches,
Women, we see, all love to wear the breeches.
At sea some madcaps enter volunteers,
Some in the army list as grenadiers!

* LETTERS BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. GRIFFITH, *under the names of* HENRY *and* FRANCES.

Others write hiſt'ries, ſtate-intrigues unriddle,
Ride the great horſe, and play upon the fiddle.

Gently, cries Frances; truce with your reproaches!
And mark which ſex on t'other moſt encroaches.
Soft ſilky coxcombs, full of nice punctilio,
All paſte, pomatum, eſſence and Pulvilio,
With huge bouquets, like beaupots, daily go,
Trick'd out like dolls, to pace in Rotten-Row.
Thus flies the morning; and the day to crown,
To Quinze and Faro ev'ry fop ſits down.
Each coat ſo trim, leſt any ſpeck fall on it,
An apron guards; each forehead a ſtraw-bonnet;
Nay leſt Rouleaus themſelves ſhould ſoil their ruffles,
A *muffatee* each Pretty Maſter muffles.

Women in vain to keep their place have ſtriven;
From ev'ry trade, from each profeſſion driven.
Men-Midwives ſwarm; men mantuas make, make ſtays,
Dreſs hair, dreſs meat—let women then write plays!
While narrow prejudice deform'd the age,
No Actreſs play'd, no Female trod the Stage;
Some ſmooth unrazor'd youth for Juliet rav'd,
And kings ſat waiting till the queen was ſhav'd;
But Women once brought forward on the Scene,
By man, like Eve, was lik'd as ſoon as ſeen.

Let

Let Females then compoſe, as well as play,
And ſtrive to pleaſe you in the nobleſt way!
No ſulky Critick to the Playhouſe drawn
Whom Modern Comedy provokes to yawn,
But marks of Authors paſt the valu'd file,
And owns Centlivre tempted him to ſmile.
Why may not Ladies too in future plays
Strike a *Bold Stroke*, and anxious for the Bayes
New *Buſy Bodies* form, new *Wonders* raiſe?

Thus Frances ſpoke, and bid her Dear good night——
And Henry own'd, *His Wife was in the Right.*

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

On Opening the New THEATRE ROYAL in LIVERPOOL,
On *Friday, June* 5, 1772.
Spoken by Mr. YOUNGER.

WHEREVER Commerce ſpreads the ſwelling ſail,
Letters and Arts attend the proſp'rous gale.
When Cæſar firſt theſe regions did explore,
And northward his triumphant Eagles bore,
Rude were Britannia's ſons—a hardy race—
Their faith, idolatry; their life, the chace.
But ſoon as Traffick fix'd her ſocial reign,
Join'd Pole to Pole, and nations to the Main,
Each art and ſcience follow'd in her train.
Auguſta then her pomp at large diſplay'd,
The ſeat of majeſty, the mart of trade;
The Britiſh Muſe unveil'd her awful mien,
And Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, Fletcher, grac'd the Scene.

Long too has Merſey roll'd her golden tide,
And ſeen proud veſſels in her harbours ride:
Oft on her banks the Muſe's ſons would roam,
And wiſh'd to ſettle there a certain home;
Condemn'd,

Condenm'd, alas! to hawk unlicens'd Bayes,
Contraband Mummeries, and ſmuggled Plays!
Your foſt'ring care at length reliev'd their woes:
Under your auſpices this Staple roſe.
Hence made free merchants of the letter'd world,
Boldly advent'ring forth with ſails unfurl'd,
To Greece and Rome, Spain, Italy and France,
We trade for Play and Op'ra, Song and Dance.
Peace to his ſhade, who firſt purſu'd the plan!
You lov'd the Actor—for you lov'd the Man.*
True to himſelf, to all mankind a friend,
By honeſt means he gain'd each honeſt end.
You, like kind Patrons, who his virtues knew,
Prompt to applaud, and to reward them too,
Crown'd his laſt moments with his wiſh obtain'd,
A Royal Charter by your bounty gain'd!

* Mr. Gibson, late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

OCCASIONAL

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

On the Departure of the MANAGER of the THEATRE ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN, May 26, 1774.

Spoken by Miſs BARSANTI.

OF mortal men how equal is the date!
Kings and Mock Kings ſubmit alike to Fate.
Abroad, in ſtate, one mighty monarch lies;
While here, his Majeſty of Brentford dies.

Hung be the Stage with black! and Juliet's Bell,
'Midſt flaſhing Reſin, toll our monarch's knell!
While we with tragick plumes and mournful verſe,
In ſlow proceſſion all attend his hearſe.
Firſt, in dead march the muſick—unbrac'd drums—
Then with a monſtrous purſe the Treaſurer comes.
The hugeneſs of the bag your fancy cozens!
Prick it! and out come ORDERS by whole Dozens!
Swell'd as it is, no ſubſtance ſure enough;
No caſh—but like a bladder blown—all puff!
Two tiny Fairies bear an Epitaph;
Two Printers next, with each a Paragraph;
Both boaſting of Applauſe that ne'er was ſhown,
And crouded Houſes that were never known.

Big

Big as a Sybil's Self, or ſomething bigger,
Old Mother Shipton comes, a noble figure!
Full horribly ſhe grins with ghaſtly charms,
Our Monarch's baby-image in her arms.
Then follow Sylphs, Ghoſts, Witches in Macbeth,
A gouty Harlequin, a Prompter out of breath;
A white-glov'd Houſekeeper with whiter wand,
An empty box-book in the other hand;
One, like Lord Chamberlain, his office graces;
The other ſhews you there are ſtore of places.
Six Beggar's-Opera Ladies tend the bier,
Parted, like Hector's wife, 'twixt Smile and Tear;
Elfrida's Virgins too proceed before us,
A Modern-Antient, Engliſh-Grecian, Chorus.
Scene-ſhifters, Candle-ſnuffers, and Stage-keepers,
Bill-ſtickers, Pickpockets, and Chimney-ſweepers,
The Mob without doors, and the Mob within,
Cloſe the Proceſſion, and complete the din.

Thus having buried him let's waive Diſſection!
'Tis now too late to give his faults correction.
Peace—if peace may be—to his ſhade! He died
Felo de ſe, poor ſoul! a Suicide:
Yet he confeſs'd with his departing breath,
And in the very article of death,
Oft did your favour cheriſh his pretences,
Which now defrays his Funeral Expences.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF *BON TON.*

Spoken by Mr. KING.

November, 1773.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears ſov'reign ſway,
And Words and Perriwigs have both their day.
Each have their purlieus too, are modiſh each
In ſtated diſtricts, Wigs as well as Speech.
The Tyburn Scratch, thick Club, and Temple Tye,
The Parſon's Feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!
The Coachman's Cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from Bags and Brigadiers,
Than great St. George's, or St. James's ſtiles,
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.

What is BON TON?—Oh, damme, cries a Buck,
—Half drunk—aſk me, my dear, and you're in luck!
Bon Ton's to ſwear, break windows, beat the watch,
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.
Keep it up, keep it up! damme, take your ſwing!
Bon Ton is *Life*, my Boy; *Bon Ton*'s the *Thing!*

Ah!

Ah! I loves *Life*, and all the joys it yields—
Says Madam Fuſſock, warm from Spitalfields.
Bone Tone's the ſpace 'twixt Saturday and Monday;
And riding in a one-horſe chair o'Sunday!
'Tis drinking tea on ſummer afternoons
At Bagnigge-Wells, with China and gilt ſpoons!
'Tis laying-by our ſtuffs, red cloaks, and pattens;
To dance *Cow-tillions*, all in ſilks and ſattins!

Vulgar! cries Miſs. Obſerve in higher life
The feather'd ſpinſter, and thrice-feather'd wife!
The CLUB's *Bon Ton*. *Bon Ton*'s a conſtant trade
Of Rout, Feſtino, Ball, and Maſquerade!
'Tis Plays and Puppet-ſhews; 'tis ſomething new;
'Tis loſing thouſands ev'ry night at Lu!
Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reaſon;
'Tis ſtiff French ſtays, and Fruit when out of ſeaſon!
A Roſe, when Half a Guinea is the price;
A ſet of Bays, ſcarce bigger than ſix mice;
To viſit friends, you never wiſh to ſee;
Marriage 'twixt thoſe, who never can agree;
Old Dowagers, dreſt, painted, patch'd and curl'd;
This is *Bon Ton*, and this we call *the* WORLD!

True, ſays my Lord; and thou, my only ſon,
Whate'er your faults, ne'er ſin againſt BON TON!

Who toils for learning at a Publick School,
And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool!
French, French, my boy's the Thing! *jaſez!* prate,
chatter!
Trim be the mode, whipt ſyllabub the matter!
Walk like a Frenchman! for on Engliſh pegs
Moves native aukwardneſs with two left legs.
Of courtly friendſhip form a treacherous league;
Seduce men's daughters, with their wives intrigue;
In ſightly ſemi-circle round your nails;
Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if ſmall talk fails——
But never *laugh*, whatever jeſt prevails!
Nothing but nonſenſe e'er gave laughter birth,
That vulgar way the vulgar ſhew their mirth.
Laughter's a rude convulſion, ſenſe that juſtles,
Diſturbs the cockles, and diſtorts the muſcles.
Hearts may be black, but all ſhould wear clean faces;
The Graces, Boy! the Graces, Graces, GRACES!
Such is BON TON! and walk this City thro',
In Building, Scribbling, Fighting, and *Virtù*,
And various other ſhapes, 'twill riſe to view.
To night our Bayes, with bold but careleſs tints,
Hits off a ſketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should Connoiſſeurs allow his rough draughts ſtrike 'em,
'Twill be BON TON to ſee 'em and to like 'em.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

On opening the THEATRE ROYAL, at LIVERPOOL, for the Winter Season.

Spoken by Mr. YOUNGER.

October, 1774.

THE troops, who lately ſhone in bright array,
Proud on theſe plains their banners to diſplay,
Call'd to their poſts in town by beat of drum,
Aided with freſh recruits I hither come.
I, your old Serjeant, once again appear,
Happy to fix my Winter-quarters here;
Here, where Good-humour ſhews her ſmiling mien,
And Judgment with fair Candour ever ſeen.
Oh for a ſoul of flame, that might inſpire,
Thro' all our ranks, a truely-martial fire!
But, oh! my breath is weak, my words are vain,
My efforts poor, the mighty point to gain.
What tho' in ev'ry breaſt ſtrong ardours glow,
On you alone their longing eyes they throw.
Your frowns at once their nobleſt ſpirit damp,
And ſtrike a terror thro' our little camp;
Yet, if you ſmile, again their hopes return,
Again their ſouls with love of glory burn;

Eager to fight, to conquer, or to fall,
From firſt to hindmoſt—*Pioneers and all.*
Nerveleſs and ſinewleſs their arms, 'tis true;
But yet 'tis glory to contend for you.

As ſome low hind, whoſe poverty's confeſs'd,
Receives beneath his roof ſome mighty gueſt,
Dried winter fruits, alas! his only cheer,
His only liquor ſome October beer,
Makes up in welcome what he wants in ſtore,
Wiſhing his morſel better, riches more,
Spreads with a willing heart his humble board,
And freely empties all his little hoard;
So we too, conſcious of our homely fare,
Truſt to your ſmiles to ſnatch us from deſpair.
Fall on with hearty ſtomachs to regale,
Let not nice taſte, but appetite, prevail;
While we, plain landlords, a kind welcome give,
Bleſs'd if we pleaſe you, whom to pleaſe we live!

PROLOGUE,

To the revived Comedy called EASTWARD HOE.

Spoken by MR. KING.

November 9, 1775.

IN Charles the Second's gay and wanton days,
When lords had wit and gentlemen wrote plays,
A rural 'ſquire was term'd a country Put,
And the grave City was a ſtanding butt.
To town, like oxen, honeſt knights were led,
To ſhew in droves, huge antlers on their head.
Gallants in queſt of game, cried *Eaſtward Hoe!*
And oft ſprung Puſs within the ſound of Bow;
While ev'ry 'prentice in the galleries chuckled
At London Alderman dubb'd London Cuckold.

But now the times are chang'd, and chang'd the jeſt;
For Horns, ſome ſay, ſprout nobly in the Weſt.
The murrain 'mongſt horn'd cattle ſpreads ſo far,
It rages on each ſide of Temple-bar.
The modiſh citizen o'erleaps his ward,
And the gay Cit plants Horns upon My Lord;
While Beaux, whoſe wives of flattery chew the cud,
Are dupes full-blown, or Cuckolds in the bud.

Artiſts, who furniſh'd pictures for the ſtage,
In good Queen Beſs's memorable age,
With a juſt pencil City-portraits drew,
Mark'd ev'ry vice, and mark'd each virtue too:
The City Madam's vanities diſplay'd,
Prais'd honeſt gains, but damn'd the tricks of trade.
Artiſts like theſe, (Old Ben the chief) to-night
Bring Idleneſs and Induſtry to light.
Their Sketch, by Time perhaps impair'd too much,
A female hand has ventur'd to retouch.
Hence too our Hogarth drew, nor ſcorn'd to glean
The Comick ſtubble of the Moral Scene;
Hence Fellow-Prentices he brought to life,
And ſhew'd their manners, and their fate, at ſtrife;
Shew'd to what ends both Good and Evil ſtretch—
To Honour one, and t'other to Jack Ketch;
Turn'd ridicule 'gainſt folly, fraud, and pride,
And fought with Humour's lance on Virtue's ſide.

Such be henceforth each Comick Artiſt's aim,
Poets, or Painters, be their drift the ſame!
Such are the leſſons which To-Night we read;
And may next ſeſſions prove that we ſucceed!

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE,

On opening the New THEATRE ROYAL at MANCHESTER.

Spoken by MR. YOUNGER.

October, 1775.

IN days of old, they ſay, the Poet's Lays
Cities could build, and mighty temples raiſe.
When Orpheus play'd ſo powerful was his ſong,
He drew ſtocks, ſtones, and ſavage beaſts along.
Amphion harp'd; obedient to his call,
The moving quarry jump'd into a wall.
Verſe of fair government firſt taught the plan,
Religion, Laws, and Arts, in Verſe began.

Thus fables tell; and myſtick truths they hide,
For Arts and Freedom with the Muſe abide,
When fogs of ignorance o'erſpread the land,
Grim Perſecution rules with iron hand.
The ſocial Arts to kinder climates fly,
The Muſes' Temples all in Ruins lie.
But let the ray of Science chaſe the gloom,
The plough, the ſail, the ſhuttle, and the loom,
Plied by the ſons of Induſtry, bring in
The kindred Arts, and Freedom's joys begin.

Meanwhile well-pleas'd their triumphs to proclaim,
The Muſes celebrate, and ſhare their fame;
And while their grateful incenſe ſeeks the ſkies,
Temples and Theatres in ſplendor riſe.

Such be your boaſt! here let the Muſe retreat,
Where Pallas long has fixt her fav'rite ſeat!
If you upon our humble labour ſmile,
In happy hour to Shakeſpeare roſe this Pile.
But, if you frown, our ſplendid Scenes decay,
And all our baſeleſs fabrick melts away.
Our cloud-capt tow'rs, our gorgeous palaces,
Our mounts, our woods, our rivers, and our ſeas,
Our ſolemn temples, and each ſolemn robe
That ſtuffs this wooden O, this little globe,
Shall fade! and like the inſubſtantial wind,
Or empty dreams, leave not a rack behind.
Smile then, and for your clemency be prais'd,
And, oh! ſupport the Building you have rais'd!
On that foundation muſt we reſt alone,
Your patronage our Prop, our Corner-Stone.

PROLOGUE TO THE CAPUCHIN.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

August, 1776.

CRITICKS, whene'er I write, in every Scene
Diſcover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child 'tis true,
But every babe his chriſtening owes to you.
"The Comick Poet's eye, with humorous air,
Glancing from Watling-ſtreet to Groſvenor-ſquare,
He bodies forth a light ideal train,
And turns to ſhape the phantoms of his brain:
Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
And gives to airy nothing Place and Name."

A Limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town;
The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the ſame ſpot his whole dead ſtock in trade,
Originals and Copies—ready made.
To the new Painter all the country came,
Lord, Lady, Doctor, Lawyer, 'Squire, and Dame,
The humble Curate, and the Curate's wife;
All aſk a likeneſs—taken from the life.

Behold

Behold the canvaſs on the eaſel ſtand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and bruſhes fill'd his hand:
But, ah! the Painter's ſkill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of Art he drew.
The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient ſtore
Furniſh'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, Dame, or Hero—of the days of yore.
The Cæſars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the Mayor and Corporation;
To repreſent the Rector and the Dean,
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's Beauties and the Graces.
Thus done, and circled in a ſplendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and ſpread his fame.
The countrymen of taſte admire and ſtare,
"My Lady's leer! Sir John's majeſtick air!
Miſs Dimple's languiſh too!—extremely like!
And in the ſtyle and manner of Vandyke!—
Oh this new Limner's pictures always ſtrike!
Old, young, fat, lean, dark, fair; or big, or little;
The very man or woman to a tittle!"

Foote and this Limner in ſome points agree,
And thus, good ſirs, you often deal by me.
When, by the Royal Licence and Protection,
I ſhew my ſmall Academy's collection,

The

The Connoiſſeur takes out his glaſs, to pry
Into each Picture with a curious eye;
Turns topſy-turvy my whole compoſition,
And makes mere Portraits all my Exhibition,
From various forms Apelles Venus drew:
So from the million do I copy you.
But ſtill the copy's ſo exact, you ſay;
Alas, the ſame thing happens every day!
How many a modiſh well-dreſt fop you meet,
Exactly ſuits his ſhape—in Monmouth-ſtreet!
In Yorkſhire Warehouſes, and Cranborn-Ally,
'Tis wonderful how ſhoes and feet will tally!
As honeſt Criſpin underſtands his trade,
On the true human ſcale his laſts are made,
The meaſure of each ſex and age to hit,
And every ſhoe, as if beſpoke, will fit.

My Warehouſe thus for Nature's walks ſupplies
Shoes for all ranks, and Laſts of every ſize:
Sit ſtill, and try them, ſirs; I long to pleaſe ye;
How well they fit! I hope you find them eaſy:
If the Shoe pinches ſwear you cannot bear it,
But, if well made—I wiſh you health to wear it.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To the Revived Comedy of EPICÆNE, *or the* SILENT WOMAN.

January, 1776.

HAPPY the ſoaring Bard, who boldly wooes,
And wins the favour of the Tragick Muſe!
He from the grave may call the mighty dead,
In Buſkins and Blank Verſe the Stage to tread;
On Pompeys and old Cæſars riſe to fame,
And join the Poet's to th' Hiſtorian's name.
The Comick wit, alas! whoſe eagle eyes
Pierce nature thro' and mock the time's diſguiſe,
Whoſe pencil living follies brings to view,
Survives thoſe follies, and his portraits too;
Like ſtar-gazers deplores his luckleſs fate,
For laſt year's Almanacks are out of date.
"The Fox, the Alchymiſt, the Silent Woman,
"Done by Ben Jonſon, are out-done by no Man."
Thus ſay, in rough, but panegyrick rhymes,
The Wits and Criticks of our author's times.

But

But now we bring him forth with dread and doubt,
And fear his *learned ſocks* are quite worn out.
The ſubtle Alchemiſt grows obſolete,
And Drugger's humour ſcarcely keeps him ſweet.

To-night if you would feaſt your eyes and ears,
Go back in fancy near two hundred years;
A play of Ruffs and Farthingales review,
Old Engliſh faſhions, ſuch as then were new!
Drive not Tom Otter's *Bulls* and *Bears* away;
Worſe *Bulls* and *Bears* diſgrace the preſent day.
On fair Collegiates let no Critick frown!
A Ladies' Club ſtill holds its rank in town.
If modern cooks, who nightly treat the Pit,
Do not quite cloy and ſurfeit you with wit,
From the old kitchen pleaſe to pick a bit!
If once, with hearty ſtomachs to regale
On old Ben Johnſon's fare, tho' ſomewhat ſtale,
A meal on Bobadil you deign'd to make,
Take EPICÆNE for his and Kitely's ſake!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

TO THE

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON *in the Character of Lady* TEAZLE.

June, 1777.

I Who was late ſo volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind, muſt now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my ſtudies, and my vows,
To one old ruſty weather-cock—my ſpouſe;
So wills our virtuous Bard! the pye-ball'd Bayes
Of crying Epilogues and laughing Plays.

Old bachelors, who marry ſmart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives!
Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very ſource of honour;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold Bath, it ſerves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my caſe—and yet I muſt deplore
That the gay dream of Diſſipation's o'er:

And

And ſay, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the higheſt life,
Like me, untimely blaſted in her bloom,
Like me, condemn'd to ſuch a diſmal doom?
Save money—when I juſt knew how to waſte it!
Leave London—juſt as I began to taſte it!
Muſt I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone ruſtick hall for ever pounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and ſqualling brats ſurrounded?
With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the 'Squire)
And at Backgammon mortify my ſoul,
That pants for Lu, or flutters at a Vole?
Seven's the Main!—dear Sound!—that muſt expire,
Loſt at Hot-Cockles round a Chriſtmas fire!
The tranſient hour of Faſhion too ſoon ſpent,
" Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
" Farewell the *plumed* head, the cuſhion'd *Tête*,
" That takes the cuſhion from its proper ſeat!
" The ſpirit-ſtirring drum!—card-drums I mean—
" Spadille, Odd-trick, Pam, Baſto, King and Queen!

" And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
" The welcome viſitor's approach denote,
" Farewell!—all Quality of high renown,
" Pride, Pomp, and circumſtance of glorious Town,
" Farewell!—your revels I partake no more,
" And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er."
—All this I told our Bard; he ſmil'd, and ſaid
'twas clear
I ought to play deep Tragedy next year.
Meanwhile he drew wiſe Morals from his Play,
And in theſe ſolemn periods ſtalk'd away.
" Bleſt were the fair, like you her faults who ſtopt,
" And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropt!
" No more in vice or error to engage,
" Or play the Fool at large on Life's great Stage!"

PROLOGUE

On the opening of the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET, May 15, 1777.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

PRIDE, by a thousand arts, vain honours claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatrick Dealers thus would fain seem great,
And every Playhouse grows a mighty State:
To fancied heights howe'er mock monarchs soar,
A Manager's a Trader—nothing more.
You (whom they court) their customers—and then
We players—poor devils!—are the journeymen.

While Two Great Warehouses, for Winter use,
Eight months huge Bales of Merchandise produce,
Out with the Swallow comes our Summer Bayes,
To shew his Taffata and Lutestring plays;
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
The smallest Haberdasher of Small Wares.

In Laputa we're told a grave Projector,
—A mighty Schemer, like our New Director—

Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one, ſirs!
To draw the Sun-beams out of Cucumbers.
So whilſt leſs vent'rous managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.

A playhouſe Quidnunc—and no Quidnuncs wiſer—
Reading our play-bills in the Advertiſer,
Cries "Hey! what's here? In the Haymarket a play,
To ſweat the Publick in the midſt of May?
Give me freſh air!" then goes, and pouts alone
In country lodgings—by the Two-mile Stone:
There ſits, and chews the cud of his diſguſt,
Broil'd in the ſun, and blinded by the duſt.

Dearee, ſays Mrs. Inkle, let us go
To the Hay-market to-night and ſee the Show!
Pſha, woman, cries old Inkle, you're a fool:
We'll walk to Hornſey, and enjoy the cool.
So ſaid, to finiſh the domeſtick ſtrife,
Forth waddle the fat ſpouſe and fatter wife:
And as they tug up Highgate-Hill together,
He cries—"delightful walking—charming weather!"

Now, with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd Cits their Turtle feaſt begin,
And plunge full knuckle-deep thro' thick and thin;
Throw down fiſh, fleſh, fowl, paſtry, cuſtard, jelly,
And make a Salmagundy of their belly.

"More

" More Chian-Pepper!—Punch, another rummer!
" So cool and pleaſant—eating in the Summer!"

To antient Geographers it was not known
Mortals could live beneath the Torrid Zone:
But we, tho' toiling underneath the Line,
Muſt make our Hay, now while the weather's fine.
Your good Old Hay-maker, long here employ'd,
The ſunſhine of your ſmiles who ſtill enjoy'd,
The fields which long he mow'd will not forſake,
Nor quite forego the Scythe, the Fork, and Rake,
But take the field, ev'n in the hotteſt day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

PROLOGUE TO THE SPANISH BARBER.

Spoken by Mr. PARSONS *in the Character of* PAUL PRIG, *in Mr.* FOOTE's *Comedy of* THE COZENERS.

September, 1777.

ONCE more from Ludgate-Hill behold Paul Prig!
The ſame ſpruce air you ſee! ſame coat! ſame wig!
A Mercer ſmart and dapper, all allow,
As ever at ſhop door ſhot off a bow.
This ſummer—for I love a little Prance—
This ſummer, gentlefolks, I've been to France,
To mark the Faſhions and to learn to dance.
I, and dear Mrs. Prig—the firſt of Graces!
At Calais in the Diligence took places;
Travell'd thro' Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
All in a line—as ſtraight as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dreſſes made me ſtare—
Their fav'rite colour is the *French Queen's Hair!*
They're all ſo fine, ſo ſhabby, and ſo gay,
They look like Chimney-ſweepers on May-day!
Silks of all colours in the rainbow there!
A Joſeph's coat appears the common wear.

Of

Of ſome I brought home Patterns; one To-night
We mean to ſhew—'tis true it is but ſlight;
But then for Summer wear, you know that's right.
A Little Weaver, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it ſhewn—
But pray obſerve, my friends—'tis not his own.
I brought it over—nay, if it miſcarries,
He'll cry—" 'tis none of mine, it came from Paris."
But ſhould you like it, he'll ſoon let you know
" 'Twas ſpun and manufactur'd in Soho."
—'T had a great run abroad; which always yields
Work for our Grub-ſtreet, and our Spitalfields.
France charms our Ladies, naked Bards and Beaux,
Who ſmuggle thence their learning and their cloaths;
Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on ſprings;
Têtes built like towers, and rumps like Oſtrich wings.
If this Piece pleaſe, each Summer I'll go over,
And fetch new Patterns by the Straits of Dover.

PROLOGUE

TO TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

A Farce written by Mr. O'KEEFFE,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

1776.

IF there's a Critick here, who hates what's *low*,
We humbly beg the Gentleman would go;
He's very welcome to have ſeen the play,
To take his money back, and walk away.
Our Poet is the fearfull'ſt man on earth,
And fears too much four ſenſe may ſpoil your mirth;
He wiſhes plain blunt folks, that laugh and cry,
As nature prompts, and aſk no reaſon why.
To night no *Two Act Comedy* you'll view,
But a mere *Farce!* the characters not new,
And all your old acquaintance: TONY LUMPKIN,
In town, 'tis true, but ſtill a Country Bumpkin.

His

His friend, TIM TICKLE too, who danc'd the Bear;
Bruin, the Bear himſelf—nay never ſtare!
He ſhall not hurt you, ladies—keep your places!
The Bear-leader has given him *the Graces.*
This ruſtick groupe, Bear, Bear-leader, 'Squire, Clown,
The frolick Muſe of Farce now drives to town.
Her elder ſiſter, Comedy, has *Wit*;
But Farce has *Fun*, and oft a lucky Hit,
If ſhe yields laugh, a laugh let none deſpiſe;
Be merry, if you can, and not *too wiſe.*

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To the SUICIDE, *A* COMEDY!

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

Auguſt, 1778.

'TIS now the reigning taſte with Belle and Beau
Their art and ſkill in Coachmanſhip to ſhow.
Nobles contend who throws a Whip the beſt;
From head to foot like Hackney-coachmen dreſs'd:
Ducheſs and Peereſs too diſcard their fear,
Ponies in front, my lady in the rear.
A Female Phaeton all danger mocks,
Half-coat, half-petticoat, ſhe mounts the box;
Wrapt in a duſty whirlwind ſcours the plains,
And cutting—Jehu!—whiſtling—holds the reins.
Happy, thrice happy, Britain, is thy ſtate,
In the year ſeventeen hundred ſev'nty eight,
When each ſex drives at ſuch a furious rate.

The modiſh Artiſt, Playwright, or Coach-maker,
In Grub-ſtreet ſtarv'd, or thriving in Long-Acre,
To ſuit the times, and tally with the mode,
Muſt travel in the beaten turnpike road:
Wherefore our Crane-neck'd Manager to-day
Upon four acts attempts to run his Play;
A fifth he fears you'd deem the Bard's reproach,
A mere fifth wheel that would but ſtop the Coach.
With Two Act Pieces what machines agree?
Buggies, Tim-whiſkies, or ſqueez'd *Vis-a-vis*,
Where two ſit face to face, and knee to knee.

What is a piece in one ſhort Act compreſs'd?
A Wheelbarrow, or Sulky at the beſt.
A ſcale ſo ſmall, the Bard would ſuffer for't;
You'd ſay his Farce was like himſelf—too ſhort;
Yet anxious with your ſmiles his works to crown,
In many a varied ſhape he courts the town.
Sometimes he drives—if Brother Bards implore,
Sometimes he in a Prologue trots before,
Or in an Epilogue gets up behind——
Happy in all, ſo you appear but kind.

His

His vehicle to day may none reproach,
Nor take it for a Hearſe, or Mourning-Coach!
'Tis true a gloomy outſide he has wrought,
"That rather threatens than doth promiſe aught;"
Yet from black fun'ral, like his brother Bayes,
A nuptial banquet he intends to raiſe.
We do but jeſt—*poiſon in jeſt*—no more——
And thus One Mercer to the world reſtore.
But if a well-tim'd jeſt ſhould chance to ſave
One Mercer from Perdition and the Grave,
All Ludgate-Hill be judge, if 'twere not hard,
Felo-de-ſe ſhould you bring in the Bard.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To the CHAPTER of ACCIDENTS;

A Comedy written by Miſs LEE;

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

Auguſt, 1780.

LONG has the paſſive Stage, howe'er abſurd,
Been rul'd by Names, and govern'd by a Word.
Some poor cant term, like magick ſpells can awe,
And bind our realms, like a Dramatick law.
When Fielding, Humour's fav'rite child appear'd,
Low was the word—a word each author fear'd!
'Till chac'd at length, by Pleaſantry's bright ray,
Nature and Mirth reſum'd their legal ſway;
And Goldſmith's Genius baſk'd in open day.

No beggar, howe'er poor, a cur can lack;
Poor Bards, of Critick Curs, can keep a pack.
One yelper ſilenc'd, twenty barkers riſe,
And with new howls, their ſnarlings ſtill diſguiſe.
Low baniſh'd, the word *Sentiment* ſucceeds:
And at that ſhrine, the modern Playwright bleeds.

Hard

Hard fate! but let each would-be Critick know,
That *Sentiments* from genuine Feelings flow!
Criticks! in vain declaim, and write, and rail:
Nature, eternal Nature! will prevail.
Give me the Bard, who makes me laugh and cry,
Diverts and moves, and all, I ſcarce know why!
Untaught by Commentators, French or Dutch,
Paſſion ſtill anſwers to th' electrick touch.
Reaſon, like Falſtaff, claims, when all is done,
The honours of the field already won.
To-night, our Author's is a mixt intent—
Paſſion and Humour—*Low* and *Sentiment:*
Smiling in tears—a Serio-comick Play—
Sunſhine and ſhow'r—a kind of April-Day!
A Lord, whoſe pride is in his honour plac'd;
A Governor, with Av'rice not diſgrac'd;
An humble Prieſt! a Lady, and a Lover
So full of virtue, *ſome of it runs over.*
No temporary touches, no alluſions
To camps, reviews, and all our late confuſions;
No perſonal reflections, no ſharp Satire,
But a mere Chapter—from the Book of Nature.
Wrote by a Woman too! the Muſes now
Few liberties to naughty Men allow;
But like old maids on earth, reſolv'd to vex,
With cruel coyneſs treat the other ſex.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

On the opening of the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET, June, 1781.

Spoken by MR. PALMER.

WITH broken Funds our Monarch meets the Houſe;
His *Board of Works* have left him ſcarce a ſouſe!
Poets, and only Poets, durſt rehearſe
In ancient times the mighty pow'rs of Verſe;
The Bards of old, who built the lofty rhyme,
Could build whole cities, at the ſelf ſame time.
Amphion ſtruck his lyre—and at his call,
Stone leap'd on ſtone, and form'd of Thebes the wall.
Oh for a Muſe of fire! in flames to ſmother
Our crazy Playhouſe, and create another!
Our Poet Manager has no ſuch ſkill—
In comes the Carpenter's and Bricklayer's bill!
Ev'n Opera now the power of Song has loſt,
And, plung'd in Brick and Mortar, feels their coſt.
By Italy betray'd, ſhe flies to France;
And what ſhe loſt in Song, makes up in Dance.
No more from voice, or ear, her profits flow;
The ſoul of Opera fixes in *Gooſe Toe!*

Since

Since then St. Vitus' Dance deſpotick reigns,
The ſureſt Succedaneum for the brains,
Genius of Nonſenſe! fill our empty places;
Let us too *dance* ourſelves into your graces;
O'er the whole Hay-market in ſtate preſide,
Nor let a Palſy ſeize our hapleſs ſide!
To court thy ſmiles, Farce ſhall learn *entrechat*,
And Tragedy ſhall caper *en grand pas*.
Crook'd Richard now ſhall friſk, his paſſions mute,
"To the laſcivious pleaſings of a Lute."
And in a cut of eight, to make you ſtare,
Macbeth ſhall catch the Dagger in the air.
Tobine for life in minuet ſtep ſhall beg,
And Bowkitt ſcrape, and—*ſtand upon one leg!*

While Dancing ſhall remain the fav'rite rage,
On theſe, and arts like theſe, muſt ſtand our Stage;
But if ſome Whim ſhou'd "bid the reign commence,
"Of reſcu'd Nature, and reviving Senſe,"
Again to Humour ſhall we bend our cares,
And draw on Wit—to pay for our Repairs.

PROLOGUE

To the POSITIVE MAN,

A FARCE *written by Mr.* O'KEEFFE,

Spoken by Mr. EDWIN *in the Character of* LINGO.

March, 1782.

ONCE more before you Lingo, ſirs, you ſee!
His leſſon now——*The Poſitive Degree.*
Comparativò, what's our author's head!
Weigh it! 'twill prove *ſuperlativò*—lead.
Malus, melior, peſſimus—in brief,
Nominativò, he is called—*O'Thief!*
I am not the Firſt Perſon, the Second, nor Third,
Who in this School of Nonſenſe his Nonſenſe has heard:
Noun Adjective Stuff, that alone could not ſtand,
Without a Noun Subſtantive Fiddle at Hand!
But now without Muſick he thinks to ſtand Neuter,
And that Farce, tho' Imperfect, may pleaſe you in Future.

O you! to whom Poets muſt ever ſurrender!
Beauties, Wits, of the Maſculine and Feminine Gender!

Ye Plurals, a ſingular Art who can teach,
And make Actors and Authors learn All Parts of Speech,
For once lay by the Rod, and your *Flogging decline!*
That what we mean for Gerunds may not prove Supine!
—Perhaps I'm too wiſe, and too *larned* good folks!
So a truce with our ſcience, a truce with our jokes!
And in good ſober ſadneſs one word let me ſay:
Do but think that the School-boys have broke up To-day;
Forgive them their frolicks, and laugh at their play!
In th' Imperative Mood, ſhould you view the Bard's face,
His Preſent Tenſe proves the Accuſative Caſe;
But ſhould you be Dative of favour—like Stingo,
Your Active Voice Paſſive will cheer Him and Lingo.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To LILLO's TRAGEDY of FATAL CURIOSITY, on its Revival at the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET, June 29, 1782.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LONG ſince, beneath this humble roof, this Play,
Wrought by true Engliſh Genius ſaw the day.
Forth from this humble roof it ſcarce has ſtray'd;
In prouder Theatres 'twas never play'd.
There you have gap'd, and doz'd o'er many a piece,
Patch'd up from France, or ſtol'n from Rome or Greece,
Or made of ſhreds from Shakeſpeare's Golden Fleece.
There Scholars, ſimple nature caſt aſide,
Have trick'd their heroes out in Claſſick pride;
No Scenes, where genuine Paſſion runs to waſte,
But all hedg'd in by ſhrubs of Modern Taſte
Each Tragedy laid out like garden grounds,
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.
Lillo's plantations were of Foreſt growth—
Shakeſpeare's the ſame—Great Nature's hand in both!

Give me a tale the paſſions to control,
" Whoſe ſlighteſt word may harrow up the ſoul !"
A magick potion, of charm'd drugs commixt,
Where Pleaſure courts, and Horror comes betwixt !

Such are the Scenes that we this night renew ;
Scenes that your fathers were well pleas'd to view.
Once we half-paus'd—and while cold fears prevail,
Strive with faint ſtrokes to ſoften down the tale ;
But ſoon, attir'd in all its native woes,
The Shade of Lillo to our Fancy roſe.
Check thy weak hand, it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
Nor of its manly vigour rob my Play !
From Britiſh Annals I the ſtory drew,
And Britiſh Hearts ſhall feel, and bear it too.
Pity ſhall move their ſouls, in ſpite of rules ;
And Terror takes no leſſon from the Schools.
Speak to their Boſoms, to their Feelings truſt,
You'll find their ſentence generous and juſt.

PROLOGUE

To the COMEDY of The EAST-INDIAN.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

July, 1782.

WHEN the Eaſt-Indian gives our Play a name,
With what a glow the Writer's breaſt ſhould flame!
What brilliant ſtrokes thro' every Scene ſhould run
Bright as ripe fruit, the ſide that's next the Sun!
Moguls and Nabobs ſhould in judgement ſit,
O'er *Crores* of Humour, and a *Lack* of Wit.
In our cold climate, we but vainly ſtrive
To keep by hot-houſes ſuch fire alive;
And force by Art, when Nature's at a ſtand,
Dramatick Pine Apples at ſecond hand.
Methinks I hear ſome Alderman, all hurry,
Cry, where's the *Pellow?* Bring me out the *Curry!*
Be quiet, ſays his lady; ſilence, man!
Where's the *Old China?* Show me the *Japan!*
Pſha! cries a Wit; the Plot's an Indian Screen—
The Muſe ſhall enter in a *Palanquin*;
And lovers, after many a fooliſh fray,
In Love's *Pagoda* ſhall conclude the play.

Our Poeteſs, ſcarce bleſt with one Rupee,
Invites the Criticks to a Diſh of Tea.
On India buſineſs ſhe attempts to call
Voters and Orators from Leadenhall,
And many a lady ſhrouded in a Shawl;
Who, rang'd in rows, may bribe the Critick's eye,
With a new Blanket Warehouſe in July!

Her Indian hoſt, or gueſt, of this night's feaſt,
Is juſt imported, neat as from the Eaſt;
His temper hot as Kayan, taſte uncouth,
But full of Honour, Honeſty, and Truth!
Let the Committee on his Acts who ſit,
No fault, that is not fairly prov'd, admit!
Take him for what he is, humanely greet him,
And like a ſtranger, as you like him, treat him!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

To the CAPRICIOUS LADY, altered from the SCORNFUL LADY of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,

And acted at the THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

February, 1785.

IN Fletcher's days it was the favourite plan
Of Woman to dethrone the tyrant Man:
Our modern Faſhions vary—yet their aim,
Howe'er purſu'd appears the very ſame.
The Starch-Ruff'd Maidens of Queen Beſs's reign
Were doom'd a Starch demeanour to maintain;
Quill'd up like Porcupines, they ſhot their darts,
Slaughter'd whole rows of Knights, and wounded Hearts:
Their Virtue nought could ſhake, no ſiege could alter:
A rock, impregnable as Gibraltar!
In vain were ſighs, and tears, and idle flattery,
Their red-hot balls laid low each hoſtile battery,
While they, bright ſtars, above all weak compariſon,
Shone forth the Female Eliotts of the Garriſon.

The modern maiden finds things alter'd quite,
A hundred Danglers, 'not one faithful Knight!
Nor coy, nor cruel, all her charms diſplay'd,
Coldly ſhe's ſeen, and truſting ſhe's betray'd:

Unfeeling coxcombs ſcorn the damſels pow'r,
And paſs in Rotten-Row the vacant hour.
The Fair, her power thus loſt in ſingle life,
Reſerves her policy till made a Wife.
The humble married dames of Fletcher's day
Thought wives muſt love and honour and obey;
Bound in the nuptial ring, that hoop of Gold,
Enchain'd their paſſions, and their will controll'd.
Too oft the modern Miſs, ſcarce made a bride,
Breaks out at once all inſolence and pride:
Mounted in Phaeton ſhe courts the eye,
And eats, and games, and paints, and dreſſes high:
Who ſhall ſay nay? Content to drink and play,
His Lordſhip cries—"My Lady, take your way!
I've fixt your box at the opera—but am vext
That Polly Brilliant could not get the next."

Such was the rigid line of ancient rule,
And ſuch the freedom of the Modern School:
Chuſe which, ye Fair; or elſe, to copy loth,
Compoſe a new *Paſticcio* out of both;
Or ſmit with nobler pride, on Nature look,
And read the brighteſt pages of her book!
Would you a ſpotleſs maid, chaſte wife be known,
Show the young Virtues ripening or full blown,
Mark how they prop, and dignify the Throne!
Rival Their goodneſs with a loyal ſtrife,
And grace with Royal Virtues private Life.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

On opening the THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET, May 31, 1783.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

OF real Novelty, we're told, there's none,
We know there's nothing new beneath the Sun.
Yet ſtill, untir'd, a Phantom we purſue,
Still expectation gapes for ſomething new!
To whet your appetite, and pique your taſte,
Each Bard ſerves ſome old diſh in new Puff-Paſte;
Crams with hard cruſts the Literary Glutton,
And like, Lord Peter, ſwears they're Beef and Mutton.
Old Magazines each Manager too plunders,
Like Quacks and Mountebanks cries, Wonders!
Wonders!
Detection ſcorns! riſks contradictions flat;
Boaſts a Black Swan! and gives us—a Black Cat!
Two Magpies, thus, all Winter charms the ear;
The ſelf-ſame note our Cuckow dwells on here!
For We, like Them, our Penny Trumpets ſound,
An d*Novelty*'s the word the whole year round.
What tho' our houſe be threeſcore years of age,
Let us new-vamp the Box, new-lay the Stage,

Long

Long paragraphs ſhall paint with proud parade
The gilded front and airy baluſtrade;
While on each poſt, the flaming bill diſplays
Our Old New Theatre, and New-Old Plays.

The Hag of Faſhion thus all paint and flounces,
Fills up her wrinkles, and her age renounces.
Stage anſwers Stage: from other boards, as here,
Have Senſe and Nonſenſe claim'd by turns your ear.
Here late his jeſts Sir Jeffrey Dunſtan broke;
Yet here too Lillo's Muſe ſublimely ſpoke;
Here Fielding, foremoſt of the hum'rous train,
In Comick Maſk indulg'd his laughing vein!
Here frolick Foote your favour well could beg,
Propt by his genuine Wit, and only Leg;
Their humble follower feels his merit leſs,
Yet feels, and proudly boaſts, as much ſucceſs.
Small though his talents, ſmaller than his ſize,
Beneath your ſmiles his little Lares riſe:
And, oh! as Jove once grac'd Philemon's Thatch,
Oft of our Cottage may You lift the latch!
Oft may we greet you, full of hope and fear,
With hearty welcome, though but homely cheer!
May our old roof its old ſucceſs maintain,
Nor know the *Novelty* of your diſdain!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

To the COMEDY called A FRIEND in NEED is a FRIEND INDEED!

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

July, 1783.

WOMAN, of all who feel the Hour of Need,
Wants moſt, moſt rarely finds, a Friend Indeed;
Doom'd in each ſex, alas! by turns to prove
Falſe, hollow Friendſhip, and inſidious Love.
Hogarth, on whom, ſweet Humour's darling child
At once Minerva and Thalia ſmil'd;
Whoſe pencil'd ſatire Vice and Folly ſmote,
Who many a Comedy on canvas wrote;
With coat tuck'd up, ſtraw hat, and linen gown,
Draws honeſt Marg'ry juſt arriv'd in town:
With ruddy health and innocence ſhe glows,
Freſh as the morn, and blooming like the roſe:
In the inn-yard, a Hag, who ready ſtands,
Lays on the harmleſs maid, her harpy hands;

Too well the Beldam knows the treach'rous art,
To tempt, and to corrupt the female heart;
Too ſoon to ruin ſhe decoys her prey,
" Then caſts her, like a loathſome weed, away."

" Pooh! pooh! (cries Citpup) this is all a lie!
" Poets and Painters will make free—Oh fie!
" Poor ſouls! they love to bounce, and think they
railly;
" Nothing but Truth and Honour in 'Change-
Alley!
" Plump Marg'ry at a monſtrous Premium went—
" Prodigious intereſt—almoſt *Cent per Cent.*
" I found her poor, not bleſt with Half a Crown;
" Stampt her my own, and brought her upon Town—
" Made her as fine as hands, or gold, could make
her—
" Built her a Coach—a grand one!—in Long-Acre!
" Marg'ry's good fortunes all on me depend;
" I *ruin'd* her—and am her only *Friend.*"

Happy the high-born fair, whoſe ample dower,
Pours in her wealthy lap a Golden Shower!
While many a friend, ſincere no doubt, ſurrounds
Her thouſand charms—and hundred thouſand pounds:
But ſhe, who pines in want, whoſe early bloom
Deceit would canker, or Diſtreſs conſume,

Let

Let jealous fears her ev'ry ſtep attend,
And mark the Flatterer, from the real Friend!
He, who with gold would bribe her into vice,
Buys but her Honour at a dearer price:
Not generous, but prodigal and vain;
A Boſom Traitor! cruel, not humane!
But *He*, whoſe virtuous hand her wants ſupplies,
And wipes the tears of Anguiſh from her eyes;
Who rears, o'ercharg'd with grief, her drooping head,
And ſummons Hymen to the genial bed;
Let Love and Gratitude his merits plead,
And lodge him in her heart, a *Friend indeed!*

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,
TO THE YOUNG QUAKER,

A COMEDY *written by Mr.* O'KEEFFE,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

Auguſt, 1783.

OLD Crab, a Critick, looking o'er our Bill,
Thus vents his angry Spleen, and rails his fill.
"*A Comedy!*—The man's too bold by half—
I can't bear Comedies that make me laugh.
I doubt, my friend, he'll make both me and you ſick—
Farce is his province, and a Farce with Muſick.
Hay-market!—Zounds the Fellow makes me fret—
Where's Mrs. Banniſter, Miſs George, and Brett?
Edwin's ſongs, fal, lal, tag, rag, all *Concetto!*
Charles Banniſter's bold Baſs, and droll *Falſetto?*
Five Acts!—a bore!—and are his Scenes ſo long,
There's no room edgeways to ſqueeze in a ſong?
Make it two Farces! Cut it in the middle!
Nor play a Solo thus without a Fiddle."

Our Bard 'tis true firſt woo'd the Publick here,
And here their ſmiles have oft diſpell'd his fear:
Of ſportive Farce he ſeem'd the fav'rite Child,
And with a ſong your eaſy ears beguil'd.

To-night,

To-night, not dreaming of a grand eſſay,
By ſome ſtrange Meteor fancies led aſtray,
He meant an Opera, and produc'd a Play.

You then [*to the Orcheſtra*] whoſe breath and reſin'd bows in league
Have pip'd, and ſcrap'd whole hours without fatigue,
Take breath, to-night! Ceaſe wind, and cat-gut ſleep!
Your lungs, your nimble elbows, quiet keep!
Your old friend comes for once in Maſquerade—
Yet, fear him not! for, conſtant to his Trade,
Again he'll join your Band, again he'll court your aid.

And you [*to the audience*] who ſit in many an aweful Row
Enthron'd above [*galleries*] or on the Bench below; [*Boxes.*
Good men and true of our Dramatick Pannel, [*Pit.*
Let not your mercy leave its ancient channel!
If by ſome chance or impulſe—Heav'n knows whence—
Our Bard quits Sound, and wanders into Senſe;
If Wit and Humour on the ſurface flow,
While ſolid Senſe and Moral lurk below,
Let him be pardon'd! nor your verdict dread,
Tho' Farce, ſometimes pops in her waggiſh head!
By Mildneſs you ſhall teach him to ſucceed,
And write hereafter—*Comedies indeed!*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

To the YOUNG QUAKER,

Spoken by Miſs FRODSHAM, *in the Character of* DINAH.

Auguſt, 1783.

NO more nam'd Primroſe, I'm my Reuben's wife,
And Dinah Sadboy I am call'd for life.
There will I reſt. Though alter'd be my name,
My faith and manners ſhall remain the ſame.
Still ſhall my cheek ſhow Nature's white and red;
No cap ſhall riſe, like Steeple from my head;
Powder, pomatum, ne'er my locks ſhall deck,
Nor curls, like Sauſages, adorn my neck.
In leathern carriage though I ſometimes go,
I'll mount no lofty chaiſe in Rotten-Row.
Me ſhall the eye of Wonder ne'er behold
In varniſh'd vehicle, all paint and gold,
With liveried ſlaves behind, in grand parade,
All ſticks, bags, lace, brown powder, and cockade—
Drawn thro' the crowded Park—while at my ſide
The booted nobles of the nation ride—
Showing at once in ſtate and ſplendour vain,
Both Lazarus and Dives in my train.

Ye,

Ye, who in marriage, wealth and grandeur ſeek,
Think what a bleſſing is a wife that's meek!
A helpmate, true of heart, and full of Love,
Such as to Reuben Dinah means to prove!
—Much art thou chang'd, my Reuben!—But 'twere
ſtrange
To wiſh thy faithful Dinah too might change.
Wife of thy boſom, ne'er ſhall I delight
To turn the night to day, the day to night;
The Vigils pale of Balls and Routes to keep,
Or at the Card-table to murther ſleep.
My mind ſhall ſtill be pure, my thoughts ſerene,
My habit ſimple, and my perſon clean.
No pomps and vanities will I purſue,
But love my home, and love my huſband too.

PROLOGUE

To the BIRTH-DAY, A COMEDY of TWO ACTS,
Written by Mr. O'KEEFE,
First acted at the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET,
Auguſt 12, 1783.
Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHEN Fate on ſome tremendous act ſeems bent,
And Nature labours with the dread event,
Portents and Prodigies convulſe the earth,
That heaves and ſtruggles with the fatal birth.
In happier hours are laviſh Bleſſings given,
And pour'd in floods, to mark the hand of Heaven.
In a long ſeries of bright glories dreſt,
Britons muſt hail This Day ſupremely bleſt.
Firſt on This Day, in Liberty's great cauſe,
A BRUNSWICK came to guard our Rights and Laws
On this great Day, our glorious annals tell,
By Britiſh arms the pride of Cuba fell,
For then the Moro's gallant chief o'erthrown,
Th' Havannah ſaw his fate, and felt her own:
The ſelf-ſame Day, the ſame auſpicious morn,
Our elder Hope, our Prince, our GEORGE, was born.

Upon

Upon his natal hour what triumphs wait!
What captive treaſures croud the palace-gate!
What doubled joys the Royal Parent claim,
Of homefelt Happineſs and Publick Fame!

Long, very long, great George, protect the land,
Thy race, like arrows in a Giant's hand!
For ſtill, tho' blights may nip ſome infant roſe,
And kill the budding beauty, ere it blows,
Indulgent Heav'n prolongs th' illuſtrious line,
Branching like th' Olive, cluſtering like the Vine.

Long, very long, thy courſe of glory run,
A bright example to thy Royal Son!
Forming that Son to grace, like Thee, the throne,
And make his Father's Virtues all his own!

PROLOGUE,

TO THE ELECTION OF THE MANAGERS.

Spoken by MR. PALMER.

June, 1784.

"CURST be the verſe, how well ſo e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Gives Virtue Scandal, Innocence a Fear!
Or from the ſoft-eyed virgin ſteals a Tear!"
Thus ſung ſweet Pope, the vigorous Child of Satire;
Our Bayes leſs Genius boaſts, not leſs Good-Nature.
No poiſon'd ſhaft he darts with partial aim—
Folly and Vice are fair and general game:
No Tale he echoes, on no Scandal dwells,
Nor plants on *one* Fool's head the Cap and Bells:
He paints the living Manners of the time,
But lays at no man's door Reproach or Crime.

Yet ſome with Critick noſe, and eye too keen,
Scent double-meanings out and blaſt each Scene;
While ſquint Suſpicion holds her treacherous lamp,
Fear moulds baſe coin, and Malice gives the ſtamp.
Falſehood's vile gloſs converts the very Bible
To *Scandalum Magnatum*, and a Libel.

Thus once, when ſick, Sir Gripus, as we're told,
In grievous uſury grown rich and old,

Bought

Bought a good book, that on a Chriſtian plan
Inculcates *the whole Duty of a Man*,
To every ſin a ſinner's name he tack'd,
And through the pariſh all the vices track'd;
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,
Crouds all his friends and neighbours in the margin.
Pride, was my Lord; and Drunkenneſs, the 'Squire;
My Lady, Vanity and looſe Deſire;
Hardneſs of Heart, no miſery regarding,
Was Overſeer—Luxury, Churchwarden.
All, all he damn'd; and carrying the farce on,
Made Fraud, the Lawyer—Gluttony, the Parſon.

'Tis ſaid, when winds the troubled deep deform,
Pour copious ſtreams of oil, 'twill lay the ſtorm:
Thus here, let Mirth and frank Good-humour's balm
Make cenſure mild, ſcorn kind, and anger calm!
Some wholeſome Bitters if the Bard produces,
'Tis only Wormwood to correct the juices.

In this day's conteſt, where, in colours new,
Three Play-Houſe Candidates are brought to view,
Our little Bayes encounters ſome Diſgrace:
Should *You* reject him too, I mourn his Caſe—
He can be choſen for no other Place.

PROLOGUE

To TWO TO ONE, *a* COMEDY, *written by* G. COLMAN, Jun.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

June, 1785.

TO-NIGHT, as Heralds tell, a Virgin Muſe,
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer ſues;
Green in his one-and-twenty, ſcarce of age,
Takes his firſt Flight, half-fledg'd, upon the Stage.
Within this little Round, the Parent Bird
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;
And as he ſtrove to raiſe his eager throat,
Your kind Applauſe made Muſick of his note.
But now, with beating Heart, and anxious Eye,
He ſees his vent'rous Youngling ſtrive to fly;
Like Dædalus, a Father's fears he brings,
A Father's hopes, and fain would plume his Wings.

How vain, alas, his Hopes! his Fears how vain!
'Tis You muſt hear, and hearing judge the ſtrain.
Your equal Juſtice ſinks or lifts his name,
Your Frown's a Sentence, your Applauſe is Fame.

If

If Humour warms his ſcenes with genial fire,
They'll e'en redeem the errors of his Sire;
Nor ſhall his lead—dead! to the bottom drop,
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.
If characters are mark'd with eaſe and truth,
Pleas'd with his Spirit you'll forgive his Youth.
Should Sire and Son be both with Dulneſs curſt,
" And Dunce the ſecond follow Dunce the firſt,"
The ſhallow ſtripling's vain attempt you'll mock,
And damn him for *a Chip of the Old Block*.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

To the TRAGEDY of TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA, and the COMEDY of the GUARDIAN, revived at the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET, July 12, 1784.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.

IF anxious for his Sigiſmunda's fate,
Your Tancred for awhile foregoes his ſtate;
If, like Prince Prettyman, he riſques your ſcoff,
Half-buſkin'd—one boot on, and t'other off;
You, who can judge a young advent'rer's fears,
You, who've oft felt a female's ſighs and tears,
Will hear a ſuppliant, who for mercy ſues,
Courting your favour through the Tragick Muſe.

Acroſs the vaſt Atlantick ſhe was led,
With blank-verſe, blood-bowls, daggers, in her head!
And as ſhe paſt in ſtorms the Weſtern Ocean,
Felt her rapt ſoul, like that, in wild commotion!
But now an awful calm ſucceeds; and draws,
In this dread interval, a ſolemn pauſe.
Within theſe ſeas, what various peril ſhocks!
Dire Critick ſhoals, and Actor-marring rocks!

Alas!

Alas! no chart or compaſs ſhe can boaſt;
Yet runs her veſſel on a dangerous coaſt—
That coaſt, where late, in ſpite of ev'ry ſand,
A greater Sigiſmunda gain'd the land.
Yet Britain ever hails the cloth unfurl'd,
And opens her free ports to all the world:
Majeſtick navies in her harbours ride,
Skiffs, ſnows, and frigates anchor by their ſide:
And oh! may now, with no unproſp'rous gale,
The Sigiſmunda ſpread her little ſail!
And while the Kemble follows faſt behind,
A Guardian in her Siſter's fame ſhe'll find.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To Mr. HAYLEY's TRAGEDY of LORD RUSSEL,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

Auguſt, 1784.

THE Bard, whoſe Tragick ſtrains we now rehearſe,
Hath often charm'd you with his varied verſe;
Beguiling o'er his lines the vacant hour,
Oft have you felt and own'd his Muſe's pow'r!
Now to this roof we bring his favour'd page,
And force him, half-reluctant, to the Stage;
The Stage, where thoſe who ſimple Nature paint,
Fear leſt their ſtrokes, too faithful, ſeem too faint.
For here, the artiſt, with a deſperate hand,
And broad pound-bruſh, not pencil, takes his ſtand;
Anxious to make his cloth at diſtance ſtrike,
Daubs, in diſtemper—rather large than like.
Thron'd in high car, and uſher'd by loud drums,
From Bedlam ſome great Alexander comes!
Appals with noiſe, and labours to ſurpriſe
"The very faculties of ears and eyes!"

Yet Britons never have diſdain'd to grace
The natural heroes of a milder race!
Cato's firm boſom, and expiring groan
For virtuous liberty, they made their own.
Yet Cato's ſteel but ſign'd his country's fate;
For with him died, the freedom of the ſtate!
Your own calm Ruſſell, by his nobler end,
Freedom's mild Martyr, prov'd her firmeſt friend:
Rous'd by his fate, a band of heroes roſe,
To ſov'reign tyranny determin'd foes;
Champions of Faith and Law, their aweful ſtand
Chac'd bigotry and ſlav'ry from the land.
To vindicate an injur'd nation's claims,
Naſſau and Brunſwick join'd their glorious names!
To Britain her dear liberty enſur'd,
Stamp'd her Great Charter, and her rights ſecur'd!

To guard thoſe rights, Old England's nobleſt pride,
To guard thoſe rights, our gallant Ruſſell died.
Britons attentively his tale ſhall hear,
Nor bluſh at Patriot Woe to drop a tear;
A tear they'd ſanctify with ſtreams of blood,
Dying, like Ruſſell, for their Country's good!

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To Mr. HAYLEY's COMEDY in RHYME, called The TWO CONNOISSEURS,

Spoken by Mr. WILSON *in the Character of* BAYES,

September, 1784.

OUR Manager, long ſince, a Connoiſſeur,
To gain full houſes throws out many a Lure.
By novelty all rivalſhip to ſmother,
Play follows play—one juſt as good as t'other;
And now, to lull the Dragons of the Pit,
Two Connoiſſeurs take counſel, Wit with Wit.
As thieves catch thieves, ſo Poet convicts Poet;
Their plan's all wrong—and I muſt overthrow it.

I am an author too, my name is Bayes;
My trade is ſcribbling; my chief ſcribbling, Plays.
Many I've written, clapp'd by houſes cramm'd—
Acted with vaſt applauſe!—and ſome few *damn'd*:
But ne'er tryed aught ſo Low, or ſo Sublime,
As Tragedy in Proſe, or Comedy in Rhyme.

A Comedy in Rhyme! the Thought's not new:
'Twas tried long ſince—and then it would not do.
What happy point the dialogue can crown,
Set to the hackneyed tune of Derry-down?

What

What Pegaſus in flight can reach the ſpheres,
With bells, like pack-horſe, gingling at his ears?
Smart Proſe gives hit for hit, and daſh for daſh,
Joke after joke, like lightening, flaſh on flaſh;
Retort ſo quick, and repartee ſo nimble,
'Tis all Prince Prettyman, and ſharp Tom Thimble!
As the Piece ſtands, no Critick could endure it;
'Twould die, but Bayes has a receipt to cure it.
And little Bayes, egad, has long been known
To make the works of others, all his own.
Whate'er your piece—'tis mine if you rehearſe it;
Verſe I tranſproſe; and if Proſe, I tranſverſe it.
Say but the word, I'll pull this Drama down,
And build it up again, to pleaſe the town.
The Thing's unfaſhion'd—yet it has ſome ſoul;
The Fable's neat,—the Characters are droll;
The Scope and Moral has a right intention,
And aſks no added labour of invention.
Rhyme's the mere Superſtructure; down it goes;
The old foundation ſhall ſupport my Proſe.
If here and there ſome ſparks of genius ſhine,
I will not drop a Thought, nor loſe a Line—
So damn *this* Play, that you may come to *mine!*

AN ADDRESS

Spoken at the HAY-MARKET THEATRE by MR. LACY, September 13, 1784.

WHEN firſt Pandora's box, beneath whoſe lid
All Evils lay in dreadful ambuſh hid,
Its treaſur'd plagues let looſe upon mankind,
Hope only, cordial Hope, remain'd behind;
Hope! the ſole balm of pain, ſole charm for grief,
That gives the mind in agony relief!
She, with her ſiſter Patience (Heavenly pair!)
Teaches weak man the load of life to bear.

As ſome poor mariner by tempeſt toſt,
Shipwreck'd at laſt, and in the ſea near loſt,
Cleaves to one plank, and braving ſhoal and ſand,
Buoy'd up by Hope, attempts to gain the land;
Thus I, my treaſures on the waters caſt,
Guided by Hope, ſeek here a port at laſt.
Oh! might I caſt ſecure my Anchor here!
Should Kindneſs ſooth my Grief and eaſe my Fear!
Warm Gratitude, all anxious to repay
The ſoft reſtorers of my happier day,
Within my ſwelling breaſt new Pow'rs may raiſe,
And guide my feeble Aims to gain your Praiſe!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID OF HONOUR,

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

January, 1785.

WELL, sirs! our English Antients are agreed
A Maid of Honour, is a Maid indeed!
'Tis not alone, among the virgin band,
Demure behind the Chair of State to stand;
To groan beneath the labours of the loom,
A walking pageant of the Drawing Room;
To hear the small talk of small lords in waiting,
Or trifle with White Wands, inclin'd to prating;
No! 'tis her province, firmly to support,
Intrench'd in the strong fences of a Court,
That citadel, where thousand dangers wait,
And Female Honour holds her aweful state!
Harmless, with busy hum and empty sound,
The silken Court-Flies buz and flutter round;
They, like Fulgentio, are with scorn dismist,
So weak, 'tis scarce a triumph to resist.

But

But when Bertoldos, true blood Royal, vie—
Then, then's the glorious effort to deny!
To prove with all a woman's graces on her,
She's ſtill a Maid, a real *Maid of Honour!*

Yet, ah! Camiola, thy fate was hard!
Severe the ſentence of our rigid Bard!
What! nip a beauteous maiden in her bloom,
And in a convent all her charms entomb!
Conſign her fortune, blaſt her bud of youth,
Though one ſwain's Falſehood proves another's Truth;
While ſhe, like Cato, finds from each adorer
" Her Bane and Antidote are both before her!

Sicilian Maids of Honour thus were undone—
Ah, Maids of Honour act not thus in London!
Here, in chaſte dew ſweet roſes hail the morn,
Undoom'd to wither on the virgin thorn.
Stern Romiſh doctrines, ſtrict Italian rules,
Suit not the freedom of our Britiſh ſchools:
Our wiſer Law a ſager code exhibits;
Our milder Church ſuch ſacrifice prohibits.
Should ſome falſe lord, betroth'd, his contract break,
And at the altar's foot the maid forſake,

In comes the Serjeant to diſtrain his lands—
And while ſome young Adorni ready ſtands,
In comes the readier Prieſt to join their Hands.
Nay e'en the Widow, who her loſt love grieves,
Here takes thoſe *Thirds* our Maid of Honour leaves.
Not Rome herſelf ſo dreadfully enthralls:
E'en Eloiſa, 'twixt a nunnery's walls,
Paſt joys with her dear Abelard recalls:
Joys which, her days of trial nobly paſt,
May ev'ry Maid of Honour taſte at laſt!

PROLOGUE

TO I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

A COMEDY, *written by* Mrs. INCHBALD.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

Auguſt, 1785.

LADIES and Gentlemen, *I'll tell you what!*
Yet not, like Ancient Prologue, tell the plot—
But, like a Modern Prologue, try each way
To win your favour towards the coming play.

Our author is a Woman; that's a charm,
Of power to guard Herſelf and Play from harm.
The Muſes, Ladies-Regent of the Pen,
Grant women ſkill, and force, to write like men.
Yet They, like the Æolian Maid of old,
Their Sex's Character will ever hold;
Not with bold Quill too roughly ſtrike the lyre,
But with the Feather raiſe a ſoft deſire.

Our Poeteſs has gain'd ſublimeſt heights!
Not Sappho's ſelf has ſoar'd to nobler flights!
For She, bright ſpirit, the firſt Britiſh fair,
Climb'd, unappall'd, the unſubſtantial air:

And here, beneath the changes of the Moon,
Wond'ring you ſaw her launch a grand Balloon;
While ſhe with ſteady courſe, and flight not dull,
Paid a ſhort viſit to the Great Mogul*.
Shrink not, Nabobs! our Poeteſs to-night,
Wakes not the Genius of Sir Matthew Mite.
Beyond our hemiſphere ſhe will not roam,
Keeps in the Line, and touches nearer home:
Nay will not, as before, howe'er you ſcorn her,
Reach e'en the tunpike-gate at Hyde-Park-Corner.
But hold!—I ſay too much—I quite forgot—
And ſo, *I'll tell you*—no—SHE'LL *tell you what!*

* *Alluding to the Farce of the* MOGUL TALE.

EPILOGUE,

To the COMEDY of I'LL TELL YOU WHAT!

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

Auguſt, 1785.

MALE Criticks applaud to the ſkies the Male Scribblers;
When a Woman attempts they turn carpers and nibblers:
But a true patriot Female, there's nothing ſo vexes
As this haughty pre-eminence claim'd 'twixt the ſexes.
The free ſpirit revolts at each hard propoſition,
And meets the whole ſyſtem with loud oppoſition.
Men, 'tis true, in their noddles, huge treaſures may hoard;
But the heart of a Woman with *Paſſions* is ſtor'd:
With Paſſions, not copied from Latin or Greek,
Which the language of Nature, in plain Engliſh ſpeak.
Girls, who grieve, or rejoice, from true feeling as I do,
Never dream of Calypſo, or Helen, or Dido.

To

To the end of our life, from the hour we begin it,
Woman's Fate all depends on *the Critical Minute!*
A Minute, unknown to the dull pedant tribe,
And which never feeling, they never deſcribe.
'Tis no work of Science, or ſparkle of Wit,
But a point which mere Nature muſt teach us to hit;
And which, in the changes and turns of my ſtory,
A weak Woman's Pen has to-night laid before ye.
And ſay, ye grave Prudes! gay Coquettes too, ah, ſay,
What *a Critical Minute* was mine in the Play!
Here Poverty, Famine, and Shame, and Reproach!
There Plenty and Eaſe, and a Lord, and a Coach!
But perhaps our Bard held Mrs. Euſton too mean,
And conceiv'd her diſgrace would but lower the Scene:
Let us then, better pleas'd, to acquit than convict her,
On the ground of High Life, ſketch the very ſame Picture!

Imagine ſome Fair plung'd in modiſh diſtreſs!
Her wants not leſs than mine, nor her agony leſs!
At Hazard, ſuppoſe, an unfortunate caſt
Has ſwept her laſt guinea, nay more than her laſt!
Her diamonds all mortgag'd, her equipage ſold,
Her huſband undone, genteel friends looking cold!
At her feet his ſweet perſon Lord Foppington throws,
The moſt handſome of Nobles, the richeſt of Beaux!

At once too his love and his bounty diſpenſes,
Sooths with Thouſands her grief, lulls with Flatt'ry her ſenſes!
Alas! what a Minute! ah! what can be done?
All means muſt be tried, and our Drama ſhows one.
Let Papa in that Minute, that ſo frowns upon her,
Redeem the vile debts that encumber her Honour!
Let Papa in that Minute, that teems with undoing,
Step in, like my Father, and mar a Lord's wooing!
Let her know, as I've known, all the horror that's in it,
And feel the true force of *the Critical Minute!*

Thus wiſhes our Bard, as ſhe bids me declare;
And ſuch is *my* wiſh—By mine Honour I ſwear!

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

At the opening of the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET, June, 1786.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

LE SAGE, of life and manners no mean teacher,
Draws an Archbiſhop, once a famous preacher;
Till apoplex'd at laſt, his congregation
Smelt Apoplexy in each dull Oration.

Our Chief, alas, ſince here we parted laſt,
Has many a heavy hour of anguiſh paſt;
Meanwhile by Malice it was ſaid and written,
His mind and body both at once were ſmitten*;
Yet now return'd in promiſing condition,
Alive, in very ſpite of his Phyſician,
Again with rapture hails the generous town,
Sure that Misfortune never meets their Frown!

Fam'd Paſquin, his applauded predeceſſor,
'Gainſt Wit and Humour never a tranſgreſſor,

* Alluding to a paragraph in the Publick Advertiſer of November 4, 1785. This couplet, omitted at the Theatre, is here reſtored, in order to prevent any miſapplication of the next line but one.—

Still cheer'd your vacant hour with jeſt and whim,
When hapleſs chance depriv'd him of a limb:
But you who long enjoy'd the tree's full ſhade,
Cheriſh'd the Pollard, and were well repaid,
Shall then his Follower leſs your favour ſhare,
Or rais'd by former kindneſs, now deſpair?
No! from your ſmiles deriving all his light,
Thoſe genial beams ſhall make his flame more bright.
Warm Gratitude for all your kindneſs paſt
Shall ſooth Diſeaſe, and charm Affliction's blaſt:
By Reaſon's twilight we may go aſtray,
But honeſt Nature ſheds a purer ray;
While more by feeling than cold caution led,
The *heart* corrects the errors of the *head*.

Cheer'd by theſe hopes he baniſhes all fear,
And truſts at leaſt, you'll find *No Palſy here*.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To the COMEDY of the DISBANDED OFFICER, or The BARONESS of BRUCHSAL,

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

Auguſt, 1786.

IN days of old, on Property and Trade,
Taxes and rates, unqualified, were laid:
But modern politicks, with reins more lax,
Comforts adminiſter with every tax;
Hold out *Douceurs*, by way of compenſation,
And make the burthen light by *Commutation*.
Tea's now a drug ſo cheap, with draughts bewitching,
Imperial, Congou, Hyſon, charm the kitchen.
Bohea, like Bull's blood, in coarſe Delft ne'er ſeen,
Neat Wedgewood deals Souchong, or fineſt Green:
Breakfaſt well over, we prepare to dine,
For which the ſtate provides us genuine Wine!
Adultery, by Act of Parliament forbid,
No more in cellars and dark caves lies hid;

No

No more from Sloes found Port the Vintners drain,
No more from Turnip Juice brew briſk Champagne.

Ah, were our Plays thus wiſely ſupervis'd,
Humours and Paſſions gag'd, and Plots excis'd,
What frauds would be unveil'd! Sophiſtication,
Much contraband, and much adulteration!
Neat as imported is the conſtant boaſt,
Though ſmuggling ſmacks and cutters croud the coaſt.
At many a pilfer'd Scene you've cried and laugh'd,
And oft, for Home-brew'd Balderdaſh have quaff'd.
Plays from French Vineyards drawn have learnt to pleaſe,
Run, like Southampton Port, on Claret Lees;
While the Bard cries, to ſmuggling no great foe,
"'Tis Engliſh, Engliſh, Sirs, from Top to Toe!"

To-night a new Advent'rer vents his Stock,
And brings you from the Rhine ſome good Old Hock:
Waves but his wand—a true Dramatick Merlin—
Preſto! you're charm'd from London—plac'd in Berlin.
There lies our Scene To-night—an hour or two,
True Pruſſians, we muſt do as Pruſſians do.

Our

Our goods, our habits, are of German growth;
Both fairly enter'd, and acknowledg'd both.
Leſſing, a German Bard of high renown,
Long on the Continent has charm'd the town;
His Plays as much applauded at Vienna,
As here the School for Scandal, or Duenna.
From his bold outline draws our preſent Bayes,
And on his canvas Engliſh colours lays:
Rumbling and rough tho' Bruchſal's name appear,
Grating harſh thunder on an Engliſh ear,
Yet ſhe may charm; and prove ere ſhe departs,
That Ladies with hard Names have tender Hearts.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To the COMEDY of TIT for TAT,
Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,
Spoken by Mr. PALMER.
Auguſt, 1786.

LONG hath Old England given, as from the helm,
Dramatick Law to every Siſter realm.
Scotland her Theatres delights to rear,
But for Supplies, for Ways and Means, looks here:
Hibernia too improves the friendly hint:
"A new Play Honey! fait, there's nothing in't,
"For we have all their manuſcripts in print."
Teague ſpeaks but truth. Acroſs St. George's Channel
John Bull in vain his juries would impannel;
In vain expects grave Chancellors to ſit,
And guard by Equity the Rights of Wit,
While diſtant Managers feel no compunctions,
And laugh alike at Actions or Injunctions.

Yet

Yet to be juſt ourſelves, we own To-day,
That from Hibernia comes our printed Play;
A Play firſt flowing from a Frenchman's pen,
Cork'd, bottled there; decanted here again.
Three Acts in Paris kept the Scenes alive,
And thoſe three Acts in Dublin ſwell'd to five *;
But Dwarfs ne'er treading Giants' Cauſeways, We
Lop off two legs, and reſt again on three.
Oh on our Tripod may we firmly ſtand,
And hail, like them, our cargo ſafe on land!
French, Iriſh, Engliſh, whatſo'er the freight,
Your ſentence ſtamps its merit, ſeals its fate.

* *Le Jeu de l'Amour & du Hazard*, a Comedy of Marevaux.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

To the FARCE of the MAN-MILLINER.

February, 1787.

Enter haſtily, Mrs. Mattocks, *with a band box.*

FORGIVE me, Sirs, that I come in thus bounce!
You know me, Ladies—your old friend, *La Flounce:*
Sov'reign of Fancy, Regent of the Mode,
To all your wants and wiſhes *toute commode*;
For artificial ſprigs a Winter Flora,
With *rouge* that gives the bluſhes of Aurora;
A Woman Milliner! for ſure no *Man*
Would be a Milliner, or ever *can.*
Horſe-Milliner, indeed, a Man's true trade is;
But, ſaucy grooms, ſuch trappings ſuit not ladies.
Yet Men aſſail our perſons ſeveral ways,
They make our Mantuas, and they make our Stays;
And though to *Curry-Combs* we ſcorn to truckle,
They friſe toupees, and give the locks their buckle.
Hence ſtrange reverſes riſe: and we're betray'd,
By turns, their neighbour province to invade;
Huſbands the Diſtaff take; Wives ſeize the Club,
At home their patient Hercules to drub:

While

While *Sir* appears ſo feminine and trim,
And *Madam* looks ſo maſculine and grim,
You ſcarce know *him* from *her*, or *her* from *him*.

In changes thus if humbler ranks ſhould ſtrive,
Maid ſervants ſoon will mount the Box and drive;
Or elſe, to Reaſon and Decorum blind,
Seiſing a place unfit for woman-kind,
With flambeaux in their hands, jump up *behind*.
While Footmen, women grown, as now grown Fops,
Shall darn old hoſe, ſweep rooms, and trundle mops.

Ladies and Gentlemen, 'tis your's to-night
To end diſputes, and ſet the ſexes right;
To check the inroads of the Tyrant Man,
And keep within due bounds the Woman's Plan.
Let me then, as a Female Envoy greet ye,
And here negociate a Commercial Treaty!
Forbid the Men, by ſome reſtraining Clauſe,
To deal in Ribbands, Muſlin, Blond, and Gauſe;
Bid Women too, reſign the Barber's trade,
And ceaſe to ſhave the Guards on the Parade!
Equal to *Male* and *Female* ſhow compaſſion,
Aſſert *what's right*, and *laugh* it into Faſhion!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF JULIA; OR, THE ITALIAN LOVER.

Intended for Miſs FARREN.

April, 1787.

At the ſide Scene.]

MAY I come in?—The Prompter bids me enter—.
And yet, I vow, I'm half afraid to venture.
Advancing.]
"*Be your eyes wet? yes, faith!*—nay truce with ſorrow!
Julia's quite well, and dies again To-morrow.
To-morrow did I ſay? To-morrow's Sunday:
So, if you pleaſe, ſhe'll die again on Monday.
I've heard the Tragedy with ſtrict attention—
The Tale they ſay is fact, and no invention:
And while deep Criticks ponder on its merits,
I'll tell you how it acted on my ſpirits.

As by the Scenes I took my ſilent ſtand,
Each Act that paſt I hail'd this happy land!
Bards who from hiſtory or fiction glean,
Rarely in England place the Tragick Scene:
Led by the Muſe they ſail o'er diſtant ſeas,
Scale Alps on Alps, or pierce the Pyrenees:
Abroad in ſearch of *Cruelties* they roam;
Follies and Frailties may be found at home.

Paſſions

Paſſions in warmer climes that fiercely burn,
Here loſe their rancour, and to humours turn;
Not cank'ring inwards with a treach'rous ſtealth,
Break nobly out, and keep the ſoul in health.
No Lovers here, contending for a Wife,
Mix pois'nous bowls, or draw the murd'rer's knife;
No Julia here ſhould find her virgin fame
Arraign'd for crimes ſhe ſhudders but to name;
Safe from ſuch horrors in a generous nation,
Where Madneſs only dreams Aſſaſſination.
No! tho' the moonlight walk, and precious Picture,
Conſpire with jealous Fulvia to convict her;
Tried, fairly tried, in our High Court of Drury,
She'll ſtand acquitted by an Engliſh Jury.

Wiſe was the man, who each returning morn
Thank'd his kind ſtars he was in England born;
And wiſer ſtill the Fair, that lot poſſeſſing,
Who proves ſhe knows the value of the Bleſſing:
With pity who beholds poor Julia's fate,
Yet prizes, as ſhe ought, *her* happier ſtate;
The charms of Engliſh worth who can diſcover,
And never wiſh for *an Italian Lover*.

☞ I did not know that the pen of Malice or Slander had aſcribed the ſuppreſſion of this Epilogue at the Theatre to the pretended *Indelicacy* of its

contents, till I had ſeen the generous Vindication of it by another hand. The Epilogue was written at the particular inſtance of a very worthy friend of Mr. Jephſon, by whom and by the author it was received with cordial thanks and the warmeſt approbation. Mrs. Siddons however ſeeming to expect the Epilogue, her Importance to the Piece rendered the friends of the Author unwilling to queſtion her Claim, and a few alterations were made in the introductory lines, which the change of the Suppoſed Speaker required.—*Suppoſed*, for Mrs. Siddons, after keeping the Epilogue ſome days, returned it with a declaration that ſhe would not ſpeak it; and a requeſt of another. The alterations, with an additional couplet, occurred between the 6th and 13th lines, and are here ſubjoined with the variations printed in Italicks.

You've heard the tragedy with due attention—
The tale they ſay is fact, and no invention.
How ill our Bard has touch'd it, or how well,
Many ſage Criticks will preciſely tell:
Let me then, while they ponder on its merits,
Say how it mov'd a Patriot Female's ſpirits,

While crimes like theſe on foreign records ſtand,
How warmly muſt we hail this happy land!

PROLOGUES

PROLOGUES AT WYNNSTAY.

PROLOGUE TO THE BEGGARS BUSH.

Spoken at WYNNSTAY.

Chriſtmas, 1778.

THE Muſe, that charms the poliſh'd City now,
Deriv'd her birth from ruſticks and the plow.
Their labours o'er, the honeſt country folks
Indulg'd in laughter, and enjoy'd their jokes;
Found mirth the *Lethe* of the troubled ſoul,
And bath'd their ſorrows in the genial bowl;
Still winding-up, well-pleas'd, the toilſome year
With ſports and games, religion, and good cheer.

Now, at our call, from London, routs, and drums,
Back to her rural home Thalia comes.
While Harlequin in town the Chriſtmas keeps,
To Wales unheeded and *incog.* ſhe creeps.

Who can in hoſpitality ſurpaſs us?
There our Welch Mountains tow'r o'er Mount Parnaſſus.
Oh welcome then the Muſe! for She who brings
A harmleſs laugh robs Grief of half her ſtings.
While Time arreſts his Scythe, and claps his Wings.
Tho' in poor Beggars' Weeds the Nymph is dreſt,
Beaumont and Fletcher uſher in the gueſt.
Beaumont and Fletcher! Twins in wit and fame,
Who mix their own with Shakeſpeare's kindred flame.

Yes, you *will* welcome her, and kindly deign
To chear the humble followers in her train:
What tho' our Play'rs ſtand trembling with diſmay?
What tho' they mar the ſcenes they wiſh to play?
Unſkill'd their anxious terrors to conceal,
Their very aukwardneſs denotes their zeal.
Good Humour too the joyous ſeaſon guides,
Quaffs at your tables, chats by your fireſides.
The Bellman, carolling his clumſy rhyme,
You dub the Bard and Minſtrel of the time.
Swear then that many a Roſcius plays to-night,
Tho' We ſhould act ſtill worſe than Bellmen write!

FAREWELL

FAREWELL EPILOGUE,

Spoken at WYNNSTAY, *after the Repreſentation of* CYMBELINE, *and* THE SPANISH BARBER.

January 22, 1779.

SINCE the new poſt-horſe tax, I dare engage
That ſome folks here have travell'd in the Stage:
Jamm'd in at midnight, in cold winter weather,
The crouded paſſengers are glew'd together.
O'er many a rut, and ill-pav'd cauſeway jumbling,
They paſs their Journey, juſtling, jolting, grumbling.
Sometimes a pleaſing proſpect ſtrikes the eye,
Sometimes they chuckle when a good inn's nigh;
'Till many a ſquabble, ſome endearments paſt,
They part well-pleas'd, and with regret at laſt.

So in our Stage, in which this Chriſtmas Tide
As inſide paſſengers you've deign'd to ride,
You thought yourſelves perhaps not well convey'd,
The cattle broken-winded, roads ill made;
Yet fond of travel, ſome kind looks you bend
Tow'rds fellow trav'llers at your journey's end.

May each, whom pleaſure call'd awhile to roam,
Find double pleaſure when arriv'd at home!

May each kind husband meet a wife more kind,
And each fond wife a fonder husband find!

Meanwhile, Oh, think not *Us* beneath your care,
Nor drive your humble drivers to despair!
Shall Posthumus, his Imogen restor'd,
Be doom'd to wail his destiny deplor'd?
Shall Jachimo, who oft your cares beguil'd,
Be left to cry—because you never smil'd?
No—you will grant a smile—nor only kind
To honest Coachmen, cheer ev'n those *behind:*
For who can well deny, if they but ask it,
To pity the poor devils in the Basket?

Rosina all resistless pleads her cause,
And with her Siren-song extorts applause;
But give poor Doctor Bartholo a plaister,
And with *Allegros* cheer your Musick Master!
To mirth let Argus, Tall Boy, stir your bloods,
Nor leave the Spanish Barber in the Suds!
And if you've past your time with some delight,
Bid Basil *go to bed*, and bid *Good Night!*

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at WYNNSTAY:

Chriſtmas, 1786.

PLEASURE, dear Pleaſure, is the gen'ral aim,
Various the means, but ſtill the ends the ſame;
Partial to that he ſeeks with eager haſte,
Each damns alike his neighbour's want of Taſte.
One thro' the Devils-Ditch purſues the Race,
One breaks his neck in following the Chace;
Come, here's a Bumper! ſays Sir John, half drunk,
Damn ye, d'ye flinch? have ye no Soul, no Spunk?
Away with buſineſs, and confound all thinking,
No joy in life to be compar'd to drinking!

Yes, ſays Lord Feeble, verging on threeſcore,
I like a Bottle, but I love a Whore!
For me I left poor little Sally weeping,
And have beſides three other girls in keeping.
Stick you to Bacchus, and I'll ſtick to Venus,
And we'll divide the Two Gay Pow'rs between us.

The joys of Dreſs alone Sir Fopling feels,
And all his paſſions center in red heels;

Or buoy'd by Vanity to reach his head,
There with her feathers join his native lead.

Thus others' follies lightly touch'd and ſhewn,
We hope, in turn, indulgence for our own.
Now Faſhion ſends her liv'ried lacqueys out
With cards to call all London to a Rout;
Meanwhile to Antient Britons from Wynnſtay
Our Hoſt diſtributes tickets for a Play,
You then who deign for ſome few hours to quit
Your fire-ſide humour, and domeſtick wit,
Who though the weather's cold, and roads are rough,
Leave your Hot-Cockles and your Blindman's Buff,
With looks well pleas'd bring in the new-born year,
And laughing join our Chriſtmas Gambols here!

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at WYNNSTAY.

January, 1781.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

I Am a poor Strolling Player—and my hapleſs condition
Obliges me to wait upon you with my Humble Petition.
Thro' England, South Wales, and North Wales, I have travell'd many years ſince,
And repreſented Lover and Hero, Wit and Fool, Stateſman and Cuckold, Beggar and Prince;
Nay more than Roſcius, Betterton, Booth, or Garrick himſelf could ſay,
I have acted every part—women as well as men—every part in every play.
Not long ago, at Oſweſtry, we did the falchion wield:
Now near this place we pitch our tent—very near here—even in Wrexham *Field*;
By Metaphor I ſay *Field*, for in fact, at a very great expence,
We have fitted up the Town Hall, and (for the firſt time) made it the Theatre of Common Senſe.

Our bills all honeſtly paid, now new dangers we eſſay!
Rival Strollers have ariſen, and are reſolv'd to exhibit at Wynnſtay:
And what I am ſure in our cauſe will make you very hearty,
The little Manager from the Hay-market is one of the party.
They call themſelves *Gentlemen* indeed, but ſtill I ſay ſo much the worſe!
For when Gentlemen act unlike Gentlemen, 'tis a private and a publick curſe.
Why ſhould a Gentleman pretend to more than he underſtands,
Take the bread out of our mouths, and our trade out of our hands?
All arts are beſt executed by the artiſts themſelves;
Gentlemen Artiſts are moſtly mere Dabblers and ignorant Elves.
Says Sir John, his round hat on his head, a Quid in his mouth, and long Whip in his hand,
I'll drive you, my Dear! at the door ſee the horſes and Phaeton ſtand!
From high ſteps to the Chaiſe Sir John and the Lady mount three pair of ſtairs,
While the Mob in the ſtreet at the Cavalcade ſtares.

Chuck,

Chuck, chuck!—off they go!—Jehu! oight, oight!
till at ſome ſudden pitch,
Sir John and the Lady come ſouſe in a ditch.
Such are Baronet Drivers! and thus Country Squires
hunt a pack, or ride matches;
Thus Generals write plays, and thus Nobles ſing
Catches,
Thus to-night a Welch Baronet and his Friends give
a play,
And promiſe Dramaticks for the whole week to
come at Wynnſtay.
With *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife** they mean to
make you ſick,
And turn *Shakeſpeare's Great Richard** to tiny King
Dick.
Of *BonTon** they'll give you much more than you deſire,
And when they promiſe entertainment no doubt
they'll play the *Liar!**
But, after all, Ladies and Gentlemen, Peace is
our plan,
And we wiſh to compromiſe this matter, if we can.
They have given ſome reaſons which I think will
hold water—
They have had a Chriſtening it ſeems, and Sir
Watkin has got another daughter.

Beſides,

* *The Entertainments of the Seaſon.*

Beſides, the Former Worthy Miſtreſs of this place
Now deigns, with her preſence, their Gambols to grace.
Since the Country's call'd in we're determin'd not to vex 'em,
And ſo for this week have ſhut up our fine Theatre at Wrexham:
But ſince for this week we agree to lie mum,
You'll *fill* us, no doubt, for a fortnight to come.

FINIS.

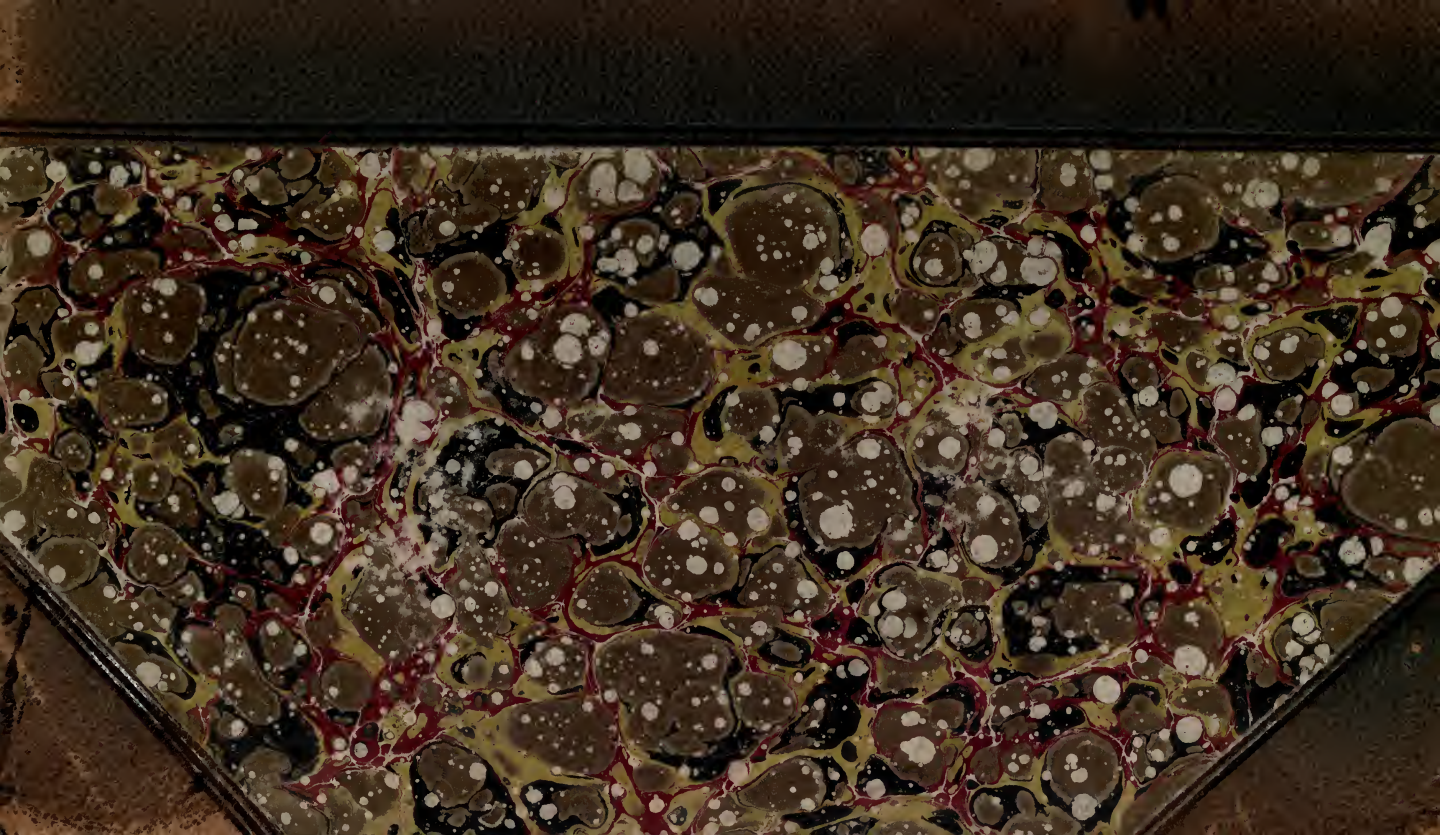
PR
3358
P7
v.3

Colman, George
Prose on several occasions

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

Not wanted in RBSC

SEEN BY
PRESERVATION
SERVICES
DATE 18/6/86

For use in
the Library
ONLY